This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

P 136.9

Harvard College Library

FROM THE BEQUEST OF

JOHN AMORY LOWELL

(Class of 1815)

OF BOSTON

V 136.9

APRIL

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

25 CENTS

Elgin, Waltham Rockford

All Styles All Sizes

There is no longer any need to buy a worthless watch just because it's cheap, or to pay a fancy price for a top-notch timepiece. If you want a highest grade watch, either ladies' or gentlemen's, or if you ever expect to own such a watch you should write today for Hartman's Free Watch Book which shows all the different styles and explains fully the details of the most startling price reducing offers ever made on highest grade, absolutely dependable watches in guaranteed cases. Adjusted to positions, adjusted isochronism and absolute accuracy to the fraction of a second. Open Face or Hunting Cases. Our ten million dollar purchasing power enables us, alone, to make such startling offers. Our wholesale prices on Elgin, Rockford or Waltham watches are the lowest ever made.

Free 30 Days Approval Test

We ship any watch shown in our big catalog on approval, all charges prepaid. You risk absolutely nothing—you pay nothing—unless you accept the watch after thorough inspection. Carry it a month. If you are not satisfied that it is the rarest watch bargain you ever heard of, return the watch at our expense.

NO REFERENCES ASKED

If you want to pay cash, you may, but it costs you absolutely not one penny extra to take advantage of Hartman's long time open account credit terms. No references asked, no embarrassing questions, no mortgage, no security, no interest, no collectors. Most liberal, satisfactory credit plan ever devised.

Remarkable Bargains

No. 9. G. 1141. Ladies' Bracelet Watch. 20-year guarantee gold-filled thin model case, expansion bracelet. 15 jewel lever high-grade movement. Elgin, Waltham or Swiss, 00 size. Only **$1.00** Per Month

No. 9. G. 1204. Celebrated genuine Elgin, newest model, 7 jewel movement, in thin, moisture, dust and wear-proof 16 size silverine case. Only **50c** Per Month

No. 9. G. 1178. 17 Jewel Elgin, Waltham or Rockford movement. Thin model, 12 size, Hunting Case, permanent guarantee gold-filled case, bright cut in yellow and natural gold to contrast on rich red gold. Only **$2** Per Month

No. 9. G. 1189. 15 Jewel Elgin, Waltham or Rockford movement. Thin model, 16 size, 20 year guarantee, gold-filled Hunting Case. Ribbon monogram engraved in natural gold. Only **$1.50** Per Month

No. 9. G. 1197. 15 Jewel Elgin, Waltham or Rockford movement in guaranteed 16 size, thin model, 25-yr. guarantee gold-filled Hunting Case. Inlaid enameled border and monogram; any two or three letters you select in red, blue and white enamel. Only **$2** Per Month

No. 9. G. 1164. Elgin, Waltham or Rockford Ladies' watch. 14K solid gold 0 size Hunting Case Bassi model set with genuine diamond of excellent color and brilliancy. Only **$3.50** Per Month

No. 9. G. 593. Gentlemen's Gift Case. 12 size newest thin model 25 year guarantee gold-filled case, 15 Jewel Elgin Pride movement. Fine solid gold Waldemar chain, 13½ in. long, and 2 blade gold stiffened Solid Gold Handle Knife in handsome black Morocco case. Remarkable bargain, only **$2** Per Month

FREE Hartman's Beautiful Watch and Jewelry Catalog

Send your name and address on a postal today—get your free copy. Learn our astonishingly low prices on famous Watches, Jewelry of every kind, Diamonds, etc., and easiest terms ever made. Address

HARTMAN'S Jewelry Dept.

157-59 W. 39th St.,

Chicago, Ill.

MAY 11 1916

VOL. 7 APRIL, 1915 No. 4

Cartoons MAGAZINE

H. H. WINDSOR, Editor and Publisher

Published Monthly at 6 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

MORGAN, in Philadelphia Inquirer

2309-4/4

America at Food

THE proclamation by the allies declaring a complete blockade on all enemy ports, places American commerce in the most perilous condition imaginable, and according to certain Washington authorities, utterly ignores the rights of the United States and other neutrals.

This reprisal on the part of the allies is the natural sequence, as the British note points out, of Germany's establishment of a "war zone" off the English coast, maintained more or less effectively by the use of mines and submarines.

KIRBY, in New York World

The extra legal phases of the problem on both sides present difficulties which are sure to involve the United States in serious controversy. The action, both of Germany and of the allies, apparently sets in defiance all conventions of international law as heretofore interpreted. Thus far many neutral vessels have been innocent victims of this submarine freebooting, two American ships among them.

As a result of Britain's order to "starve Germany," all American goods. even if destined to a neutral port, will be liable to detention, and the United States will be obliged to voice its opposition to a policy which thus infringes on its rights.

As the British note declares, the use of submarines by Germany in attempting a blockade violates all precedent and raises new questions of international law. "The law and custom of nations," reads the note, . . . "have always presumed that the first duty of the captor of a merchant vessel is to bring it before a prize court where it may be tried, where the regularity of the capture may be challenged, and where neutrals may recover their cargoes.

"The sinking of prizes is in itself a questionable act, to be resorted to only in extraordinary circumstances and after provision has been made for the safety of all the crew or passengers.

"It is upon this basis that all previous discussions of the law for regulating warfare at sea have proceeded.

"A German submarine, however, fulfills none of these obligations; it enjoys no local command of the waters in which it operates; it does not take its captures within the jurisdiction of a prize court; it carries no prize crew which it can put on board a prize; it uses no effective means of discriminating between a neutral and an enemy vessel; it does not receive on board for safety the crew and passengers of the vessel it sinks; its methods of warfare are, therefore, entirely outside the scope of any of the international instruments regulating operations against commerce in time of war.

"The German declaration substitutes indiscriminate destruction for regulated capture."

The firm, but friendly protest on the part of the United States, citing international law on the subject, and reminding Germany that the sole right of a belligerent in dealing with neutral vessels on the high seas is "limited to visit and search unless a blockade is effectively proclaimed and main-

Protests Embargo

tained," finds Germany unyielding. Serious possibilities are suggested in the following excerpt from the note:

"If the commanders of German vessels of war should act upon the presumption that the flag of the United States was not being used in good faith, and should destroy on the high seas an American vessel or the lives of American citizens, it would be difficult for the government of the United States to view the act in any other light than as an indefensible violation of neutral rights which it would be very hard indeed to reconcile with the friendly relations now so happily subsisting between the two governments."

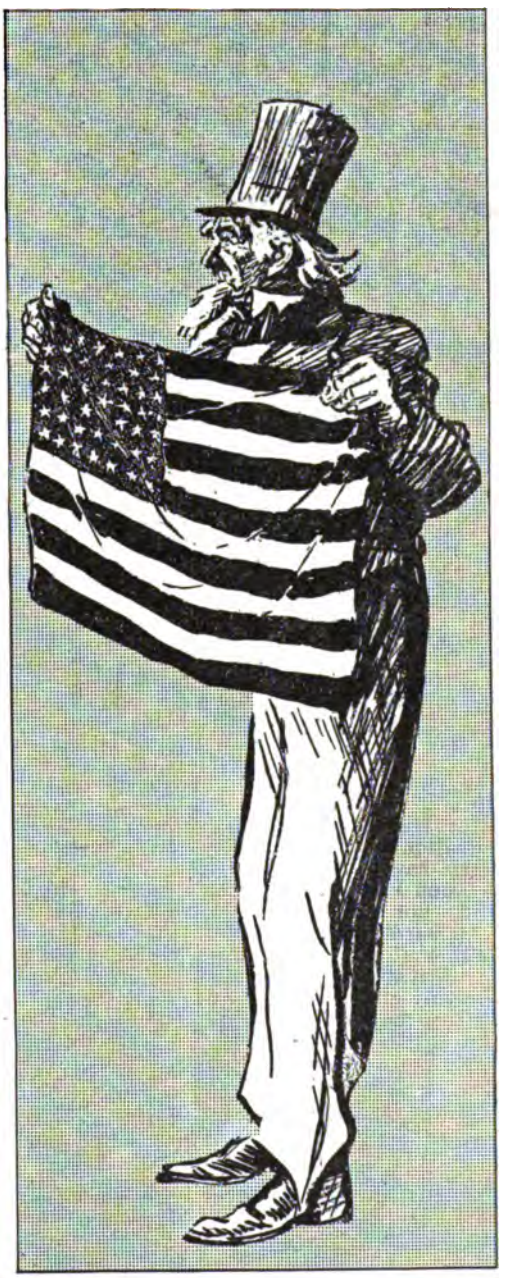
Writing in the American Exporter on "Problems of War and Commerce," John Bassett Moore, formerly councilor of the Department of State, and an authority on international law, defines the rights of neutrals as follows:

"Generally speaking, the breaking out of war between two or more countries does not take away the right of neutrals to trade with them. Any denial of that right must rest on specific grounds, and can be asserted only by specific measures. And, in order that a government at war may protect its acknowledged interests, there is conceded to it what is called the belligerent right of visit and search, which signifies the right of a belligerent man-of-war to visit and search on the high seas the merchant vessels of neutrals for the purpose of ascertaining whether they are violating the laws of war, and, in case there should be disclosed a reasonable ground of suspicion that such a violation is in course of commission, to take them in for adjudication by a prize court.

"The belligerent right of visit and search is only a means to an end, and the end with which it is chiefly concerned is the prevention of any infraction of the law relating to blockade and to contraband. The impulse of the belligerent is to cut off his enemy altogether and to prevent him from getting anything from the outside. The neutral, on the other hand, naturally desires that his trade should not be unduly hampered by an armed conflict to which he is not a party."

After going into the subject very fully, he concludes his article with the significant words:

"The seas outside territorial waters are the common highway of nations, and none of them has the right to render the use of that highway insecure. Few days pass in which one does not read a report of the blowing up of a merchant or fishing vessel by contact with a mine. As a method of warfare this must be regarded not only as an atrocity which no nation is at liberty to perpetrate, but also as a direct violation of a clear international right which governments are justified in asserting on all occasions. Wholly apart from the danger to life, it places the neutral merchant in a worse position that he ever occupied before. Heretofore, if his ship or his cargo was seized he knew to whom to look for redress. If vessel and cargo are sunk by a mine, proof of its identity being impossible, his case is hope-



"Take a good look at it, William."

IRELAND, in Columbus Dispatch

Lest They Forget

less unless he carries adequate insurance; and in this event the insurer is placed in a like situation of helplessness."

The official commandeering of cornstuffs in Germany, thus adding grain to the contraband list, and tightening the British cord around Germany's throat, has forced Germany to resort to the most desperate means at her command, and as in the case of going through Belgium, necessity is pleaded by the Germans. The British press attribute the blockade to a loss of temper, and pronounce it a foolhardy thing to have attempted. The opinion prevails throughout Great Britain that the fleet will be able to cope with the situation satisfactorily, but as experts have pointed out, there is no weapon known against the submarine—not even another submarine. It is hardly believed possible, however, that a submarine ring around the British isles can be maintained for any length of time.

Says the Pall Mall Gazette, London:

"We have been loath so far to push our belligerent rights to the last extremity; but the advertised intention of the enemy to sink all merchant ships plying to or from our shores without bringing them into port or making provision for the safety of passengers or crew justifies a more rigid application of pressure, in which we shall have the support of the conscience of the whole world. We shall still do our best to avoid unnecessary loss and inconvenience to neutrals, and in this we shall be assisted by the fact that the commodities which we intend to prevent the Germans getting will all be very useful to ourselves.

"When people lose their tempers, they usually make fools of themselves. This the Germans have done, very much to our satisfaction, by their absurd declaration of a blockade of the British coast, for if the proclamation issued is not a notice of blockade it has no validity or meaning. A blockade to be recognized must be effective. That is to say, no ship can be condemned as a blockade-runner unless she is captured within the blockaded area. In blockades, moreover, no distinction is drawn between enemy ships and neutrals. But since the only type of vessel the German can employ is the submarine, it is evident that no ships will be brought into port for adjudication—nor, indeed, can be."

"The Germans admit," the London Daily Graphic declares, "that they propose to break the law. They propose to do something that has been forbidden from time immemorial—namely, to sink at sight merchant ships frequenting a certain area—and they warn neutral countries that it is possible that neutral as well as

KIRBY, in New York World

A Warning to Trespassers

British vessels may be sunk. Even if only British vessels are sunk that may entail the loss of neutral cargoes and of neutral lives. To this proposed outrage neutrals are told that they must submit because 'the vital interests of Germany' are involved. According to the German argument, the British Navy is threatening the entire population of Germany with destruction. To that threat there are only two logical answers, either to destroy the British Navy or to sue for peace. Germany cannot do the former, and is not yet prepared to do the latter. Therefore, in the spirit of a mad bull, she starts a wild attack upon neutrals. She began this war by outraging the rights of Belgium; she proposes to carry it on by outraging the rights of every remaining neutral Power."

The London Daily Express likewise asserts that Germany has lost her temper, and that the blockade measure — a "German bogey" is the term applied—is merely the last resort of a nation that finds itself defeated. "To lose your temper," continues the Express, "is nearly always to commit some damaging folly. Germany already has more enemies than she can manage. If she were actually to carry out her threat, and, without warning, to torpedo neutral vessels carrying goods to this country, she would at last convince the Powers that still remain outside the struggle that she is a mad dog among the nations, and that she must be destroyed if civilization is to continue. The Teutonic morality is simply that what is advantageous for Germany is good, and what is to her disadvantage is evil. That is to say, it is perfectly righteous to sink ships and drown their crews if by so doing the British food supply could be jeopardized, as it is perfectly righteous to kill babies in Scarborough and widows in Yarmouth if by so doing the British nation can be terrorized. On the other hand, for Great Britain to use her sea power to prevent copper and other contraband from reaching German ports is an act of the devil. The whole thing is another example of a crazy national self-love exalting the German race above the other peoples of the earth."

SEEING AS HOW I OWN THE RESTAURANT I OUGHT TO HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THIS
PAY CHECK
GERMAN FOOD SUPPLY
FOOD BLOCKADE
ENGLAND'S FOOD SUPPLY

DARLING, in Des Moines Register and Leader

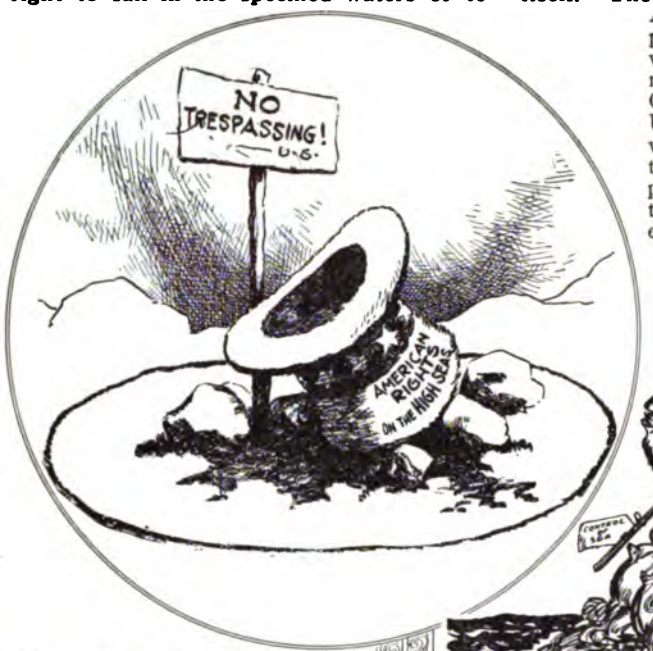
A Game That Works Both Ways

The German press adopts a rather truculent tone, and reiterates

the warning to American merchantmen. Thus, the Hamburger Nachrichten declares:

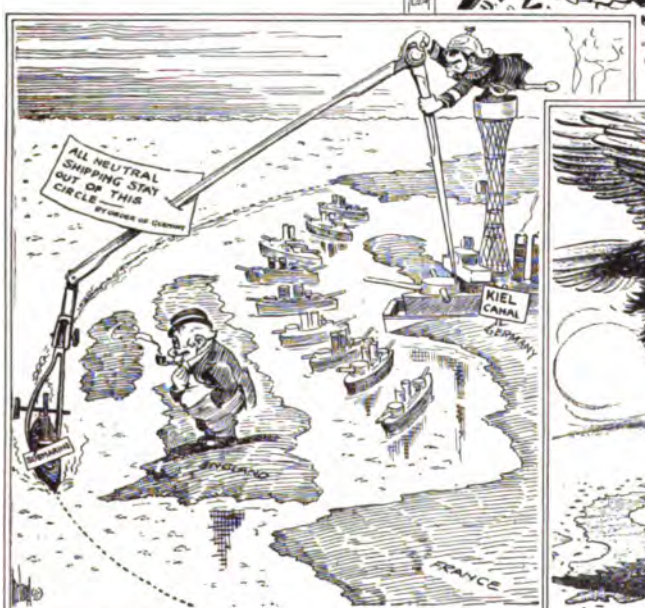
"American merchantmen retain their right to sail in the specified waters or to avoid them. If Washington assumes that the admiralty's declaration will not be executed unsparingly it fundamentally deceives itself. The threatening sentences in the American note are quite unimpressive. After delivering weapons to our enemies and making no protest against Great Britain's insolence, the United States shows itself devoid of any good will whatever toward us. Politely turned expressions do not counterbalance too evident partisanship for our enemies."

While some German news-



MAY, in Cleveland Leader
The Hat in the Ring

CESARE, in New York Sun
Who's Afraid?



IRELAND, in Columbus Dispatch
Germany Describes a New War Zone

BUSHNELL, in Cincinnati Times-Star
A Friendly Warning

papers admit that the United States has dealt impartially both with Great Britain and Germany, others see in the American protests a tendency to favor England. The Berliner Montag Zeitung takes a rather insolent attitude, advises the German government to proceed calmly on its way, and asks "What can America do?"

"She has no army," this newspaper continues, "and her fleet would not dare to approach nearer our shores than does the English. The expulsion of Germans from America would mean her ruin. America's threats are ridiculous, and it is absurd for us to take them seriously." The government should pay absolutely no attention to our protests.

CARTER, in New York Evening Sun
This Is No Target

WEED, in New York Tribune
The Great Blockade

HUNGERFORD, in Pittsburgh Sun
The New Traffic Cop

RICHARDS, in Philadelphia North American
"Don't."

WEED, in New York Tribune

One Voice

"Saber-rattling" is the expression used by Die Post of Berlin to characterize the American protest. "When something does not suit the Yankees," says Die Post, "they are accustomed to adopt a threatening and as frightful a saber-rattling tone as possible. They reckon that the person thus treated will let himself be frightened and give in. If this does not come to pass, however—if the person thus treated and threatened with the strongest expressions pays no attention and shows that he is not scared and will not let himself be driven into a state of funk—the swaggering Yankees calm themselves soon and quiet down.

"The United States did not protest against the British declaration of the North Sea as war territory; that is to say, they are in benevolent agreement with England but make a threatening protest against us. If the North American government would show Germany the same neutrality as is shown England, the entire present note, with its threatening tone, would be superfluous."

The Lokal Anzeiger, of Berlin, points out that only the United States among all the neutral countries has protested against the German declaration of a naval war zone. It admits the friendly nature of the note, but says:

"All this cannot alter the fact that we must characterize the standpoint of the note as a mistaken one, since it does not take into consideration the naval situation as it has developed without Germany's fault, and since a much sharper note should long ago have been sent to the British government."

Says the Frankfurter Zeitung:

"The note assumes a too formal and juristic standpoint regarding German justification in eventually destroying neutral ships, as to which American politics follows the line of argument of the English manner of reasoning, which unfortunately has become second nature. The way out of the difficulty is opened by the announced American protest against British misuse of flags. As for the rest Germany must maintain its stand."

Captain Persius, a retired German naval officer, has this to say in the Berliner Tageblatt:

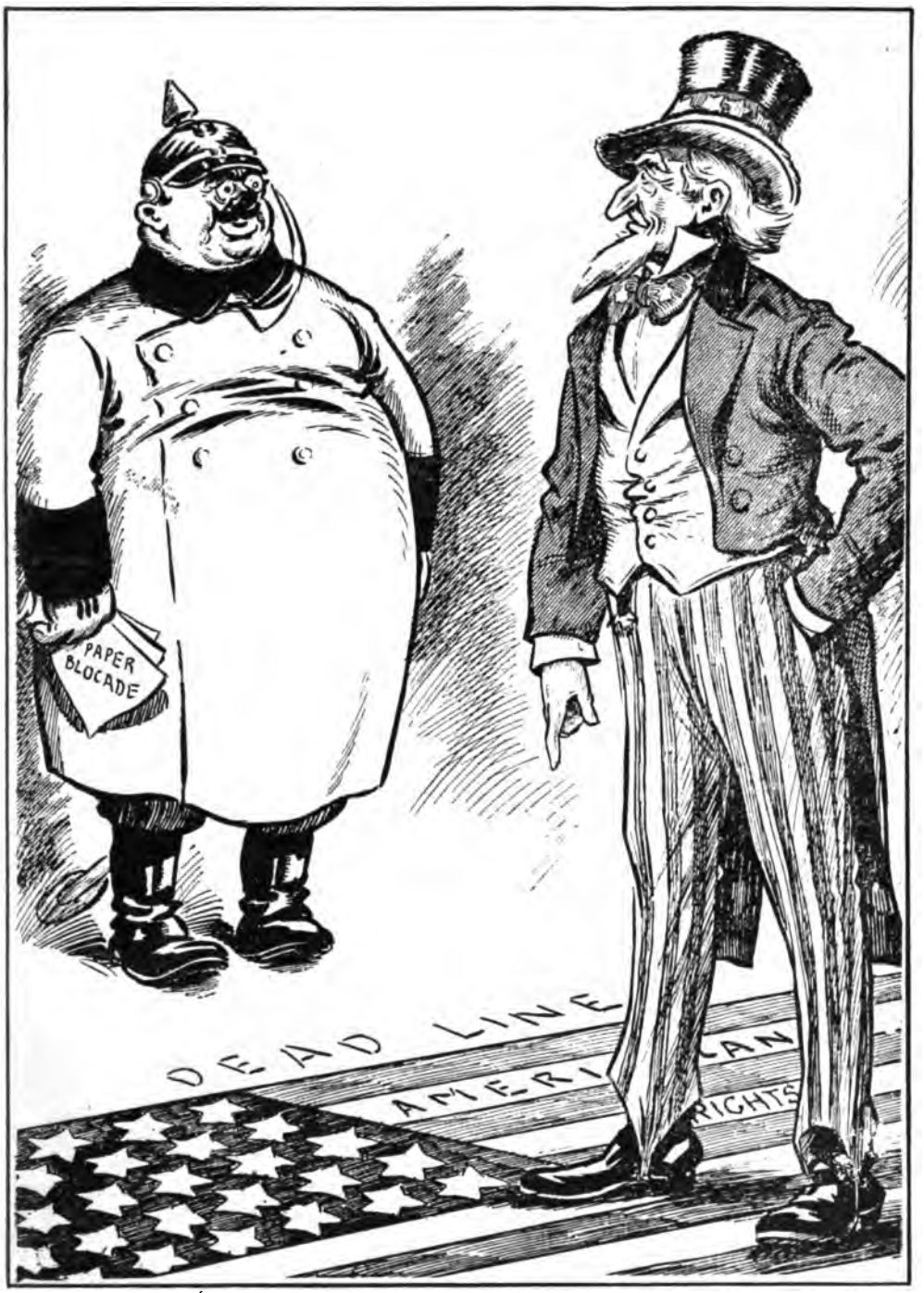
"The English press has generally expressed the opinion that the war we have proclaimed against English commerce should not be taken seriously.

"The latest activity of our submarines will convince the English that their mercantile marine is not, even off the west of the islands, secure from German submarine attacks.

"England appears to set her chief hopes on the plan of starving Germany into submission. We must try to give like for like. No thoughts of hesitation can arise as to whether this kind of warfare is permissible. There is not the slightest difference between

WEED, in New York Tribune

"Remember the Maine."



RACEY, *in Montreal Star*

THE DEAD LINE

Uncle Sam (Replying to Germany's buncombe): "You step inside this line and see what will happen."

A Canadian cartoonist's idea of Uncle Sam's belligerency.

MORGAN, in Philadelphia Inquirer Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

There's a Strange Bird Called the Pelican

the use of mines and of torpedoes. In any event, the English mercantile marine will from now onward have to reckon with the German submarine danger. This can only be avoided by limiting the traffic, and if England does this, our object is achieved.

"Our submarines have accomplished what has always been considered impossible—activity for a lengthy period, mostly unaccompanied by larger vessels, at a distance of 1,000 miles from the base. In fact, they achieve the superhuman."

"What do we care about the shrieks of neutrals or the indignation of our enemies?" exclaims the Vossische Zeitung.

"To us Germans this war must teach a great lesson—that is, that we should indulge in no delicacies of feeling, nor listen to a single word that neutrals may see fit to utter in regard to our legitimate determination to safeguard our national existence.

"This war must end soon, and there is but one way to end it—to wage it without pity and without scruple.

"This is Germany's justification. If that does not suffice for neutrals it suffices for us. That is all we care about."

The press of the United States takes a calm view of the situation, admitting generally that war with Germany is impossible, but reminding the Fatherland that, if worse comes to worst, American citizens, whether "hyphenated" or not, will be "Americans first." The New York Evening Sun, for instance, has the following:

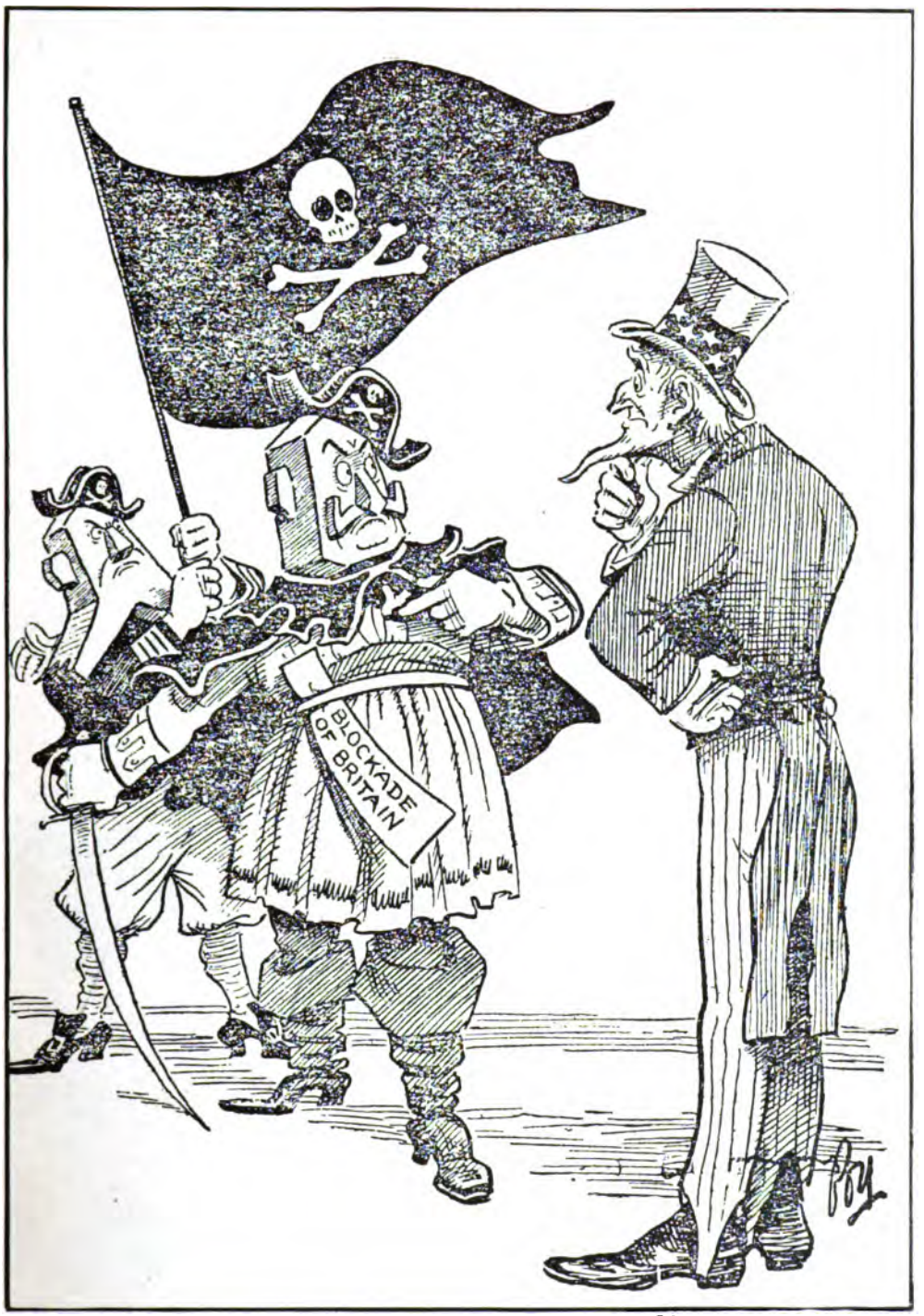
"In taking up a strong position in asserting the national honor and upholding the national welfare the President will have the unreserved support of the American people. The disappearance of the factional spirit in Germany, Great Britain and France in the hour of peril will be matched or surpassed in this country should a crisis arise. Never have the American people failed to rally to the support of their government and they never will. Count von Reventlow wholly mistakes this country when he doubts that it would stand united behind the government as have the German people behind theirs. He is misled by the mouthings of a few fanatics. Wild talk is cheap and we bandy it freely among ourselves in all sorts of disputes. But when the test of international trouble comes, if it does come, the hyphen and all preceding it will vanish. It will be well for Germany to bear this vividly in mind."

The New York Evening Post adopts a severe tone in the following:

"To the German government the note of the Washington administration reads a lesson in international law and the rights of neutrals. We do not consider it probable that any German commander of a submarine, unless he had gone crazy, would deliberately carry out the threat of the German Admiralty. To sink even an enemy merchant

WEED, in New York Tribune

The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck



"POY," in London Evening News

FILIBUSTER AND SILLY BLUSTER

The Pirate King: "Just keep your eye on me and you will see the greatest and most complete blockade in history."

Looker-On: "Excuse me. Did you say blockade or blockhead?"

ship, without stopping to inquire what would become of the non-combatant crew and passengers, would be ferocity. To sink a neutral vessel in that way would be ferocity tinged with madness. Still the intimation that such a thing may occur lies plain in the official statement of the German Admiralty, and our government had no other course open to it than to give the most solemn warning in advance that it would hold the German government to 'a strict accountability' for any such trampling upon international law and outrageous disregard of the rights of neutrals and of humanity itself."

The Boston Post remarks:

"This declaration that the American flag has rights on the high seas that no belligerent of the present insane war can put out of existence by a mere ukase is in line with our national dignity and sense of self-respect. If no objection had been made to the German threat—only slightly modified and not really changed very much in its essentials—this country would have stood before the world as tacitly assenting to the monstrous perversion of international law and custom implied in the warning that our vessels might be destroyed by 'mistake.' . . . The fighters on the other side of the Atlantic are terribly in earnest, of course, and hardly prepared to be over-solicitous in listening to reason when their interests seem opposed to it."

CARTER, in New York Evening Sun

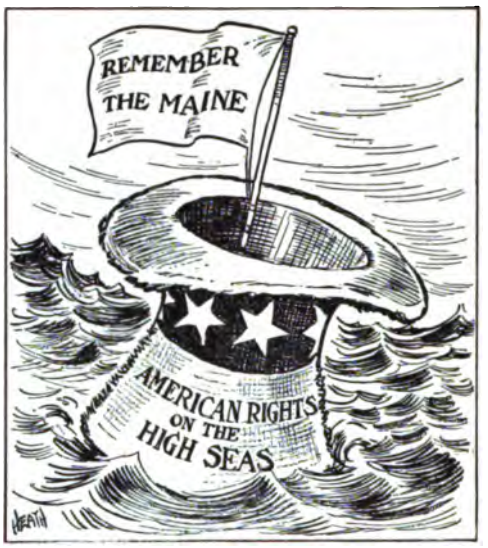
Germany: "You take the lion and I'll take the basket."

CARTER, in New York Evening Sun

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

!EATH, in Knickerbocker Press

The Spirit of '76



HEATH, in Knickerbocker Press

His Hat Is on the Waters

WORGAN, in Philadelphia Inquirer

Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer

"Wouldn't it be awful if your uncle's hat were torpedoed by mistake?"

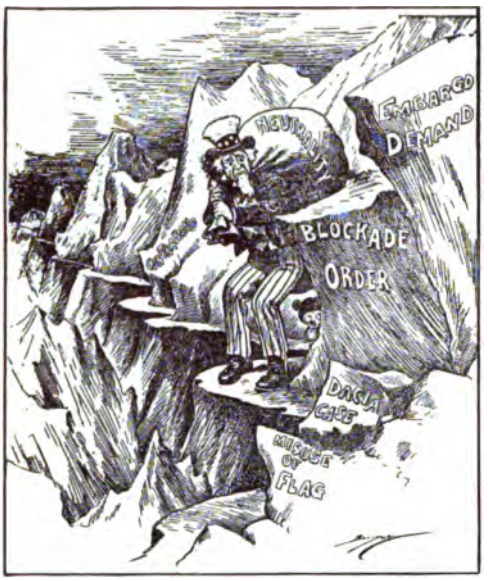
Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

G. BRANDT, in Kladderadatsch, Berlin

THE ALTERED STATUE IN NEW YORK HARBOR

Liberty of Profitable Trading in Arms

A German slur at America for "minding her own business."



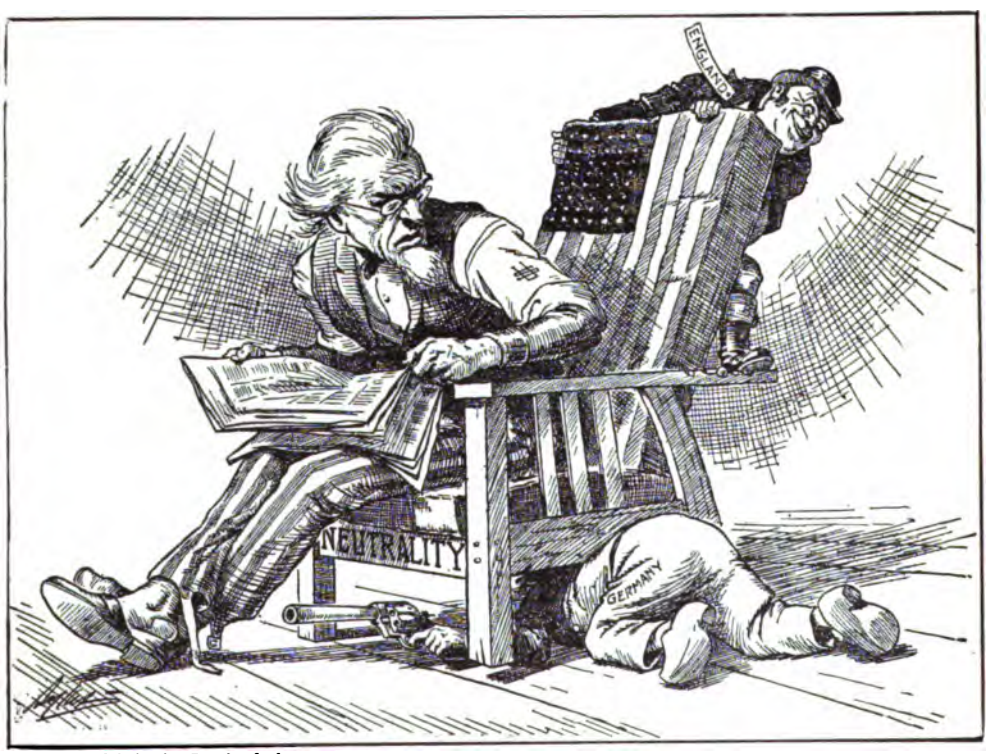
BERRYMAN, in Washington Star

The Way of the Neutral Is Hard

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

G. BRANDT, in Kladderadatsch

It Is to be Hoped That Uncle Sam will Come Back with an Equally Friendly Reply to John Bull's Note



SYKES, in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"Stop that, both of you."

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

From Meggendorfer Blaetter

THE TRAFFIC COP OF THE SEAS
England Holds Up Neutral Shipping

The Contrasting German Views

AMERICA AND ENGLAND

"Stop, Uncle Sam!"

"You have contraband with you."

WILHELM SCHULZ, in Simplicissimus

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

"Give it up now; all we can use is contraband."

"Fortunately, they did not take my fountain pen. I shall write an energetic protest at once."

# of Uncle Sam's Protest to John Bull

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

From Lustige Blaetter

AMERICA'S PROTEST

John Bull: "And now he strikes at me. A little piece of piracy like that ought to pass unnoticed among friends."

WHY GERMANY HATES

The Soul of Germany Stirred to Its Depths with Righteous Wrath against England

By the Rev. Julius Schiller, Royal Protestant Chaplain of Nuremberg, in Vossische Zeitung, of Berlin

ERNST LISSAUER, for his "Hymn of Hatred" against England, has been decorated by the German government. The sentiments expressed in this poem, as Doctor Schiller points out, are those of the German people today. In the following article the German clergyman not only defends his country's hatred, but rejoices in it. According to the London Daily Express, which comments editorially upon the article, this hatred is caused by Germany's disappointment brought on when England entered the war contrary to all expectations. "We Germans hate honestly," writes Doctor Schiller, "with a hate based on right."

A NEW era is arising out of this terrible war of nations!

Gradually we are beginning to think differently and to learn anew—from every point of view and on all subjects. Even in matters ethical is this process of evolution taking place. In former times we considered it immoral to hate. Today we know no different than that we may hate or that we must hate.

Lissauer's "Song of Hate" against England thoroughly expresses our sentiments, the depths of the German soul. All representations to the contrary fall on deaf ears. We beat down all hands that ward us off!

We can do no differently. We MUST hate the lying brood. Our hatred has been called forth! Now it is here. And the German nation understands how to hate as does no other!

The feeling of it even penetrates into English circles. Yet the fear occasioned by German hatred is still being hidden. It is there, however, notwithstanding all manner of excuses.

Lord Curzon may even explain that the phlegmatic temperament of his compatriots is not deserving of German hatred. There is a smattering of truth in this, because we Germans hate in a different way from the sons of Albion. We Germans hate honestly, with a hate based on right. England hates lyingly, goaded on by jealousy, greed, and envy. It is high time that we plucked the mask from England's face, that we at last see England in her true form. In hating England—let me emphasize this—we are only returning hatred for hatred. Why have we ever been so unwise as to permit ourselves to be deceived time after time?

The policy of isolation of King Edward might well have opened our eyes long ago. But the German Rip van Winkle slept on. England's hatred has always, everywhere, been coupled with lies and deception, with piracy and robbery, with cool calmness and consideration, and with icy calculation and deliberation. The history of her colonial possessions is an incontrovertible proof of this. Belgium, France, Russia, all England's good friends, are now learning what England's ultimate goal really is.

And we Germans are no more surprised at anything.

From Kladderadatsch Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

ENGLAND'S MOUNTS

"The Belgian lion is all in. I wonder how long this French rooster will last."

The corsair actions of the English fleet, poisoned knives of the Gurkhas, the dumdum and mushroom bullets, and hundreds of other instances show us sufficiently what we have to expect from this enemy.

We should not be worthy of life, nor of the army which bleeds for us, were we not filled with holy anger against such a nation!

It has been fully established that England at all times has played off the nations of culture one against the other, and tried to hinder the progressive development of other countries by the most unprincipled methods. England is the Demon King of the world,

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

A. JOHNSON, in Kladderadatsch

France's Last Conscription

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

W. TRIER, in Lustige Blaetter

The Speech of the Flags

ripe and ready for extinction! Judgment has been given against her. "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." Germany has received the high call to carry out the sentence. England must be pulverized now, once and for ever.

But is hatred necessary for this? Is not "holy" hatred a paradox? Are not those voices correct which hold that hatred is an intellectual lapse, because it is implacable, unbridled and unworthy of mankind, and only intended to aim at destruction?

We spare ourselves the necessity of a reply. Bismarck's words shall give it. When asked by a doctor why he had passed a sleepless night, the count replied, "I have hated all night long!"

This sentiment is the foundation of the German hatred. We can do nothing else but hate all night long, all day long. We cannot avoid this feeling. Hatred signifies deepest antipathy, as love is synonymous with greatest sympathy.

If the mask of holiness is used to cover a sinful action, then this crime is doubly hateful, because to hate properly is only possible to pronounced personalities, to strong characters.

If it is a question of something great—of honour, of the existence of the fatherland, if we are threatened that "Your Germany must become small, must be trampled on and destroyed"—then the hatred of such inimical powers cannot be called immoral or unjustified.

Germany, however, will never be completely consumed in hatred. The German nature is far too profound, far too noble for us to be filled only with anger and hatred. Our glorious characteristics, which make themselves so visible in these days, conquer all other feelings. Our splendid self-restraint curbs the hatred; our internal uplifting is not damaged by the feeling of hatred.

We protect our national right against the destroyers of its very foundations. We defend the most valuable possessions of culture against a nation which shows itself unworthy of the right to be counted among the cultured peoples.

He who, like ourselves, has accepted the challenge of war for truth and right with clean hands and with a clear conscience must have victory on his side, for such a combat is stronger than the strongest battalion.

Hence our courage, our trust, our confidence in a successful termination of this world conflagration.

Soon will the rosy glow of the morning sky announce that "the day of the harvest" for Germany has dawned.

No doubt Germany is already mobilizing the swordfish to make the blockade effective.—Baltimore American.

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

From Guckkasten

The Sultan of Egypt

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

A. JOHNSON, in Kladderadatsch

FINE OPPORTUNITY IN GIBRALTAR

"Alfonse, why don't you give that boor a shove?"

From Meggendorfer Blaetter

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

Family Life in London

Britain's "Ruse de Guerre" Looms Big with Trouble

WERE it not for the extraordinary revision of the laws of warfare at sea and the rules of blockade which Germany has in view, as the New York Tribune observes, the question of the use of neutral flags by the merchant ships of the allies would possess only an academic value. It would be, moreover, of mere passing interest had not the British foreign office justified this use of the Stars and Stripes in the case of the "Lusitania," and decided to stand firm on the question despite protests from Washington. Thus there is no assurance that the American flag will not be flown again to protect British merchantmen from the enemy's submarines, and the grave possibility arises that American ships protected by their neutral emblem may be mistaken for other ships sailing under false colors.

The British government has always considered the use of British colors by foreign vessels legitimate for the purpose of escaping capture. Such a practice, it is pointed out, involves no breach of international law, but is specifically recognized. In the British Merchant Shipping Act of 1894 it is stated that "If a person uses the British flag and assumes the British national character on board a ship owned in whole or in part by any persons not qualified to own a British ship, for the purpose of making the ship appear to be a British ship, the ship shall be subject to forfeiture under this act, unless the assumption has been made for the purpose of escaping capture by an enemy or by a foreign ship of war in the exercise of some belligerent right."

As Great Britain, therefore, has not objected to the use of the Union Jack by foreign merchantmen as a "ruse de guerre," she maintains that, in the converse case, a British merchant vessel would commit no breach of international law in assuming neutral colors for a similar purpose.

It appears that the captain of the "Lusitania," when he made use of the United States flag, had secret orders from the British Admiralty to do so, and resorted to the ruse not only to protect his own ship, but to save the lives of the American passengers. As many observers have remarked, however, any commander of a German submarine who could not at once have recognized the British vessel, under whatever colors she sailed, must have exhibited great ignorance of sea lore. But if the main object, as is stated, is to compel hostile warships to inquire into the nationality of the merchant vessel, thus averting its instant destruction, the ruse, however clumsy, may have a certain value. It is hardly probable, judging from the trend of opinion in England, that British merchantmen will make a general practice of flying the American emblem when in danger, as considerable chagrin seems to have been felt over the "Lusitania" incident.

As to the German protest, it is dismissed by England with a snap of the fingers. Did not the "Emden," it is asked, fly the Japanese flag when she sailed into Penang Harbor on her destructive mission? And are not the Germans barbarians at sea? Desperate measures, the British urge, demand desperate remedies, and anything must be resorted to in the face of the desperate warfare the enemy is carrying on at sea.

KIRBY, in New York World

Safety First

Under the caption "What Is Wrong with the Union Jack?" the London Daily Express says:

"There is

IRELAND, in Columbus Dispatch

Don't Shoot!

nothing illegal or opposed to the conventions of civilized warfare in the use of a neutral flag by the merchantmen or warships of belligerents in order to escape capture. But in our case above all others such tactics will seem inexpedient and even humiliating to the British mind. Since when has the Union Jack become a color to be hauled down timidly or an inadequate protection on the seas? Since this war began, in which we have wielded, and still wield, a sea power such as no war has ever seen? The whole affair leaves a very disagreeable taste in the mouth of England. We do not presume to question or to criticize the dispositions of the Admiralty. But our confidence in the Admiralty and in the Navy is such that we are bound to regret profoundly a resort to subterfuge which, while it in no way excuses the German piracy, may give the enemy—and neutral nations—an opportunity for the sneer which we are least inclined to tolerate."

"The only effect of flying a neutral flag," remarks the London Evening News, "will be to force the enemy to board a mercantile vessel and examine her papers before capturing her—a course which should be pursued by a civilized power in any case—or else run the grave risk of committing a hostile act against a friendly nation.

"The question would in all probability never have arisen but for Germany's expressed determination to torpedo unarmed merchant craft without warning, leaving passengers and crew to sink or swim. The only excuse for this—though to the German mind it may seem all-sufficient—is that Germany can only operate by means of submarine round our coasts, and that for a submarine such ruthless and barbarous slaughter of civilians happens to be the most convenient proceeding in a military sense.

"In the case of the Lusitania it must be remembered that a number of United States citizens were on board, and that the use of the American flag to prevent a dastardly attack on the vessel was quite as much in their interests as in those of the British passengers and crew."

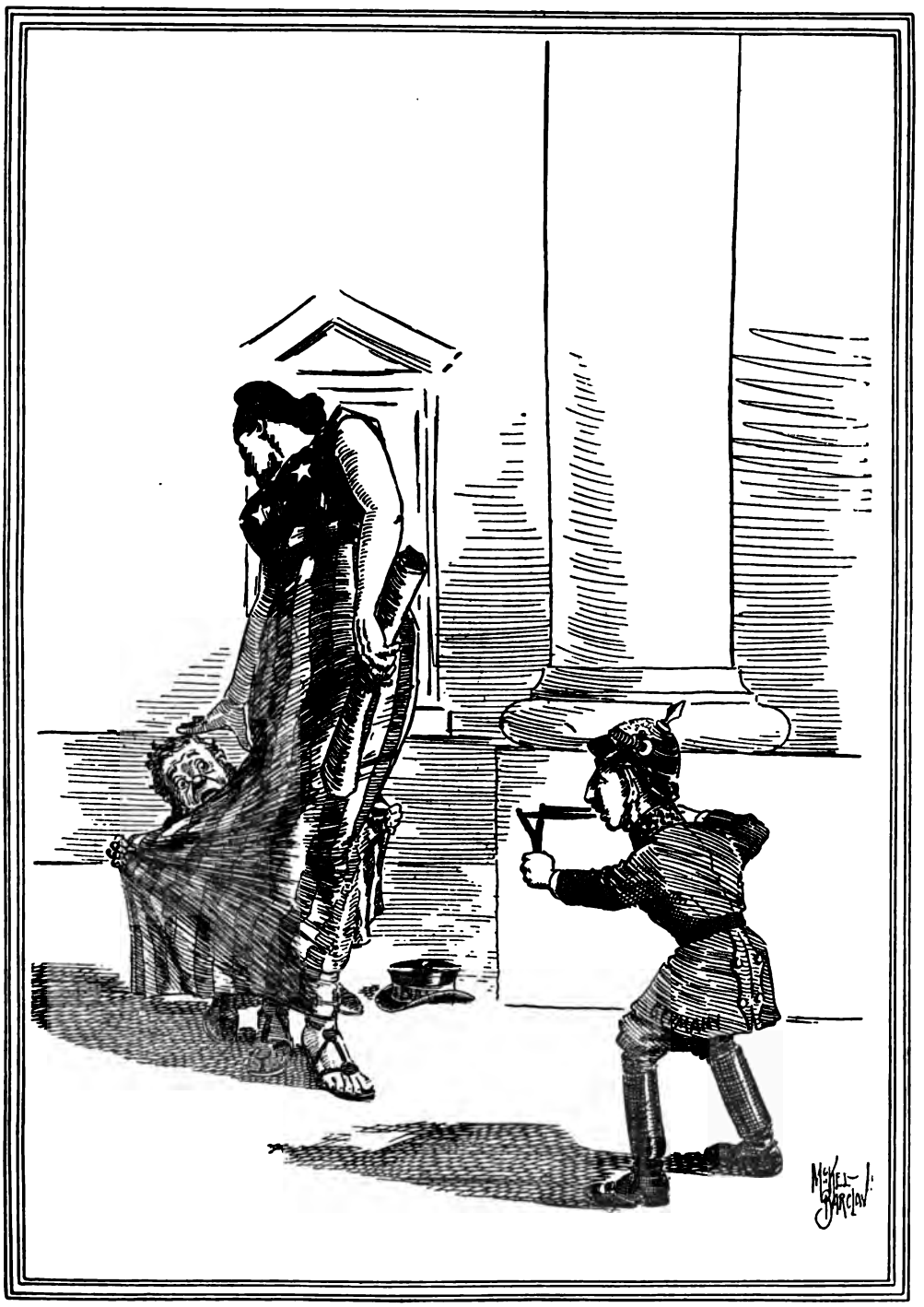
The Pall Mall Gazette believes that it will not be difficult to satisfy the United States that in using the American flag to defeat the intention of German warships to torpedo merchantmen without warning Great Britain is "acting not only in the national interest, but in the interest of humanity and civilization."

"There would be no danger of American ships being sunk," adds this paper, "if the German craft behave as every usage of war dictates and board the ships they stop for an examination of their papers."

The same paper calls attention to the fact that while the American government is making representations concerning the use of the Stars and Stripes, American pas-

CESARE, in New York Sun

The Convoy



BARCLAY, in Baltimore Sun

Hiding behind Columbia's Skirts

TUTHILL, in St. Louis Star

The New Bathing Suit

sengers are petitioning the Cunard line to sail under the American flag, so that they may enjoy its protection.

The London Times in an editorial says:

"The fair and reasonable attitude which America has observed in all the problems raised by the war has strengthened our customary desire to respect not only her rights, but her wishes and susceptibilities.

"The use of a neutral flag to avoid an enemy we regard as an undoubted right, but a right which we are most unlikely to exercise in a manner to expose the shipping of neutral states to serious peril or inconvenience. Under these circumstances and in view of the hearty good will prevailing between the two nations a satisfactory accommodation should be easily reached."

American comment on the situation has been moderate. There is a demand, however, that the rights of America as a neutral nation must be respected on the seas, while in hinting to Germany that she "take a good look at the Stars and Stripes," the proverbial word to the wise is deemed sufficient. To cite again the New York Tribune:

"The Allies have no remedy except reprisals against the barbarous plan outlined by Germany of sinking enemy merchantmen without warning or mercy. These vessels may try to secure for themselves civilized treatment by flying a neutral flag, and it is a matter between them and the commanders of the submarines which attack them whether or not they secure it.

"But for the American flag flown on an American ship there must be complete recognition of neutral rights as they now exist. The United States can never afford to admit the validity of the paper blockade by which Germany is going to try to exclude our ships from British ports, or permit those ships to be dealt with as possible carriers of contraband, except under the recognized rules of international law. That remains for us the crux of the whole ruse of war and submarine blockade controversy."

"Let the flag alone," is the warning of the Milwaukee Sentinel, which fears a plot on the part of the warring nations to drag the United States into the war, and adds:

"As for this flag question, our own conviction is that the American flag over American shipping will be in no danger in that 'war zone,' unless a practice of using it under false pretenses over British merchant shipping puts it in danger. Let the American flag alone. American tourists who take passage on British or French liners know the conditions and accept them when they buy their tickets. War is war, and this war is not being made with rose water."

There is no "misuse" of a neutral flag, according to the Providence Journal, in hoisting it to escape capture.

"No code, legal or moral," it declares, "is violated when, for self-preservation, this or any other trick is attempted to evade capture. When the cruiser Emden disguised herself with a Japanese flag and a dummy funnel, steamed into a port where Russian and French ships lay at anchor, caught them unawares and destroyed them, that was an ignoble act for a man-o'-war. The Emden, nevertheless, was within her legal rights. The case for the unarmed merchantmen, seeking to escape destruction, is, of course, much stronger.

A defense of the ruse is made likewise by the Marine Journal of New York, which commends Captain Dow of the "Lusitania" as a "courageous mariner," well informed as to the international law in regard to his actions, who "adopted any means within his power to land his passengers safely."

Copyright, by John T. McCutcheon

McCUTCHEON, in Chicago Tribune

A Situation Loaded with Possible Trouble

EVANS, in Baltimore American

GET UNDER YOUR OWN UMBRELLA

U. S.: "There may be room enough for both, but it's your fault if I get wet."

BRADLEY, *in Chicago Daily News*

Any Port in a Storm

HARDING, *in Brooklyn Eagle*

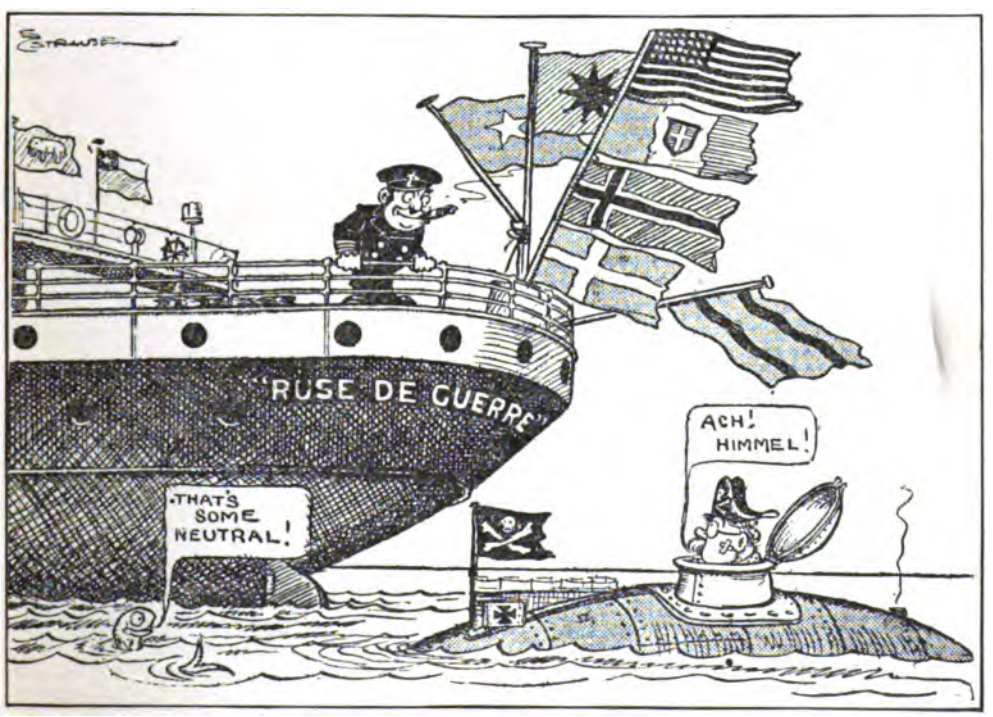
A HANDY LITTLE FLAG

"I can now mine leedle bode sail anyvares, don't you?"

"Now I can jolly well sail me bloomin' boat anywhere. What?"

DONAHEY, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Hiding behind Our Skirts



From London Daily Express

Captain Seadog: "I'm neutral my friend. Touch me if you dare."

JAPAN'S NEW "MONROE DOCTRINE"

THE international flurry caused by the sweeping demand of Japan for important concessions and privileges in China, seems to have simmered down to a point where a compromise can be easily effected. China has secured the withdrawal of the more objectionable demands of the mikado's diplomatic corps, and the remaining points of variance are not of sufficient magnitude to indicate that there will be any cause for further international alarm.

Whether diplomatic pressure was brought to bear upon Japan, or whether they made their original claims for concessions sweeping in scope in the hope of driving a better bargain ultimately, can only be conjectured. It is true that Japanese diplomats in the past, have often assumed the oriental merchant's attitude of demanding a high price, with the idea of making the bargainer feel that he has been given a great reduction in the value of the article, when concessions are finally made.

CESARE, in New York Sun

THE MELANCHOLY JAP
"To keep, or not to keep."

It was the general belief, however, that Japan had seized the opportune moment while the European powers were engaged in a death struggle and powerless to interfere in defense of their far-eastern interests, to secure her own dominance and absolute control in the Orient. In this event, it is to be assumed that strong protests, which Japan could not afford to ignore, forced her to recede from her original position and bargain for a "mess of pottage."

At any rate, Japan's position in the East has been greatly strengthened as the result of the European war. She now holds Tsingtau, Port Arthur, Corea, and Lower Manchuria. With these strategic points under her control, and the expulsion of the Germans from China, Nippon's power in the Pacific is greater than it has ever been before.

While Japan withdrew some of her demands for special concessions, she still seeks to prevent further encroachment of foreign powers upon Asiatic territory. This stand is similar to the one taken by the United States in the Monroe doctrine, and being such, should be approved in this country, says the Chicago Tribune. It states the question thus in an editorial:

"A Japanese policy which seeks to prevent further European encroachment upon Asiatic territory so resembles the policy which we call the Monroe doctrine that we must freely concede to Japan the right to adopt and enforce it and also must applaud the wisdom.

"The European establishments in China introduced into Japanese national life factors of uncertainty and danger from which Japan must rid herself. Some of the problems which we meet in Mexico and Central America are met by Japan in China. Acquisitiveness in Japan frequently must be tempted by the opportunities in China, even as acquisitiveness in the United States frequently is tempted by opportunities in Mexico.

"Japan also finds herself exposed by the weakness of China, even as the United States, without a policy which forbids aggression by foreign powers, might find itself exposed by the weakness of Mexico.

"It is inimical to Japan to have naval bases and fortified ports established on the shores adjacent to her. It complicates the problems of her future and she cannot wisely assume such risks. A declaration by Japan that it was inconsistent with the requirements of her security to permit the growth of alien powers in China would have to be accepted in the United States.

"Recognition of the rights of Japan to safeguard herself ought to be prompt, and it would be cordial if the Japanese assertion of the right respected the sovereignty and integrity of China. It is upon the latter point that American opinion is at sea.

"The United States never has sought more than an equal opportunity in competition in the Chinese markets. It has viewed with

CESARE, in New York Sun

The Dawn of Today

IRELAND, in Columbus Dispatch

An Opportune Moment

displeasure the development of foreign spheres of influence in China and in its diplomatic interchanges with Japan has agreed with that nation to defend the principle of equal opportunity 'by supporting with all the pacific means the independence and integrity of China.'

"That is definite and unequivocal, a pledge of good faith and a statement of agreed policy to which both Japan and the United States have been committed since 1908. What little is known of the demands Japan now makes upon China might lead to the presumption that Japanese exigencies require the disregarding in part at least of the agreement to support the independence and integrity of China.

"If this presumption should be established our government will be obliged to protest. There is nothing alarming in the situation and certainly nothing that the United States need hesitate to face. There is a question of Japanese intent and there is a question of what effect the representations of our government would have if the Japanese purpose were disclosed as something hostile to the hitherto agreed policy of the two nations.

"American understanding of Japanese needs should be as complete as possible. If popular opinion in the United States can be formed intelligently and sympathetically we can conduct the diplomatic handling of issues which must arise from time to time without being betrayed into any emotional courses which lead to antagonism.

"By avoiding the 'hush policy' on one hand and the hysterical on the other we can meet our problems honestly and candidly, preserve our self-respect and the respect of other nations, recognize the interests of other nations and support our own."

We should not judge Japan too harshly, as it is merely following the example set by the other world powers in attempting to acquire more territory in the belief of the Pittsburgh Dispatch. A recent editorial says:

"Americans have recognized frankly and openly that the war has given this country an extraordinary opportunity to capture a larger share of the markets of the world. Our Japanese neighbors seem also to have noted an opportunity, but have been much more active in pressing it, although less candid in avowing it. What we seek is to win and hold trade in open competition. Japan's demands on China are for special privileges amounting to an exclusive veto and a virtual monopoly.

"Yet we should not hasten to condemn Japan by requiring from the people of Nippon, as one of their statesmen reminded us the other day, a higher standard of conduct

CESARE, in New York Sun

Japan: "Now don't let anybody in."

TOSINI, In Pasquino, Turin

The Jap: "I've caught a fine province—now, to land it."
The hand of Uncle Sam is seen from behind the mountain, wielding the shears labeled "Intervention."

ORR, in Nashville Tennessean

It Tastes Like More

than the Western Nations expect from each other. Japan is simply doing what all the great European powers have done on occasion, taking advantage of an entanglement of the others elsewhere to grab possessions and concessions from China. And the Japanese have really more plausible reasons than Europe, though just as untenable. Japan may be vitally affected by events in its neighboring mainland. Its assault upon Tsingtau, ostensibly as a duty to its ally under the Anglo-Japanese treaty, was regarded equally as a step toward a Japanese Monroe Doctrine in the Orient, thus getting one European power out of China."

"Europe's insanity is Tokyo's opportunity," remarks the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. It says:

"Whatever Japan has or has not demanded of China, it is well understood Japan means to make herself the paramount power in Asia, as the United States is in America, and as Great Britain has been for a hundred years in Europe, Africa and Australasia."

The Japan Times points out the fact that at the conclusion of the present war in Europe "China will become a center of international activity with more relentlessness than ever," as the "Powers that are worsted" will try to make up for their loses at "the point of least resistance—namely, China." It continues:

"With no foreign Power to call her real friend, the republic would then have no chance to escape being a victim to international exploitation. We hope that for China's own sake her senate, press, and agitators will be warned of what is bound to come and be prepared to offer a united front with a friendly Power to make common cause in meeting the situation.

"What is of menace to China is also a danger to this country, if the Republic and the Empire are to work together for the peace and progress of the Far East, and our policy toward our neighbor is solely founded on this basis. Differences between the two countries can only lend to the machinations of mischief-makers. We urge then that the negotiations at Peking between President Yuan and Minister Hioki will be so conducted as to provide a solution not only to the war zone and evacuation questions but to all others waiting for settlement, the forces behind the President seeing things from a broad and enlightened point of view.

"The trouble with China in the latter days of the Manchu dynasty was that there was no central seat of power, or at least no central figure with authority and responsi-

BRONSTRUP, in San Francisco Chronicle

Reaching Out

bility, who took it on himself to guide the foreign relations of the Empire. The high officials at Peking knew only how to shift diplomatic responsibilities from one to another, making it difficult for foreign Governments to deal with the Chinese Government or Empire as such, and the country was fast drifting to a state of things which would have led to strong, indeed, aggressive, foreign interference, when the revolution broke out to save the situation for her in a way. Today matters have been mended in this regard, with President Yuan in power practically as a dictator. Nevertheless the President's position is far from being secure against forces of disturbance in the country and his foreign policy is one of oscillation and indecision, the pressure which is being brought to bear upon him from within often compelling him to take a course contrary to his apparent desire. We are always ready to give a friendly interpretation to his action; but that will not help him much to solidify his Government, unless he makes up his mind to stand by his own judgment or fall, and the foreign Powers may come to find his régime no better than the closing days of the Manchu administration."

DONNELL, In St. Louis Globe Democrat

One Good Taste Deserves Another

"America First" the Answer to the "Hyphenated Americans"

THE National German-American Neutrality League, formed recently at a secret meeting at Washington, has raised the question as to whether America is, after all, a crucible, a "melting pot" of all nations, or a country made up of heterogeneous peoples with their real allegiance to their respective fatherlands. To the propaganda of this organization, which is anything, according to the almost unanimous voice of the press, but what its name implies, the call "America First" has been sounded. The slogan crystallizes in a way what President Wilson said some months ago about "hyphenated Americans." The new organization protests against the exportation of arms to the allies, urges the establishment of an American merchant marine, embodying the purchase of the interned German vessels, and proposes to exert its influence for the support only of "such candidates for public office . . . who will place American interests above those of any other country and who will aid in eliminating all undue foreign influences from official life."

RACEY, in Montreal Star

Trying Very Hard to Shove Him In

This declaration against "foreign influences," as the Philadelphia North American remarks, "from men whose activity in government circles on behalf of a foreign power has been an offense and a scandal, is rather ludicrous. But that does not save the movement from being unpatriotic, mischievous, and dangerous."

"When Congressman Bartholdt, Doctor Hexamer and the other 'neutrals' demand a free and open sea for the United States and unrestricted traffic in non-contraband goods," continues the North American, "they mean that this government should attempt to nullify the Allies' control of the sea and should insist upon delivering cargoes to Germany.

"When they 'favor, as a strictly American policy, the immediate enactment of legislation prohibiting the export of arms and munitions of war,' they mean it as a strictly German policy, since it would directly favor Germany and directly injure her opponents, and would amount to active intervention in the war.

"When they urge 'establishment of an American merchant marine' they have in mind the purchase by the United States government of $40,000,000 worth of German ships which took refuge in American ports to escape the consequences of the war; and they advise this course regardless of the fact, as stated by Senator Root, that the government 'would buy a quarrel with every ship.'

"The theory has been that this country was a 'melting pot' for the incoming members of all races; that in the crucible of its free institutions old patriotic instincts and prejudices would be fused into an Americanism that would ring true at every test. For the first time that belief has been tinged with doubt. For the first time we face the possibility that instead of a united nation, made up of loyal men of many bloods, this may become a people made up of groups of foreigners, whose first allegiance is not to the land which gave them shelter, but that which gave them or their fathers birth.

"Already the poisonous propaganda has been carried to extraordinary lengths. Its promoters are not satisfied with giving sentimental and moral support to one of the belligerents, as is their right, but they are endeavoring to foment American hatred toward the others and to force this government into menacing controversies abroad."

One prominent German-American, Dr. Kuno Francke, of Harvard University, a man who, as the Cincinnati Times-Star remarks, has "the accent on the right side of the hyphen," in declining to take part in the pro-German political movement, wrote:

"My sympathies are wholly and fervently on the German side. But they cannot make me forget what seem to me my

ROGERS, in New York Herald

From "Simplesilliness"

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF SIMPLE SAM

Sammy and the Sirens

BUSHNELL in Cincinnati Times-Star

Our National Neutrality Banner

duties as an American citizen. I believe it would be against my duties as an American citizen if I were to take part in a propaganda the purpose of which will be thought to force our government into a hostile attitude toward England. . . . As a man of German blood, I might welcome the help which would accrue to Germany by such a conflict. But as an American citizen I cannot possibly support such a policy.

"Let us refrain from political organizations which would set Germans in this country apart as a class by themselves. It would foster hatred instead of sympathy; and only by gaining the sympathy of the majority of the American people can we German-Americans help the cause of our mother country."

By far the strongest objections to the league come from the New York Times. In an editorial, which was quoted widely in Great Britain, the Times says:

"Vexed with the total failure of their efforts, or emboldened by the good-natured tolerance of the American public, the agents of the German propaganda have adopted a new plan of campaign that calls for, and will receive, some attention. . . . Their arguments have had a candid hearing, indiscretions have been ignored, and the American people have only been confirmed in their conviction that the cause for which Germany fights calls, not for their sympathy, but for their disapprobation and censure. Abandoning these futile tactics, the German propagandists now have the hardihood to announce a plan of operations deliberately intended to embroil us with a friendly nation and to commit the government to acts of unneutral interference.

"So long as the German propagandists confined their efforts to the field of argument and persuasion, the American people, though of late showing signs of growing impatience, have been very indulgent. They have pardoned much to natal associations and the unconquerable hyphen. But the representatives of German societies who met and adopted these resolutions in Washington are seeking, not to influence opinion, but to shape the acts and policy of the government in the interest of Germany. It will be well for them to stop where they are. They have about reached the permissible limit. And when, in the blindness of their insolence, they threaten the use of the ballot, which our hospitable laws put into their hands, to punish American citizens who refuse to applaud their Kaiser's enterprises of blood and slaughter, it becomes necessary to admonish them that, apart from some of German birth and blood and the very few who have been blinded by German teaching, all American people stand like a rock against Germany in the war she has permitted, encouraged, and provoked. If pro-Germans among us insist on butting their

HEATH, in Knickerbocker Press

"My Own Hat, Emil."

ROGERS, in New York Herald

For the Enlightenment of Count Reventlow

heads against the rock, it will be bad for their heads."

Under the caption "Beer Talk," the London Daily Express has the following:

"Germany has tried in vain to woo the United States. She has piped many tunes —the Dernburg two-step, the Bernstorff breakdown, and the Ridder turkey trot—but America will not dance. The immense majority of the people of the great western republic are emphatic in the expression of sympathy with the Allies. The government has maintained a perfectly correct neutrality. It has made no protest against the blatant Teutonic savagery that has shocked the whole civilized world. On the other hand, President Wilson and Mr. Bryan have declined to be the tools of anti-British intrigues. Germany has discovered that she has nothing to hope from the United States, and in consequence the Kaiser's press has been instructed to turn its inexhaustible supply of insult and abuse across the Atlantic. That is the German way!

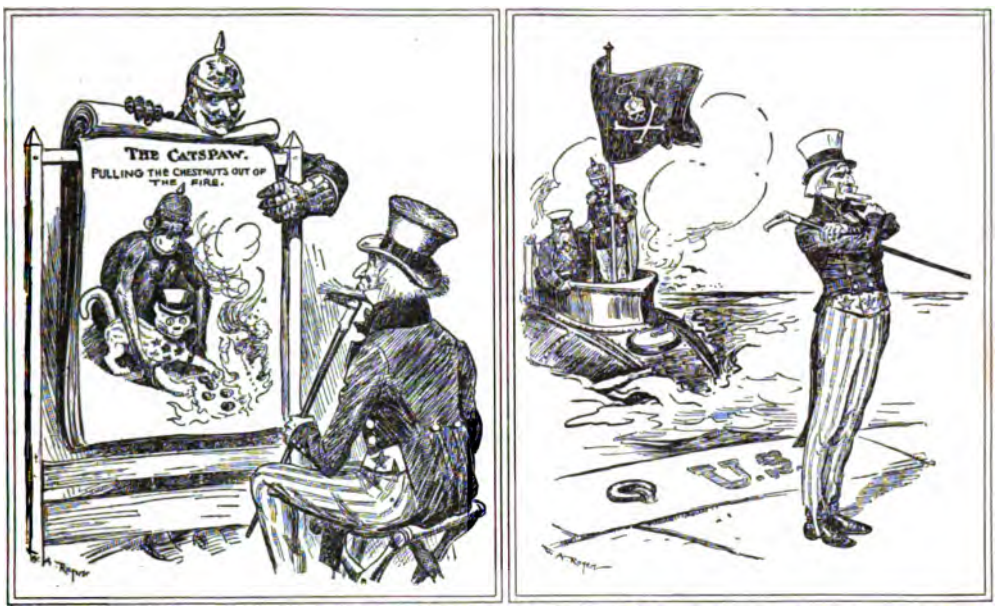
"America has been seriously disturbed by the discovery that its citizens of German descent and German birth have remained Germans and have failed to become Americans. The strength of the United States is, as Mr. Zangwill has pointed out, that it is 'a melting pot' in which Britons, Germans, Poles, and Italians are assimilated into one nationality. If the Germans are to remain a separate community, still retaining old ideals and old allegiances, they will present a new problem for American statesmen compared to which the negro problem will appear easy and almost inconsiderable."

That the German-Americans have proceeded with "characteristic clumsiness" is the opinion of the London Daily Graphic, from which we take the following:

"The patience of the American people is evidently being exhausted by the persistent efforts of the Germans and pro-Germans in the United States to induce the American government to take action against the allied powers. The leading New York papers are emphatic in their condemnation of the new pro-German campaign inaugurated at a recent meeting in Washington, and are plain-

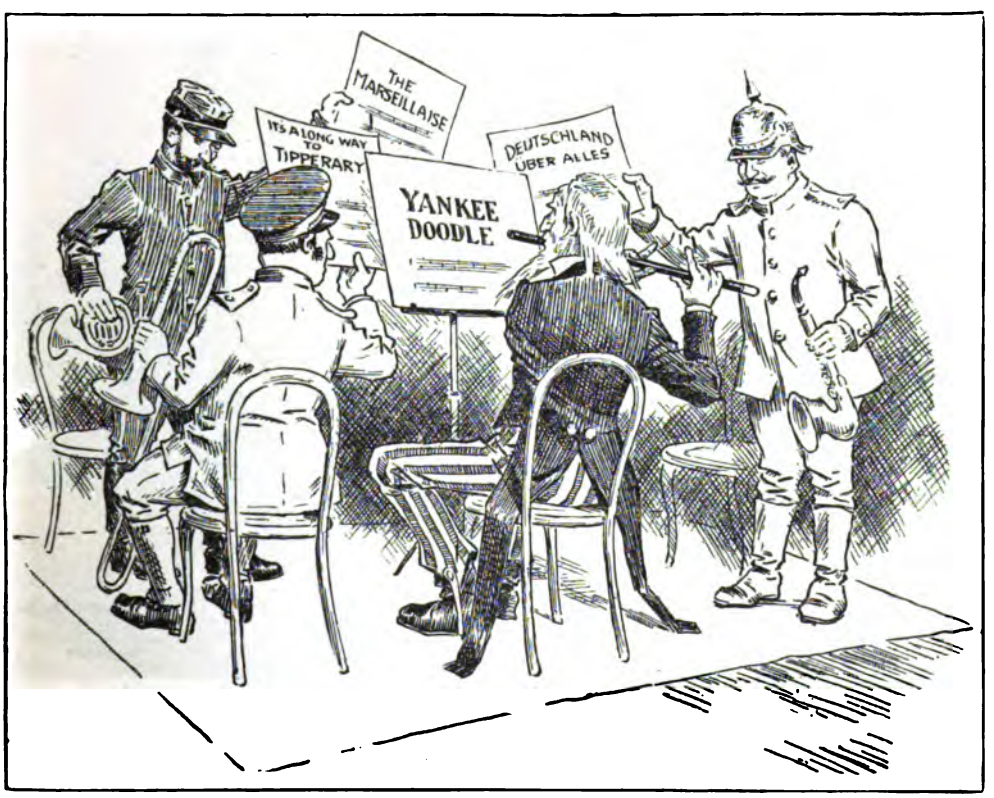
WEED in New York Tribune

PRO-GERMAN NEUTRALS
Uncle Sam: "H'm! They wear funny hats!"



ROGERS, in New York Herald

Those Funny German Masqueraders — Refuses to Salute That Flag



DeMAR, in Philadelphia Record

All: "The only neutral tune, Uncle."

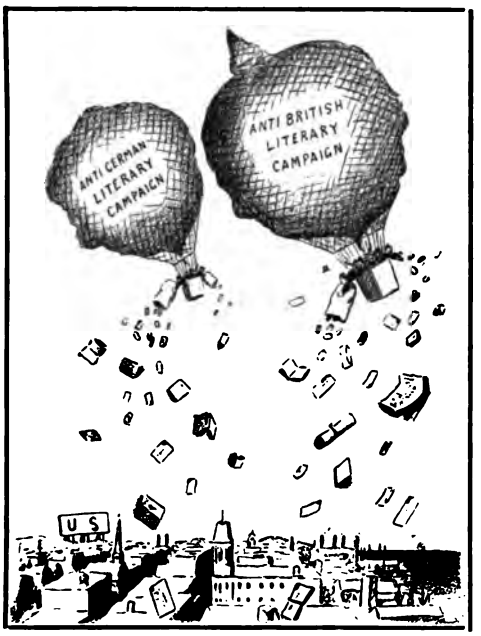
ly telling the Germans and pro-Germans that they have overshot the mark. It appears that with characteristic clumsiness the representatives of the Fatherland in the United States have threatened that they will use their votes to enforce their policy upon the American government. This is entirely of a piece with the conduct of many Germans and persons of German descent living in other neutral countries, or in countries now at war with Germany. Before the war it was a common saying that a German changed his nationality more easily than a Frenchman or an Englishman. We now know that this apparently facile change of allegiance was largely a pretense. The German, while pretending to give whole-hearted allegiance to the country in which he was earning his living, in reality was working all the time for his native land, and was often using the advantages he obtained from his new citizenship to the deliberate injury of the country which had generously opened her doors to him. This revelation of German mentality, which came as a shock to thousands of Englishmen, is now equally outraging the sentiment of the great bulk of the American people, who rightly recognize as their own only one country, the United States, and only one flag, the Stars and Stripes."

Disappointment in winning American sympathy through the mission of Herr Dernburg, and others, is expressed openly in the Vossische Zeitung, of Berlin, thus:

"To the bitterest experiences of this war belongs the fact that an overwhelming majority of North Americans has ranged itself on the side of our enemies, and retains this attitude to the present day."

KIRBY in New York World

Uncle Sam: "I don't think I'd like these clothes, Mr. Bartholdt."



HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle
The Hot-Air Raid

DARLING, in Des Moines Register and Leader
Not as Easy as It Looked

To America

Another Appeal to the United States for Sympathy

YOUR mother tongue is ours, and in your veins
There flows the blood of English pilgrim sires;
Surely the bond of kinship that remains
Must still make dear to you our dear desires?
It is an hundred years since strife was dead
Betwixt our nations; and our flags unfurled,
Twin lights of Liberty, their rays have shed
Triumphant o'er the world!

To-day we take our stand to shield the weak
And peril all to right a bitter wrong,
To stay a vengeance such as tyrants wreak,
Knowing the battle must be fierce and long.
We do not ask your entrance in the strife
That drains the life-blood of the ancient Powers;
But, as we strike for liberty and life,
Surely your heart is ours!

Yet in your ear there drops the poisoned word
Of those whose hands are red with many a stain;
Within your land the foeman's voice is heard,
Butcher of Termonde, wrecker of Louvain!
A voice that bids you know nor friend nor foe,
But yet to stand as sordid souls arrayed
Against your kinsman, as a folk who know
No higher word than trade!

Neutrality! While rape and fire and sword
Make hell of that fair land that did no ill
But strike against a tyranny abhorred,
Whose mortal anguish finds her fighting still!
Yet every cargo that your vessels bear
Helps on the Hun to some more hellish deed.
And shall mere dross be still your only care?
That were a devil's creed!

We have not sought your ear nor whined our plaint
To you, the neighbour of our western lands;
Nor can you say our record knows the taint
Of base intrigue to fetter freedom's hands;
But that the world from thraldom may be freed
Our fleet keeps ceaseless watch upon the tide.
If we have wronged a friend in word or deed
Let your own heart decide!

—London Daily Mail.

A German Alphabet of Hate:

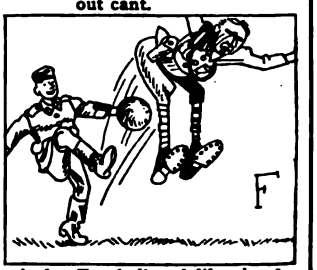
A is for Asquith, whose dreams are so rash:
He thinks he's a hatchet, when he's merely an ash.

B's for Britannia's brothers-in-arms.
At Döberitz many are safe from alarms.

C is for Churchill, a man of much rant.
He's well in his element doling out cant.

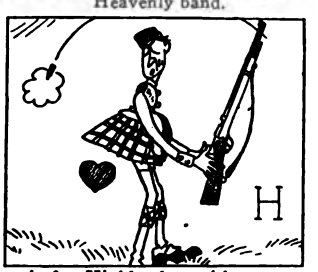
D is for Deutscher, who 'll soon take, as base,
The British fort, Dover, a fine landing-place.

E is for "Engel" and also for "Engelland."
A protest 's been lodged by the Heavenly band.



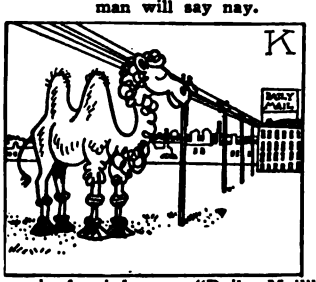
F is for Football and likewise for French:
Both are well kicked from trench into trench.

G's for "Gold-bricker," now the same thing as Grey—
A statement to which not a man will say nay.



H is for Highlander, with sporran and kilt,
Whose heart 's in his boots whene'er blood is spilt.

I is for Ireland, an out-of-tune 'cello,
Found by John Bull a most difficult fellow.



K is for infamous "Daily Mail" "Kables";
None but a "Kamel" could relish such fables.

L is for Lion, the mere skin of an ass,
Removed by brave Germans attacking in mass.

M is for Moslim, a friend of the Turk,
Who will knock British milk-drawers into the murk.

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

The rhymes under the pictures of this "alphabet" are somewhat freely, but fairly, were omitted, owing to British objections to lampooning royalty. "X" is left out in the

ray, the light of the truth; Unknown

The A B C of Teuton Bitterness

N
N is for Night, perpetual "fogs,"
Which Londoners feel like a home for lost dogs.
O
O's for Offensive: when it 's near lakes,
The Russian retreats in a couple of shakes.
P
P is for Portugal: out of the bog,
To draw other's carts is the work of a dog.
Q
Q is for Queen—now an angel is she—
Who fixes the blame upon Eddie, you see.
R
R's for Recruit, who swaggers in khaki.
In London to see one is really quite larky.
S
S stands for the Succour our foes give the weak!
The sat-upon frequently know how to squeak.
T
T is for Tsingtau: we still give it thought.
Tears are all useless; revenge must be sought.
U
U (No. 9) is an undersea boat:
In the Englishman's jug it may gallantly float!
V
V is for Voodoo and crowds of black vultures,
Cousins of England, friend of the "cultures."
W
W is Wales—at the front it is said,
He misses the care of his dear waiting maid.
Y
Y is for Ypres—a jumping-off place.
You can see the fear written on Johnnie Bull's face.
Z
Trier.
Z is for Zepp: when they hear its propeller,
Every brave Londoner shakes in his cellar.

From Lustige Blaetter

rendered into English. As reproduced in the London Sketch, the letters "Q" and "W" original, as there is no picture corresponding with it. The lines read: "X is for X- in London to man, child, and youth."

BRADLEY, in Chicago Daily News

An Expensive Pet

Trying to Starve Each Other Out

AS IF such murderous contrivances as battleships, torpedoes, submarines, and Zeppelins were not sufficient for diminishing the population of Europe, Mars has summoned to his aid Famine, and the warring nations have now settled down to the grim game of starving each other into submission. In a war by starvation it is not only the fighters who must suffer. The blow falls on the noncombatants—the women, the children, and the aged, as well.

There is reason to believe that if the food situation in Germany is more desperate than the world outside suspects, Germany is also far better prepared to meet the emergency than Great Britain would be. By nature the Germans are economical. A highly centralized government, combined with the inborn respect for law and order, will make the most rigid economy possible. A recent incident—the transfer to a civil prison of a group of English officers who, while German prisoners, played football with a loaf of war bread—will illustrate the feelings of the Germans on such matters. With them economy is a religion, and while their supplies may last easily as long as the war, there is no doubt but that they are preparing for a long siege.

In England the price of foodstuffs has risen alarmingly. The British, however, attribute this rise not to the blockade which Germany has attempted to establish, but to the use of merchantmen for the transportation of troops, and to the increased consumption of coal by the railroads. The nation, however, is paying $5,000,000 a month more for meat than last year, and among the poorer classes suffering is actually acute.

"Food prices are rising," remarks the London News and Leader, "not because enemy cruisers are threatening the trade routes, but because the British navy has with such startling completeness swept German ships from the seas. Coal prices are rising, not because there is any great shortage in the output of coal or, in spite of recruiting, in the supply of the requisite labor, but mainly, at any rate on account of the thoroughness with which the railways have been required to meet the military demands of the government. It has thrown all other traffic out of gear, and the same applies in some degree to motor traffic, to cartage, to all the ordinary forms of delivery. The government are bound to do all they can to restore order in the chaos thus created. They will not, of course, cease to take all the measures which they judge that the military situation demands; but it is clear that on a reasonably wide view it is almost as essential a factor in the military situation that the civil organization should be kept going at home as that the campaign should be well conducted abroad."

Germany, according to the Pall Mall Gazette (London), in preaching abstinence, is not necessarily on the verge of starvation. "There are many staple articles of diet," the Gazette continues, "for which Berlin does not seem to be paying more than London. But the authorities have to look ahead, and they are evidently convinced that the supplies will not last until the end of next harvest unless a more rigorous economy is applied than the population were prepared to exercise upon their own account. Germans have been lectured incessantly for the past six months upon the sin of gluttony and the patriotism of abstinence. But, however ready he may be to put his mind and conscience at the disposal of the state, the Teutonic citizen resents interference with the liberty of his appetite.

KIRBY, in New York World

At the Door

CESARE, in New York Sun

DER TAG
Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread

"If this goes on, the government appear to be convinced, Germany will be brought to her knees by famine, even if she should be able to hold her ground against her enemies in arms. Her harvest of last year showed a deficiency, and neither of her allies has anything to spare."

The government decree announcing the appropriation of food supplies in Germany, this newspaper believes, disposes of all ambiguities relating to the position of food as contraband, and will, it predicts, discourage exporters in America from trying to run the British blockade.

"An eye for an eye" is evidently the motto of the German people, and war by starvation, in the opinion of the Cologne Gazette, is a game that two can play at.

"England wishes to starve us," says this semi-official newspaper. "We must therefore wage war on her trade and shipping and try to starve England.

"This war must be as frightful as possible, as we must think before all of saving our wives and children from famine.

"Whether we wish to or not, we must strike hard at England's lifeblood, namely, her commercial fleet. It would be weakness for us to abstain from war on commercial England as long as England wages war on our trade."

Meanwhile, throughout Germany, drastic measures are being advocated in order to compel market gardeners and farmers to disgorge their hoards of potatoes, which are urgently needed, both in their natural state as food for the people, and, converted into flour, as supplements to the bread supplies. To these needs the Vossische Zeitung adds a third.

"The question of feeding the population is the Alpha and Omega of internal national economics in times of war.

"It seems to us monstrous that large quantities of potatoes are still being hoarded by the farmers instead of only a portion being retained as seed.

"Our starch factories are compelled to close down because potatoes are unobtainable. If this state of affairs continues a number of economic industries will be irredeemably lost.

"The capital of the starch industry, which in normal times consumes one and a quarter million tons of potatoes, runs into hundreds of thousands of dollars, and is now earning no interest; the workpeople are dismissed, and the state suffers a considerable diminution in tax receipts.

"All this time the potatoes, stacked away, lose their nutritive value, and even rot altogether.

ORR, in Nashville Tennessean

Starving Each Other

BARCLAY, in Baltimore Sun

Will Famine Stay the Hand of War?

"You ask me do I think Germany can be strangled and the war ended by starvation and attrition! I believe it can, but the process will be one of years rather than of months.
—From an interview with Lord Northcliffe.

BUSHNELL, in Cincinnati Times-Star

Which Way will He Jump?

"Means must be found, in the interests of the people's food, to remove this incongruity. If all else fails, the authorities will have to pass the necessary laws for the seizure of the supplies required."

Extravagance has come to be looked upon almost as treason. While some newspapers have been waging a war for still higher food prices to discourage gourmands, others have objected to increased prices on behalf of the poor. Public opinion, however, is a powerful factor, and is being used just now in Germany to encourage simple living and economy. Thus we read in the Vossische Zeitung:

"When a country finds itself, as Germany is now, to a certain extent a sort of beleaguered fortress, the commissariat must be regulated and under one control. The previous regulations were not enough. Discerning people recommended soon after the war began that entire stocks should be under the absolute control of the state. This has been put into execution very late, but not too late, if it be carried out energetically and with precision.

"It is well known to doctors that most people eat more than is necessary for them, and that far more illnesses are caused from eating too much than from eating too little. There is an old proverb, 'The glutton is not born, but made.' In this matter self-discipline must be practised by all classes of the nation, and everybody ought to be pleased, because by practising it they will become more healthy.

"In these days it is the duty of everyone not to eat more than he needs for the maintenance of his bodily strength. Whoever **stuffs his belly is guilty of treason against his country."**

The food problem is also discussed at some length by the Berliner Tageblatt and the Tägliche Rundschau. The Tageblatt makes the following appeal:

"Think of the sacrifice made by our glorious soldiers and begin to wage the economic war of defense tenaciously.

"The whole nation must learn to eat intelligently, from the highest to the lowest in the land. Even he who can pay for it should not use more than is necessary.

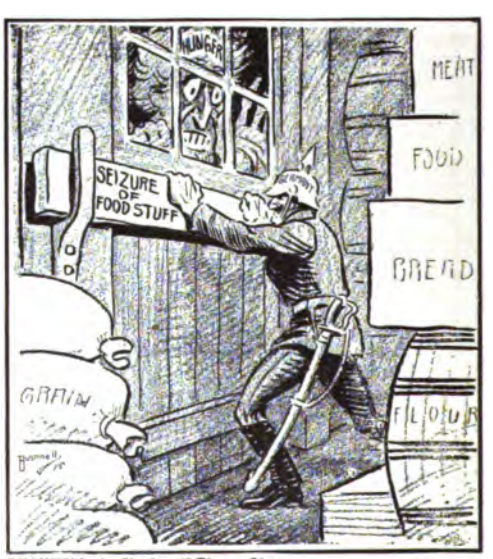
"Help, ye hotelkeepers and bakers—help, ye German housewives a million times over! From now one begins the period of internal change in the kitchen. The kitchen saves the fatherland. It may be hard on German stomachs and harder still on German palates, which so dearly love good things. But still, bitter though the pill may be, we must swallow it. WE MUST EAT LESS!"

The Rundschau opens its columns to Generalsecretar Rich. Kunze, who declares that "these iron times need men of iron" and that "we can have no consideration for effeminacy and personal convenience."

"This terrible war can only be brought to a happy ending if we are able to feed ourselves throughout its duration, and our food supplies will suffice, but only if we exercise the greatest economy in every direction.

"This necessity, however, must not be any longer dependent on the goodwill of the individual. There is too much at stake for this!"

In an editorial based on the "football" incident—which the British, by the way, attribute to the Wolff News Agency, and believe to have been "manufactured"—the



BUSHNELL, in Cincinnati Times-Star

Preparing for a Siege

KIRBY, in New York World

Don't Tear His Clothes

Cologne Gazette thus pays its compliments to the Englishmen:

"The German, even in times of peace, holds bread in honor. The Englishman as a prisoner actually plays football with it. The Englishman has long been playing football with all kinds of objects—with the truth, with the liberty of subjugated nations, with the sovereignty of neutral countries, and with international rights.

"He suits his own comfort. He crushes whole nations against the wall, and rejoices if a good purpose is achieved, such as the starvation of the German nation.

"One can imagine the well-fed English merchant or employe reading in an English paper, perhaps in June, 1915, over his breakfast of bacon and eggs: 'A further 75,000 people starved to death in Berlin. Munich faced by starvation. Germany haunted by the specter of hunger.'

"It is only necessary to picture the satisfaction of the rotund reader to become convinced that Germany must use the strongest measures against this England which wishes to increase the death crop of the battle field by hundreds of thousands of deaths by starvation, and proceeds with this task with the same cold-blooded imperturbability as that shown by the English officers who play football with our army bread.

"We owe it to the thousands of brave Germans who lie beneath the ground, to the women who lament their losses in silence, to the children who clamor for lost fathers, and, above all, we owe it to ourselves, we who still live, to exact from England a terrible reparation.

"That we have the means at hand has been shown by the progress of the war. Why has the Englishman trampled all national rights under foot? Because he does not yet believe that the German has the courage to take action. Let us join together as in the first days of mobilization, and cry for the second time, 'To arms!'"

From Belfast Weekly News

THE EMPTY CUPBOARD

"Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone,
And when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog got none."

McCUTCHEON, in Chicago Tribune

Copyright, by John T. McCutcheon

Will There be Enough to Go Around?

YOU THINK THIS IS HORRIBLE, BUT JUST WAIT! WAIT TILL STARVATION BEGINS, AND YOU'LL SEE SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE THIS SEEM LIKE A PICNIC"

Copyright, John T. McCutcheon

McCUTCHEON, in Chicago Tribune

SOME DISPATCHES THAT WE MAY EXPECT TO SEE

LONDON, Oct. 12, 1915, via Spain.—A report based upon reliable authority has just reached here from Germany. Nine thousand inhabitants of Mainz, mostly women and children, died of starvation yesterday. The scenes of agony and suffering were beyond belief. Streets are filled with people crazed by the sounds of moaning children. Women are marching through the streets calling down the wrath of the Almighty upon England. A man bearing an English name was torn to pieces by the mob.

BERLIN, Oct. 15, 1915, via wireless.—From the captain of a British merchant ship, who survived the destruction of his vessel near Liverpool, a vivid picture of the suffering in England is reported. In consequence of the blockade the whole of Great Britain is now in the throes of hunger. In Manchester alone, thousands have perished of starvation. The streets of Sheffield are filled with gaunt and hollow-eyed women, blaspheming God, as their children, dead of hunger, lie unburied in the houses. The horror of the situation exceeds anything in the annals of history. All citizens with German names have been massacred.

PARIS, Nov. 1, 1915.—In a semi-official communique issued today, based upon information by way of Basel, the war office states that the city of Cologne is now a city of the dead. Not a single man, woman, or child remains alive, and the unburied bodies lie in the streets. Three thousand skeletons are said to be massed about the altar of the cathedral, where they had been praying.

A "RABBIT DRIVE" IN EAST PRUSSIA

WHILE conflicting reports have been received of the great movement of German troops in Russian Poland, apparently the Germans under Field Marshal von Hindenburg have completely put to rout the Russian tenth army. The defeat of the Russians is said to have been so complete that Bluecher's victory at Waterloo following the pursuit of Napoleon and the annihilation of his best armies, is eclipsed by the achievement of the German army.

From official German sources comes the statement that the Russian tenth army was completely demoralized, and that close to 150,000 prisoners were taken. Russian dispatches admit that the tenth army has been forced to retreat from Poland, but minimize the Russian losses.

Victory, seemingly, was gained through the simple strategy of von Hindenburg in executing a turning movement, similar to the one that threatened General von Kluck in France in the early days of the war. After battering away for weeks without great losses, the wily German leader put his turning movement into operation, and by the speedy transportation of troops, caught the Russians off their guard. Russian advices state that the enemy's superb transportation facilities through the network of German railroads, and their own inadequate means of moving troops swiftly, were responsible for the defeat.

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

From Kladderadatsch

THE BIG UNCLE AND THE LITTLE NEPHEW
"Can you see Berlin yet uncle?"
"Don't ask silly questions."

According to a dispatch from Suwalki, in Russian Poland, the first phase of the German campaign may be compared to a gigantic rabbit drive, in which men were the prey.

While the attention of the Russians was concentrated on the Warsaw line, Field Marshal von Hindenburg quietly assembled an overwhelming force in East Prussia behind the Mazurian lakes, and suddenly launched it in two columns against the unsuspecting General Sievers, the Russian commander.

One column drove in from the south and threw back the Russians, who for months had been besieging the lake gateways to East Prussia, and the other column from the north swung around in a wide circle to the eastward and to the southward, aiming to join hands with the southern German column and cut off the retreat of the retiring Russians.

The two wings of the drive closed to the east of Suwalki and Augustowo only a few hours too late to catch the entire army. Most of the units of the Russian force, however, were bagged.

The delay, which enabled the remnant to make its escape,

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

E. THOENY, in Simplicissimus, Munich

1812-1914

"Who would ever have dreamed that the Prussians were to revenge us."

HUNGERFORD, in Pittsburgh Sun

Doing a Russian Business

was due to natural conditions of the country. The line of advance of the southern column lay through belts of swamp land which form a natural defense to the Russian frontier. It is almost entirely without roads, and troops attempting to use the cross-country trails became hopelessly mired. Detachments of soldiers dragged the guns forward through the mud and ooze, but their progress was very slow.

"Two days of hard frost, and we should have captured every Russian," said the German commander of the corps engaged. "Nature has always been on the side of the Russians."

The battle of the south was of a unique character. Nature once more aided the Russians. It was fought in a driving snowstorm, a fierce cutting wind driving the flakes into the faces and eyes of the advancing Teutons until they could hardly see.

When the Germans came within range of their foes, they found their rifles so covered with ice, and the muzzles so choked with snow, that the guns could not be fired. The troops, the majority of them young troops but newly recruited, valiantly used their bayonets, and stuck to their task despite heavy losses.

Artillery arrived just as the German advance wavered, and turned the scale in favor of the kaiser's troops. The soldiers of this column pressed forward along the fairway, only a dozen miles wide, between the Mazurian lakes and the Russian frontier, driving the Russians before them, but they were forced to turn three times to beat off the flank attacks from the south. The Russian commander in chief made desperate efforts to support this army, sending in a column of troops from the fortress of Lomza, from Kovno, and from the fort at Ossewetz. The Germans, however, paused just long enough to defeat this relief army, and continued in pursuit of the main army.

The retreat of the Russians on this part of the field of operations could be made only in one direction: the northeast, as the swamp belt prevented their escape to the south or east. The troops from the center and north flank of the Russian position were by this time in full retreat eastward, and under pressure from the pursuing German forces converging on the Russian column, all aiming for the only remaining egress from the circle to the eastward of Suwalki. The Russian commander performed a laudable achievement in bringing off so much artillery and transport as he did under such road conditions, according to the German leaders.

The sweeping victory of the Germans was greeted with outbursts of joy in Berlin.

TH. HEINE, in Simplicissimus Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

Homeward Bound

The German newspapers were especially exultant. The Lokal Anzeiger, commenting on the German feat at arms, says:

"Torn, torn asunder and crushed to earth are the battle ranks of the czar of all the Russias, the proud hope of the triple entente. The Russian tenth army, consisting of eleven divisions and a number of cavalry divisions, has practically ceased to exist.

"Thousands lay bleeding on the ground; other tens of thousands stretched up their hands, while the scanty remnants fled in affrighted haste. Some troops still maintained their organizations, but many were dissolved. Men lost their heads and rushed away like wild herds, seeking refuge in the forests, while the pursuit roared behind them.

"The achievements of our troops, it is not vainglorious to say, eclipsed the feat of Bluecher against Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo."

Field Marshal von Hindenburg has become the national hero of Germany through his successes in the east. He is affectionately called the "old man of the lakes," because of his great work in the Mazurian lake region. While von Hindenburg is the dominant figure of the present European war, his is the triumph of efficiency, rather than of military genius, according to the opinion of many American

PEASE, in Newark News

Outhugged

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

A. RAPANO, in Le Rire

THE DANCE OF THE DAY
The Real Bear Trot

editors. The Nashville Tennessean objects to a comparison of the German hero and General Lee, the great Confederate leader. It says in an editorial:

"No matter what one may think as to the ultimate outcome of the European war, it stands out with perfect clearness that the recent achievements of Gen. Von Hindenburg in East Prussia will receive large praise from military critics and future war historians. Those operations surpassed, in the number of men engaged and in large scale strategy, even the dreams of past wars. Von Hindenburg accomplished everything that he started out to do. Vast forces were transferred from distant points along a 700-mile battle line, and the celerity of it was amazing. With eight or ten army corps thrown at one time into one region, the problems of a commissariat were never troublesome. The driving movement did not halt or waver. The machine was ponderous and frictionless. Von Hindenburg made it do all that a military machine can do. His work will stand out brilliantly from the tangle of this war.

"Some American newspapers have compared Von Hindenburg to Lee, but the analogy does not exist. Von Hindenburg's work was the scientific driving of a war machine, ready-made to his hand. Lee's work was sheer military genius with no machine. Back of Von Hindenburg was the preparation of forty years. Strategic railroads reached every point of vantage. Means of transportation were always at hand. Internal communications were always in perfect working order. The millions of men were trained soldiers. In the case of Lee, the railroads amounted to little. Internal communications were practically nil. The men were civilians and their arms were anything in which gunpowder could be burned. Maintenance was a hand-to-mouth matter. Achieving military brilliancy with means and without them are entirely two things.

"The history of Von Hindenburg's achievements will be the history of mechanically perfect militarism at its high tide. There will be enough and to spare of skill, and determination, and self-sacrifice. Von Hindenburg and his men will have the glory of using to the full the magnificent means furnished them. But the transcendency of military genius, surmounting the apparently insurmountable and making means to its own hand, as Lee and his gray line did, is not theirs."

The advantage of strategic railroads in the modern methods of warfare is seen by the Baltimore American in the overwhelming defeat of the Russian troops. The fact that the Germans had the railroads and were able to move an enormous number of men on short notice, spelled defeat for the Slavs. The American comments editorially:

"Without detailing the technicalities of the defeat of the Russians in East Prussia, the fact is one of manifest credit to the kind of generalship that has marked the German action upon the east side of the war area. The magnificent conditions for moving troops that the German government had long ago prepared in East Prussia made it possible to bring up reinforcements with a degree of mobility that was most remarkable."

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

W. TRIER, in Lustige Blaetter

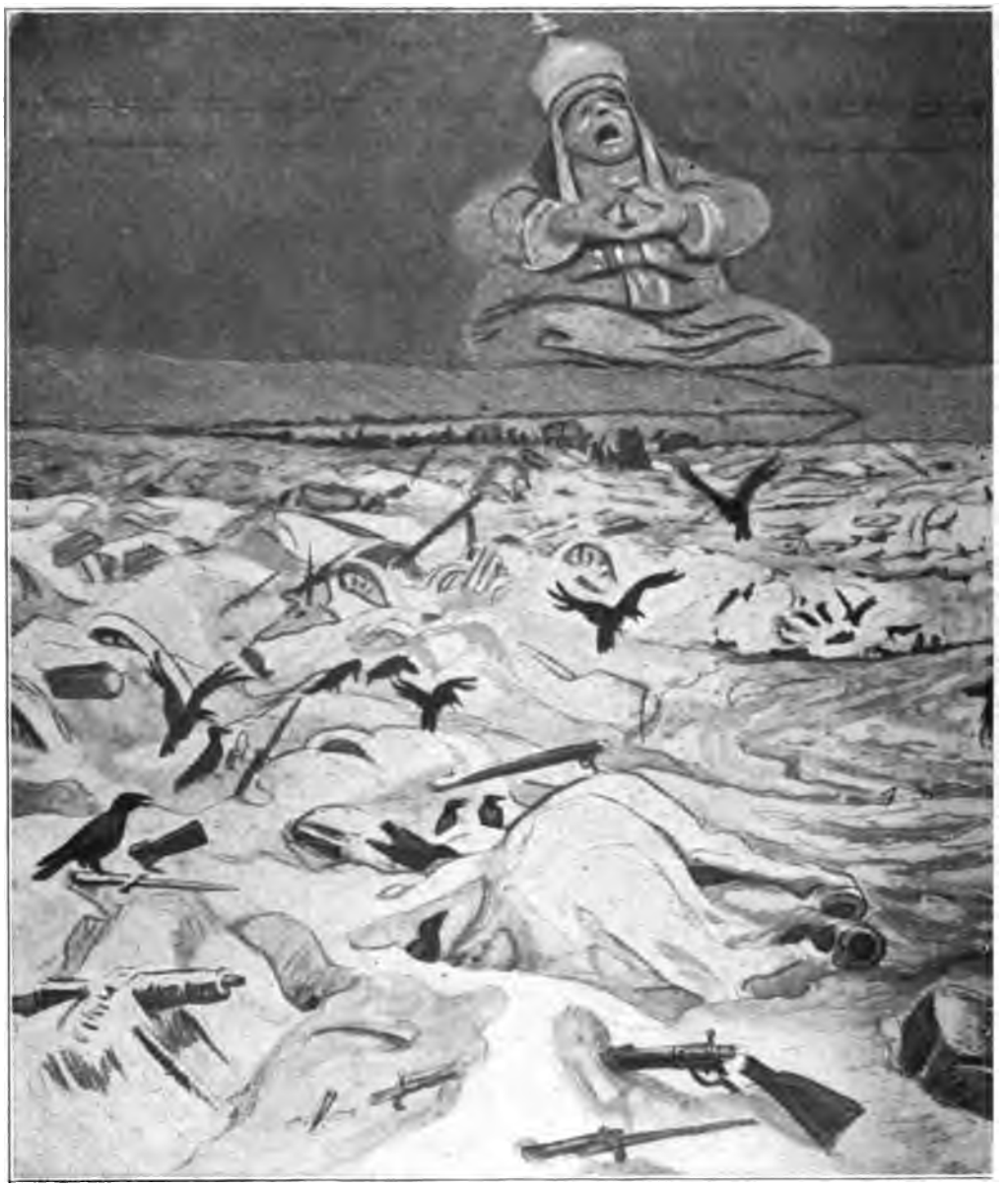
Grand Duke Nicholas: "Thunder and Hindenburg! I think I've got about enough."

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

CARL PETERSEN, in Lustige Blaetter

GOOD REASON

"Little father, the battery asks permission to give itself up as prisoners."
"What, have you no more ammunition?"
"Yes, but the outpost just reported that the Germans are going to have pea soup and pork for supper."



Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

Back to

The cartoonist here has pictured
Germany, retreating, a solitary
The drawing is based on
Duke that Russia
as Asia, and still

W. A. WELLNER, in Lustige Blaetter

Asia

Grand Duke Nicholas, crushed by
figure amid death, toward Asia.
the statement of the Grand
could retreat as far
remain undefeated.

No Sentiment in War, Declares the German Press

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

F. JUTTNER, in Lustige Blaetter

"The German Is a Born Soldier"

THE editorials in the German press just now seem to be voicing an intense hatred against England. There is a certain lenience toward France. Russia is merely despised, but England is hated with a bitterness that knows no restraint. There are many reasons for this hatred in the German mind. British commerce of late has found a new competitor—Germany. Naturally the British, as trade kings, have resented this intrusion, and the contest for supremacy has been a keen one. When England, contrary to all expectations, entered the European war, thus forming an almost irresistible coalition against Germany and Austria, it was a blow that Germany will not soon forget. Add to this the importation of East Indian troops and Turcos "to fight England's battles," as the Fatherland expresses it, and the bitterness has a solid foundation. Lissauer's "Hymn of Hatred" probably comes nearer to the heart of Germany than anything that has been recently said or written. According to the Berlin press, it is the intention now to conduct the war with a certain "frightfulness" in order to bring it to a speedier close. The Zeppelin raids on the British coast and the establishment of a war zone on the seas maintained by the spectral submarines are indications of what Germany has in store.

In justification of this policy the Frankfurter Zeitung says:

"Modern warfare does not preclude the possibility of unfortified places being hit or of the death of noncombatants through bullets or other implements of destruction. The throwing of bombs from airships is not so accurate as the shot from a great cannon, and it is therefore not surprising if even unfortified places are hit by these bombs, or if private property is destroyed and private individuals are wounded or killed, especially when the weather is foggy and does not allow a clear range of vision.

"No particular apology or excuse is therefore needed when these things happen, even though this air warfare is represented in the enemy's press as a particular barbarity. It is, as a matter of fact, pure hypocrisy which is being shown by our opponents since the beginning of the war in depicting our war methods as the outcome of vileness, of barbaric feelings, or of the intentional breaking of international principles.

"England in particular has no right to take such an attitude. She is bringing colored troops to Europe, but an even worse charge can be laid at her door. She is trying, in cold blood, to starve us, a nation of sixty-seven million souls; into submission through her sea power, ignoring the recognized rights of neutral countries! We consider this a most cowardly and malicious way of waging war.

From Guckkasten

A Storm is Brewing

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

RICHARD ROST, in Jugend

BARBARIANS

"The Germans have no feelings. Now they are making it snow again."

"It is our good right, a natural right, against our most hated foe, who has set out to destroy us, to make active use of all our expedients. England does not yet know the bloody horrors of war in her own land, but she shall learn them yet!"

A similar note is struck by the Hamburger Nachrichten, which says:

"England employs every weapon in her hands against us; she tries even to bring us to our knees by starving our women and children; therefore we, on our side, will not allow to rust the wonderful weapons which German inventiveness has put into our hand. We will drop the Terror from the Skies upon England as often and in as great quantity as we can. We will lie in wait upon her coasts with our submarines and fire our torpedoes at every mark which appears to us to serve the purpose of weakening England. And perhaps we will land German soldiers on English soil in order that the nation may learn face to face the nature of this war that it has unleashed out of pure greed. That is the most practical method of shortening the war, and therefore also in the end the most humane."

In a somewhat more exultant tone, the same journal in a later issue remarks:

"But our enemies have fought to get together the peoples of the earth for their side, and have shipped to France everything they could in the way of vassals and colonial forces. A variegated white, black, brown, yellow, and red medley of peoples confronts us in the western theater. The enemy is, certainly, not lacking in men. Turkey alone has risen for us, and has proclaimed a Holy War.

"But here in the German Empire millions of strong men are still following their avocations, ready at any moment to rush to the colors to help their brethren on sea and land. Austria is now calling on a dozen classes of her untrained Landsturm, and still has the other classes to fall back upon. Not a man of the untrained Landsturm has yet been called up here. We confidently take up the challenge in the matter of able-bodied men.

From Kladderadatsch Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

With the Sinking of So Many Battleships by German Submarines, the Housing Problem has been Solved for Neptune

"Moreover, our economic equipment is irreproachable. If the English, exulting at the seizure of our grain and flour consignments, think they are sure of their starving-out schemes succeeding, let them think so. We have always wanted them to effect these seizures, and now welcome them heartily. In the field, on the sea, and at home everything is going on well and favorably for us. Our common thought and will is: 'Through to victory.'"

The Cologne Gazette, dealing with the iniquities of England and its "organized guild of hypocrites," says:

"It has been asserted time and again that our hatred of France is small in this war, and not to be compared with our feelings during 1870. We have a feeling of compassion toward France, and regard the majority of the inhabitants as pitiably misguided people, who have been drawn into this war against their will.

"The German hatred against Russiandom is outwardly the same, but inwardly quite

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau *From Der Brummer*

THE BARNSTORMER-ENTENTE

Russia (from the wings): "Too bad, brother; the audience is getting tired. America has just thrown a rotten apple at our leading man."

different. Russiandom appears to us such a terrible, malicious, and cruel foe that we cannot forego our feeling of hatred toward it.

"Our hatred of England is even stronger, perhaps because the hatred of relations is the most acute in nature. Yet there is something even deeper, which goes to the very roots of our existence.

"We can no longer doubt that the chief cause of England's attack was common shopkeeperlike envy. Without the roping-in policy introduced by Edward VII of ignominious memory, and carried into effect by his narrow and cold-hearted executor Grey, this world conflagration would never have burst into flames."

In another article, under the headline "Fair Play," the Gazette offers the following, in which an interesting reference to the United States will be found.

"We boil with rage," it says, "when we see that behind the mask of the Perfect Gentleman and of Fair Play wherewith the Briton has humbugged the world for centuries there appears a selfishness without parallel. It is clear that what we respected as the Englishman's rule of life was only intended to make life which for us is a struggle as comfortable and easy for himself as possible. Were we to sit still like jellyfish while England threw German men and even German women to her nigger mercenaries in Africa, loaded them up like cattle, and shoved them into Kitchener's infamous concentration camp? Was that gentlemanlike? Is it not contemptible when the once proud Briton licks the boots of the czar and implores salvation by the Russian steamroller since he has lost all confidence in his own power? Perhaps our generals, when they land in England, will remember the Transvaal system!

"There are neutrals, too, who have forgotten what fair play means. To these belong the United States of America. While Americans are abusing Germany for breaches of international law and yelping about the duration of the war, they only complain of the British plan of starving us out because it interferes with their trade."

That war is a grim business, and permits of no sentimentalities, is the opinion of a writer in Der Tag, who says:

"War is a hard and rough business. Sugar plums and bonbons are not suitable weapons for it. The British Admiral Fisher has declared with brutal frankness that the war must be prosecuted with the greatest imaginable disregard of consequences. Why should we be indignant at that?

"Utter disregard of consequences in war becomes, when skilfully carried out, the greatest humanity. If it is possible to destroy London, it will prove a more humane proceeding, because bringing the war sooner to a close, than the shedding of the blood of one single German soldier on the battle field. . . . A decisive attack, without regard to any consequences, is strength, and this brings victory. England has shown in the first five months of the war that she wants no scrupulously conducted war. She knows no international law, and agreements which she has herself signed are to her so many scraps of paper which she tears up and scatters to the four winds. . . . England's brutality can only be overcome by German disregard of consequences. . . . England has stolen from us more than 400 merchant vessels. Our reply to her ought to be that for each German merchant ship at least one English town or village should be destroyed by our air craft. . . . Weakness and sentimentality in war would be inexcusable."

From Der Brummer Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

ENGLAND'S ARMAMENT

"The main thing, Jane, is that the heart be well protected." According to the German idea, the heart sinks into the boots when one has "cold feet."

Of course it may never happen, but we are curious to know what Germany would call Petrograd if she should capture it.—Dayton Daily News.

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

From Meggendorfer Blaetter

Father Time: "Time heals all wounds, they say. That has held good so far, but I doubt if in all my lifetime I can cure this wound."

Labels on bottles read "Salve" and "Chloroform."

LES ALLEMANDS SONT DEVANT PARIS
LES ALLEMANDS SONT DEVANT PARIS
LES ALLEMANDS SONT DEVANT PARIS
LES ALLEMANDS SONT DEVANT PARIS
LES ALLEMANDS SONT DEVANT PARIS

KARL ARNOLD, in Simplicissimus

THE MOST DANGEROUS BOMB

"Confound it! There comes the Truth."

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

HEINRICH KLEY, in Jugend

Viviani (as barker): "Walk right up, ladies and gents. Big-mouth and Co.'s greatest traveling circus. Tickets only 20 cents. For 2 cents extra you can see 2,000,000 German prisoners and the fall of Pottsdam, the spectacular tableau. Come one; come all."

RUNNING THE TURK OUT OF EUROPE

WHILE it is too early at the present writing to predict the fall of Constantinople, it seems inevitable that with the continued progress of the allied fleets through the Dardanelles Turkish rule in Europe is now doomed.

For the first time in history hostile flags are flying today at the entrance to the famous straits, and an Anglo-French garrison occupies the strongholds. The fleet, preceded by mine sweepers, and led by the giant battle cruiser "Queen Elizabeth," whose guns are said to be mightier even than the German siege guns used against Liege, has subdued the fortresses for 20 miles along the European side. The strongest forts still guard the Golden Horn, but with the business-like advance of the great flotilla, the most formidable array of fighting machines ever gathered together, the doom of the Turkish capital seems certain. The Turks are reported to be fleeing in panic to Asia Minor, and doubtless realize by this time the suicidal motives that led them into war.

FITZPATRICK, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The Turk: "This isn't a holy war; it's a holy terror."

For Russia the opening of the Dardanelles will mean an outlet for her wheat and oil, as well as an opportunity to import arms. The New York Tribune, discussing the fate of Turkey in Europe, says in part:

"It is too early to forecast an immediate fall of Constantinople—the road from Kum Kalessi to the Golden Horn is longer than that to Tipperary of blessed memory—but it is not too soon to speculate upon the inevitable consequences of such an event, perhaps the most important in southeastern Europe since, five centuries ago, the Osmanli passed into Europe by the Gallipoli peninsula, now the target of the Anglo-French fleet.

"First of all, the collapse of Turkey will be immediate. Into the present war Turkey was dragged by German intrigue and the efforts of a few Turks, chiefly by Enver Bey. The war was unpopular with a people recently terribly beaten. To lose Constantinople and be driven back to Asia at last would be to sink into a state of anarchy and disorder. Cairo and the Caucasus frontier would be freed from menace, and Russian and English troops would be relieved for service on the European battlefield.

"For Russia, for all the allies, opening the Dardanelles and the Bosporus would be of instant and immeasurable advantage. Russian grain crops would flow out, arms and ammunition would go back. Russia would emerge into the world, break the blockade of winter and the kaiser."

As to whether Constantinople will be pledged to Russia in case it falls into the hands of the allies, the Chicago Tribune considers that outcome doubtful. There has been no agreement to that effect, it says, and adds that the situation is one that forebodes trouble. To quote further:

"The situation is inherently dangerous, unless the strain upon the relations of the allies which their conflicting interests and ambitions respecting the command of the Baltic outlet involve already has been relieved by a satisfactory understanding as to the future of Constantinople.

"It is true that Russia seems to possess a more powerful leverage upon England and France than ever. Were she to make a separate peace with Germany, which she might make on very liberal terms, England and France would find it difficult to compensate themselves for such a loss by any of the spoils of Turkey. But it is hardly fair to consider so recreant an act on Russia's part and difficult to see how Germany and Austria-Hungary could make up the neccessary terms of compensation.

"The alternative of neutralizing the straits would seem to be the easier solution. The rapprochement of Russia and England involved an understanding as to Persia which undoubtedly has gratified Russian ambition and inclined her to moderate her ambitions respecting Constantinople. With

the straits neutralized and open to her commerce, her economic position would be greatly improved, and her desire for ice-free ports and an outlet to the world paths of trade as well assured to her as could be expected."

Sir Edward Grey's announcement in the House of Commons that England is in entire accord with Russia's desire for access to the sea calls forth the following comment from the Philadelphia Press:

"Sir Edward Grey's statement marks a complete reversal of policy. England is not only willing that Russia should have Constantinople, but is employing her big ships to wrest it from the Turk. The ancient enmity between the two nations is thus effectively buried, their clashing interests in Asia deferred, and Russia assured of handsome compensation for her loyalty in the event that the allies are victorious in this war.

"But first Constantinople must be taken. The destruction of the outer forts is only the first step in the forcing of the Dardanelles. The rest of the way is long, winding and strongly fortified; and if it took seven days to reduce the outer forts, months may elapse before Constantinople is reached—if it is reached at all."

WEED, in New York Tribune

Kismet!

CHAPIN, in St. Louis Republic

A Modern Leander?

CESARE, in New York Sun

Forcing the Dardanelles

This and That

THOMAS A. EDISON sees ultimate German victory in their military defeat. He believes that a German republic will be the product of disaster and that the nation's industrial triumphs will surpass all its feats of arms. No one has ever questioned the phenomenal strides that Germany could make in industrial civilization, if both her best brains and ambitions were directed to the task.—New York Evening Sun.

"Kaiser lauds Pomeranians," says a dispatch. Must be those dogs of war we have read about. —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Fears exist that Japan is preparing to renew the regrets of the Chinese that they ever invented gunpowder.—Washington Star.

War news may be lacking in thrilling details, but we are reminded that life about Warsaw is getting to be just one "advance" after another.—Portland Telegram.

Austria has selected a Hapsburg king for Poland. He will probably find himself making a minimum use of the expression, "My loyal subjects."—New York Evening Sun.

Germany would find freight carrying transoceanic Zeppelins more useful now than war air craft.—Chicago Daily News.

The manager of the Carpathian theater of war must be a tightwad, for we read every day that the battle for passes is still going on.—Louisville Times.

Turkey seems to be getting as much out of the war as any other nation, meaning that she has her full complement of corpses. —Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

French authors are fighting as simple soldiers, says a Paris cable. In contrast, no doubt, to their British colleagues who are writing as full-fledged generals.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

CANNATA, in Pasquino, Turin

THE FINISH OF THE TURK

Mohammed: "Who'd ever believe that I would come to my finish by being nailed to the cross of the Christians!"

Great Britain should be prevailed upon to forego its sudden affection for the American flag. We have no more flag than we want for ourselves, and we are likely to need every bit of it at any moment.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

America's protest is all very well, but there may be more danger in the neutral's barque than in the enemy's Bight. —London Opinion.

The fruits of victory in Europe, from present indications, will be wholly citrus. — Nashville Tennessean.

Heretofore the English have been much pleased to hear that the enemy was flying, but the news now makes them take to their cellars. — Florida Times-Union.

It's worth noting that those English writers who rail at the United States for its "frozen neutrality" have so far failed to illustrate their literary contributions with pictures showing themselves lined up at Kitchener's recruiting stations.—New York Herald.

Belgium is no doubt surprised to learn from Lord Kitchener that the war won't begin until May.—Detroit News.

John Bull's stunt of disguising himself in Uncle Sam's clothes reminds us impressively of the ostrich's well-known method of hiding itself.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Germans are using dogs to find the wounded; the Turks are conserving their cats to chase mice from their stores; horses and mules drag the guns forward to their own slaughter. There is work for all the animal creation, apparently, except for the little dove of peace.—Baltimore American.

If, as daily "Sayvilles" assert, food conditions in Germany continue blissful, what becomes of Kultur's pretext for conducting sea warfare under the black flag of piracy? —New York Herald.

If you'd use these, gentlemen, you'd have less trouble, and—excuse me—you'd appear better.
WORLD'S FOOD SUPPLY PORRIDGE
BRITANNIA
WAR

BRADLEY, in Chicago Daily News

Such Clumsy Feeders!

Desperate Measures to Regain Peace

WITH the European nations resorting to the most desperate means to carry on the war, any talk of peace might at this time seem even more absurd than in the earlier stages of the conflict. Especially, now that the United States has been led down to the water's edge, the end may seem farther away than ever. It is possible that the war may drag its slow length along for many years; that revolutions and the downfall of monarchies may come before peace is declared. But it is quite as possible that by this "war of starvation" which Germany and England have put into practice, and by the very "frightfulness" of the German attack, peace may be brought about with a suddenness that will surprise the world.

From the Copenhagen correspondent of the London Daily Mail comes the statement that Baron Burian, the new Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, at his recent meeting with the kaiser, drew a doleful picture of the plight of the Dual Monarchy, and urged that the time had arrived for the Germanic powers "to consider most seriously the possibilities of a tolerable peace." For some time rumors have been circulated that Austria-Hungary, in view of her recent reverses, was inclined to desert her ally and accept separate terms of peace. In Germany the view seems to prevail that only by prosecuting war relentlessly can its end be hastened. Judging from the uncompromising tone of the British press, no settlement is possible until "Potsdam" is humbled. The pope, it is understood, has tentatively approached the kaiser and asked the conditions on which he would accept peace. He is reported to have pointed out to Germany that her military honor is intact and that favorable terms could be made now better than later. Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, according to reports, is aiding the pontiff in his efforts, but as yet only the gloomiest outlook is permissible. Another suggestion, made by Sidney Low in the London Chronicle, is that by making an open breach with America, Germany will thus be able to "save her face" and pave the way for peace negotiations.

"The German attempt to gain American friendship has failed," says Mr. Low, "but something may be done with American enmity. Suppose the Washington government could be incited to declare war against Germany. The military and naval position of that country would be no worse than it is, for the American dreadnoughts would be only a superfluous addition to the British and French fleets; and the American army, even if it could be sent to Europe, is too small to count.

"But the German government would gain some substantial advantages. It would be able to save its face with its own subjects, and might acknowledge an inevitable defeat without provoking a domestic revolution.

"In another way, a war with America might prove useful to the rulers of Germany. When the time comes to treat for peace it would be very much in their interest to have an American plenipotentiary at the conference table. From the Allies they

know that they need hope for no indulgence, but America has not nor is likely to have the same motives to harden her heart. She would make a very convenient 'shock absorber'; perhaps might even be used to wrench the victorious coalition asunder or, at least, obtain easier terms for the vanquished."

That Germany is deliberately bent on courting American resentment in order to seek peace is the theory advanced also by The London Daily Mail, which, like the foregoing, cannot be regarded as impartial. The idea is rather fantastic, but nevertheless, interesting. Says the Mail:

"It is believed that the threat to sink neutral ships in the forbidden zones is intended to irritate American sentiment. The suggestion is that Germany is aiming at a breach with the United States to compel that country to join the Allies, whereupon Germany could announce that it would be useless to continue the struggle with her last source of supplies closed and her forces hopelessly outnumbered.

"Moreover, she could repudiate the possibility of fighting the United States, to which she is bound by ties of blood, so many Germans having found a home in the republic."

The Berliner Börsen-Courier, however, has no sympathy with the peace movement. The war, it declares, must go on to the bitter end.

"Even as that noble Sovereign, Frederick the Great, had to stand against a world in arms, so his Prussian successor who bears the imperial crown, our great Emperor William II, is fated to battle for the glory of Germany against an iron ring of enemies and against traitorous allies.

"Rising from the attitude of self-defense to which she has been driven by unscrupulous foes, Germany will become the aggressor, and maintain the aggressor's position until the punishment which the envious nations have brought on themselves shall have been visited on them all and world dominion is definitely hers."

And the Deutsche Tageszeitung, with a certain note of defiance, concludes an editorial statement thus:

"No one can tell us when we shall lay down our arms nor when we shall have to seize them again; but one thing is certain, we must be ready for it at all times!"

When the time comes when the lion and the lamb lie down together, according to a writer in Ethische Kultur, peace will reign again on earth. The roots of hatred, he believes, have sunk too deep to be eradicated without further warfare.

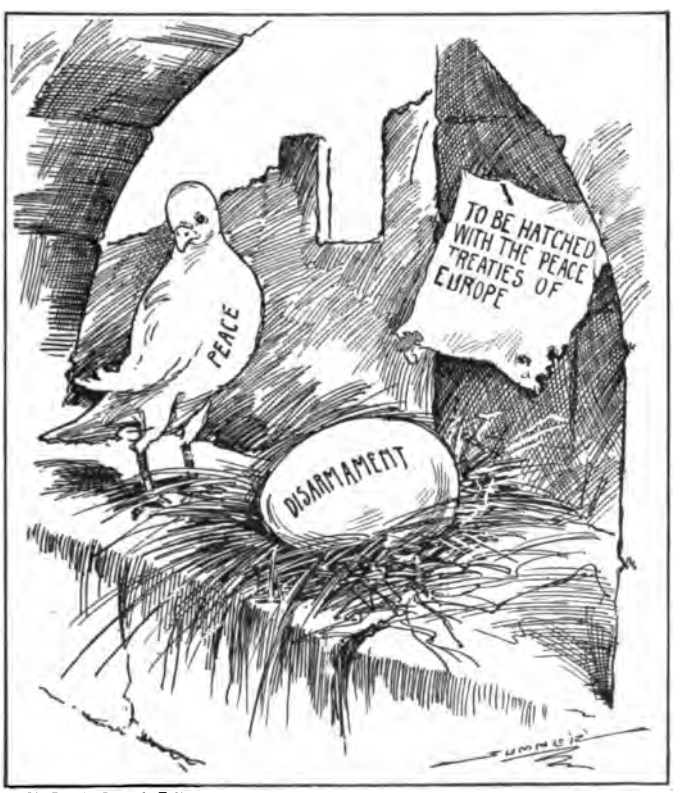
"The object of this war," he says, "must be the prevention of its repetition!

"This cannot, however, be solely a matter of arms; but before the conclusion of peace, politicians, press, diplomacy, and general opinion must prepare themselves to establish a foundation on which the nations at present fighting one another may exist side by side.

"On the part of our opponents much will still happen to increase the hatred against us. If we were to answer this in like tone there would be considerable danger that after a few years a further world-war would break out, for the feeling of hatred would take deeper root."

The rather remarkable statement comes from the semiofficial Cologne Gazette, that even defeat, at the ruinous rate Europe has been going, would be preferable to a continuation of the war.

"If this war continues for another year," says



SUMNER, in Detroit Tribune

Not Idle, Either

BRONSTRUP, In San Francisco Chronicle

Prematurely Hatched

the Gazette, "the grim specter of bankruptcy, which already casts its ominous shadow before it, will be at the doors of many of the belligerents.

"Germany, with Austria-Hungary, and Russia, together with France, have between them already as many as 20,000,000 men with the colors. The British Army has grown to over a million men, of whom the smallest part are as yet in the field. To these must be added contingents of Canadians, Hindus, Belgians, Servians, Montenegrins, and Japanese. These twenty millions have been further exceeded since the entrance of the Turks on the scene.

"The preparation and maintenance of this mighty host, not counting even the huge British naval expenditures, involves an enormous daily outlay, of which $10,000,000 falls to our share, $5,000,000 to that of Austria-Hungary, and about $25,000,000 to that of our adversaries.

"In the face of such ruinous figures as these, even defeat would be less disastrous than an indefinite prolongation of the war."

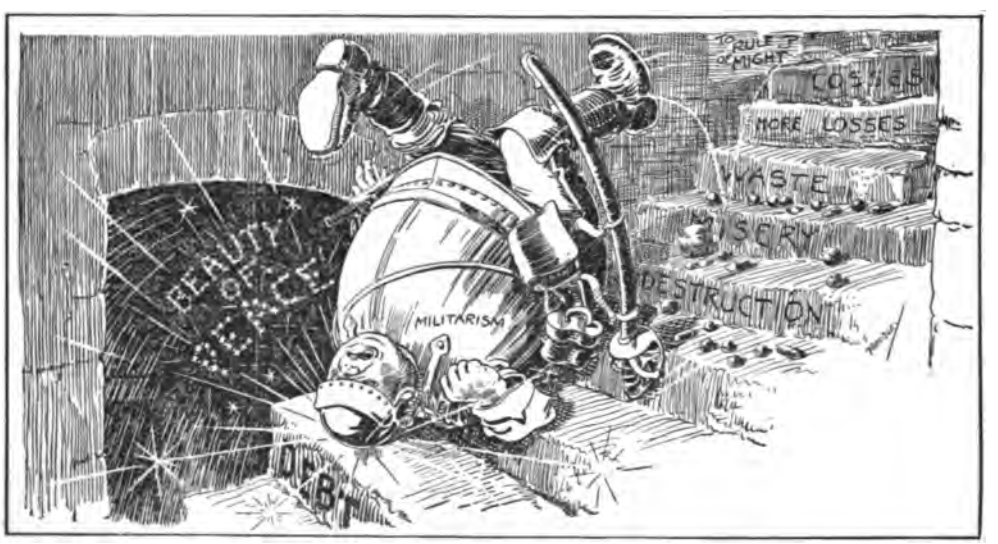
Baron von Zedlitz, the veteran conservative and, at one time, the uncrowned king of Prussia, has written a noteworthy article in Das Neue Deutschland, in which, while repudiating the idea of an early peace, he protests against the embargo placed by the authorities upon all discussions of the terms of the future peace. He says in part:

"Our authorities, in their wisdom, are watching with Argus eyes lest our daily and periodical press should treat this subject (terms of peace) as anything but the magic touch-me-not flower. Such a state of silence lasting to the very moment of the conclusion of peace can only be desired by a bureaucracy boundless in its usurpation and shortsightedness, or its timidity. The German nation is not a minor—it has attained its majority, and has a rightful claim to be heard before the negotiations have started, and to have its voice duly respected."

Regarding Austria-Hungary's reported desire to consider peace proposals, the London Daily Mail remarks editorially:

"No more significant tidings have reached us since the war began. Unquestionably the first of the Great Powers to break under the strain will be Austria-Hungary. There are already other signs that she is beginning to bend. The war has brought her nothing but suffering and humiliation, and throughout the realm of the Hapsburgs the consciousness deepens—in Budapest it may fairly be called acute—that the Dual Monarchy is fighting under German direction for purely German ends. But the statesmen of Vienna and Budapest should have thought of that before. They have forfeited all claim to the sympathy that we in Great Britain and our Allies in France and Russia might otherwise have felt for them. Whatever they may do in the near future to save their skins cannot for one moment induce the Allies to swerve from their supreme objective. Austria-Hungary may sue for an early peace, the Magyars may even proclaim their independence, it will make little difference. The Allies have but one goal: the destruction of that Prussian militarism which has driven all Germany into courses that are incompatible with the freedom of Europe."

The same uncompromising attitude is taken by the London Times, which holds that peace with Germany is now impossible, and will remain so until Germany is duly humbled.



BRADLEY, in Chicago Daily News

"Seeing Stars"

As It Appears to a Small Boy

YOUNG MAN—NOW YOU EAT THAT CAULIFLOWER! JUST THINK OF THE POOR LITTLE BELGIAN CHILDREN THAT WOULD BE GLAD TO GET IT!
WILLIE BROWN, COME BACK HERE THIS MINUTE AND PUT ON YOUR OVERCOAT! JUST THINK OF THE POOR LITTLE CHILDREN IN EUROPE THAT HAVENT ANY OVERCOATS TO WEAR!
DONT WANT TO WEAR YOUR OVERSHOES? WHY, WILLIE BROWN! THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF LITTLE BOYS OVER IN BELGIUM THAT WOULD BE GLAD TO GET THESE OVERSHOES
GEE, BUT ILL BE GLAD WHEN THE WAR IS OVER!
THERE ARE LOTS OF LITTLE BELGIAN BOYS THAT HAVENT GOT ANY GRANDMOTHERS TO KNIT THEM MUFFLERS!
DONT WANT TO GO TO BED? YOU OUGHT TO BE GLAD THAT YOU'VE GOT A BED TO GO TO! THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF LITTLE CHILDREN IN EUROPE THAT HAVENT ANY BEDS!

IRELAND, in Columbus Dispatch

Just a Small Boy's View of It

SCATTERING SHOTS

PETROGRAD is referred to in a dispatch as "a low lying city." See nothing wrong with the statement, except that a comma is left out.—Nashville Tennessean.

Would the contending countries be very angry if the rest of the world pulled them apart and told them to behave themselves for the sake of civilization?—Chicago Daily News.

The sultan's plan of handing over his army in Syria to a German general is cruelty to Ottomans. If they stand it we miss our guess. The martinet and the Moslem do not mix.—Brooklyn Eagle.

We will not criticize the British navy, because probably the admiralty knows as much about running it as we do; but we doubt it.—Columbus Dispatch.

What has become of the old-fashioned Uhlan who used to figure so prominently in the war news?—Indianapolis Star.

Britannia may rule the ocean, but Germany is rapidly ruining some parts of it.—Indianapolis Star.

The Turkish Grand Vizier insists that his people are white. But there are shades in whiteness.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Italy Still Deaf to the Siren Voices

ITALY, the only other great power besides the United States that has not been involved in the European war, finds herself in a strange position. Having repudiated the Triple Alliance, of which she was a member, Italy, if entering the war, must ally herself with the Triple Entente. Fear of stern reprisals from a victorious Germany give weight to Italy's claim that if it goes to war, it will be for self-preservation.

From Pasquino, Turin

1870-1915

"Strange! In 1870 the champagne didn't stick in my throat like that."

The position of Italy at the outbreak of the war was the result of a clever diplomatic coup by Bismarck, who in 1882 played France and England against Italy so successfully that he was able to induce her to join Germany and Austria in the Triple Alliance. Italy's part in the alliance, however, was merely defensive and after carefully considering the causes of the present war, she decided that the conflict was one of aggression on the part of her allies, and declared her neutrality. The Philadelphia North American, in discussing Italy's problems recently, says:

"Ever since the first outbreak the probable action of Italy has been a theme of contradictory rumor and assertion. Few observers expected her neutrality to last long. Before the end of August she was exchanging sharp notes with Austria, and from Rome, Paris, London and other capitals came reports that she was about to make war upon her official ally but historic enemy. Washington complicated the discussion by arguing that her aid would be thrown to Germany.

"Paris announced on September 1 that Italy was sure to join the Triple Entente just as soon as Turkey's threatened intervention became a fact, and by the middle of the month it was declared that the alternative was 'war or revolution.' October produced further warlike predictions, but even Turkey's entrance, on October 28, failed to fulfill them. Three times the premier has emphatically declared that Italy will remain neutral, 'unless her interests should be so threatened as to counsel intervention,' while riotous demonstrations have revealed bitter differences of opinion among the people.

"In brief, the attitude of Italy has been 'watchful waiting,' with increasing emphasis on the watchfulness and increasing strain on the waiting. There is every indication that the United States will soon be the only great neutral."

"Strong forces," continues the North American, after discussing the formation of the Triple Alliance, "are pushing Italy nearer and nearer to war. Chief among these is the passionate desire of a large part of the people to bring under the Italian flag the Austrian provinces on the Adriatic. This policy, known as irredentism, is based upon the theory that each nation should control contiguous territory inhabited by the same race, speaking the same language.

"But why should not Italy remain neutral? Why should her inhabitants be forcing the government not only to desert her allies but to join the Triple Entente?

"Five reasons are given. The first is sentimental—the Italians are drawn to the English and French just as strongly as they are repelled from the Germans and Austrians and the Turks. Second is the racial instinct—the crushing of France by Germany would mean subjugation of the Latins by the Teutons. Third is the territorial ambition to which we have referred. Fourth is the instinct of self-preservation—a victorious Germany would exact a bitter price from the ally that deserted her. Last, and most powerful of all, is the fundamental

CALCATINI, in Pasquino, Turin

THE SINGING MASTER

Italy: "No use! I dare not sing the Marseillaise nor Deutschland ueber Alles. Only lullabies for me."

F. JUTTNER, in Lustige Blaetter

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

The Triple Entente Sirens Try in Vain to Beguile an Experienced Traveler into Their Dangerous Waters

antagonism between the Italian ideal of democracy and the Prussian ideal of militaristic autocracy.

"Thus it is that the Triple Alliance still exists on paper while ignored in fact, and that Italy insists on maintaining her 'freedom of action.' The situation is strangely involved and is one that the most loyal Italians find it no easy matter to justify."

"Italy's entrance in the war will thus present a strange anomaly," concludes the North American. "It will mean the triumph of the ideals which inspire the opponents of German autocracy, but its main purpose will be territorial aggrandizement. Servia, Austria, Russia, Germany, Belgium, France and England can all plead, with some show of reason, that they were dragged unwillingly into the conflict. Italy alone will take part after long deliberation and in response to popular sentiment.

"Yet this does not wholly dispose of the paradox. For despite the fact that Italy will fight for spoils, it is equally true that she dare not contemplate the possibility of a final victory for Germany, and therefore goes to war for self-preservation."

Guglielmo Ferrero, the eminent Italian historian, writes:

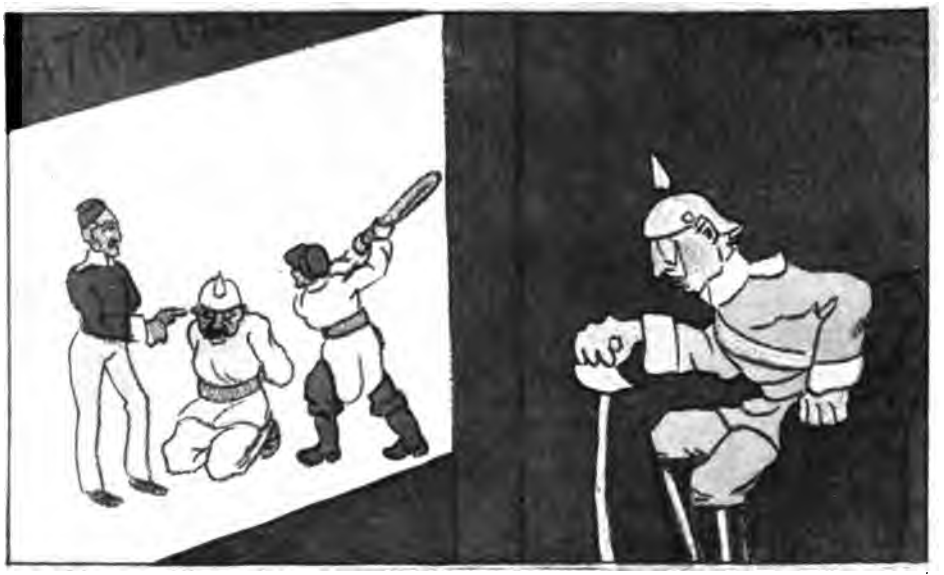
"We certainly find ourselves in one of the strangest and most paradoxical of situations, with our interests and ideals in conflict with our pledges, in a tragic struggle between national sentiment and the sentiment of honor. How difficult at once to save the country's honor, to defend its interests and not to expose it to mortal risks!"

PETRELLA, in Pasquino, Turin

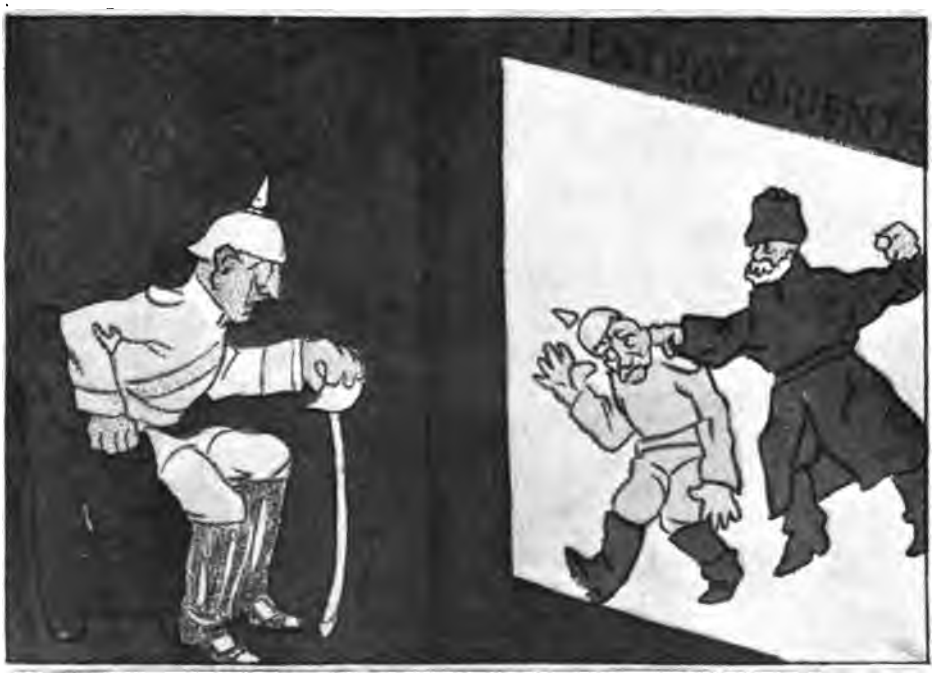
"SUCH A STUPID WAR"

Kaiser: "Right you were when you said this was a stupid war."
Crown Prince: "And the more so, inasmuch as victory is slow in coming."

THE THEATERS



Wilhelm: "Guess I'll go to another show. This is no place for me."



"Donnerwetter! Playing the same bill everywhere."

TOSINI, in Pasquino, Turin

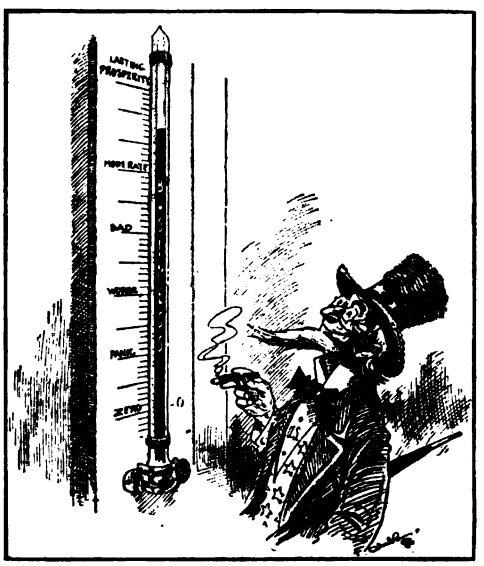
Two Prosperity Messages from Big Business Men

THE following messages, the first from James J. Hill, the "empire builder;" the second from James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, should go far toward reassuring the faint-hearted. Mr. Hill's statements were made in a recent speech before the Chicago Traffic Club; Mr. Farrell's in an address before the Engineers' Society of Western Pennsylvania.

By James J. Hill

THE main conditions favorable to a happy change exist. It calls only for understanding, coöperation, and harmony between all those elements that unite to make us both economically and politically one. To urge this hearty and lasting coöperation, in good faith and good feeling, is now the first interest of all our people.

Thus, and not otherwise, the next generation may be able to look back over the period following the greatest war that the world has ever seen as one of the greatest prosperity that the United States has ever known.



CLUBB, in Rochester Herald

"She's climbin'."

The tariff changes are the smallest trouble the business man has to conform himself to. The Federal banking system will have a profound effect. Only experience can bring it out. Some uncertainty remains, and uncertainty almost as much as actual disaster, slows down business operation everywhere.

By James A. Farrell

I FEEL safe in saying that, if you will strain a point now and trade a little more with each other and talk encouragingly as to conditions, rather than pessimistically, the business of the country will take on a momentum which will carry us into better times, and, what is more important, create more employment for labor. Our best efforts should be put forth to stimulate activity in business and do everything practicable to increase the number of working people, not only in the industries in this community, but throughout the whole country.

Whatever may be the political outcome of the European war, it is of vital consequence to America's future position that advantage be taken of the present opportunity to exploit the products of American invention, enterprise, and quality, to establish a firm foothold in foreign markets.

We are the only nation at the present time in a position to assume the rôle of the world's banker. American dollars will be spent in America this summer as never before.

The United States is today the chief granary of Europe. The prices received should insure for our farming population an unprecedented measure of prosperity and it has come to be an American axiom that when our farmers are prosperous the whole country prospers.

The Interstate Commerce Commission's decision in the eastern freight-rate case has raised the drooping spirits of the railroads, as has been tangibly reflected by increased orders for material.

There are all the makings of a great revival of business in this country. All we need is a little patience and level headedness to materialize it.—Atlanta Constitution.

All of the elements of prosperity are at hand; the present trade movement is progressive and encouraging.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The whiners who whine from habit, or for political effect, or to regain a hand-hold on the public treasury, will continue to whine. The country is now in a way to move along without them.—New York World.

The time of depressed business in the United States is ended, if we can as a nation but steer clear of international embarrassments, and the way to do that is not to tamely submit to any unjust restrictions other nations may endeavor to place upon our foreign commerce.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BUSHNELL, in Cincinnati Times-Star

The Dawning of Better Days

CESARE, in New York Sun

The Traffic Cop

"THE WILRUS AND THE CHANCELLOR"

The sun was shining on the Spree,
Shining in all its might,
The warriors of the Fatherland
Preparing for the fight;
And this was odd, because there was
No sign of war in sight.

And France was living peacefully,
Not thinking that the Hun
Was busy manufacturing
A seventeen-inch gun
That threw eleven miles or so
A shell that weighed a ton.

Her forts were strong as strong could be,
Invasion to defy;
From Belfort up to Verdun they
Stood out against the sky.
One might get past them overhead—
Providing one could fly.

The Wilrus and the Chancellor
Were watching close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such forts so strongly planned:
"If these were only cleared away,"
They said, "It would be grand."

"If seven of our latest Krupps
Shelled them for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Wilrus said,
"The way would then be clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Chancellor,
And shed a bitter tear.

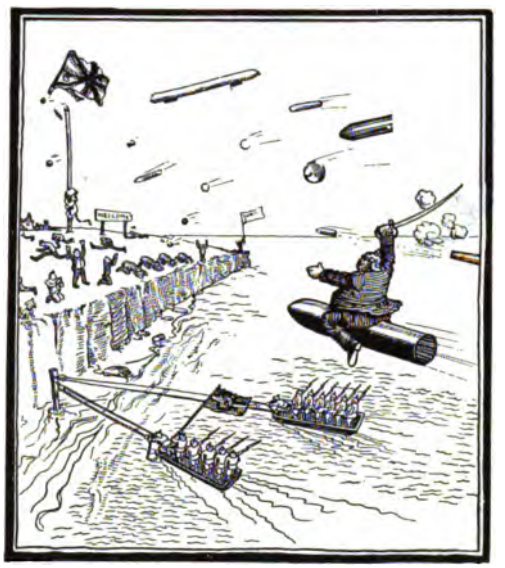
"O, Belgium, let us walk through you,"
The Wilrus did beseech;
"You will not baulk a pleasant walk
That we our goal may reach;
These beastly forts," he said, "are far
Too strong for us to breach."

The Belgian ruler looked at him
And merely shook his head;
The Belgian ruler turned away,
But never a word he said.
The language that occurred to him
Was hardly quite well-bred.

The Wilrus and the Chancellor
Were rather wild—and so
They went and hatched a little plot
Conveniently low;
Then called the Prussian Generals,
Who waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Wilrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shells—and ships—and Zeppelins—
Of Presidents — and Kings—
And whether we shall get it hot
For clipping Belgium's wings."

"Neutrality!" continued he,
"What's that when we're in need?
A scrap of paper set beside
Our Empire's growth indeed!
So, if you're ready, Belgium, dear,
The fight will now proceed."

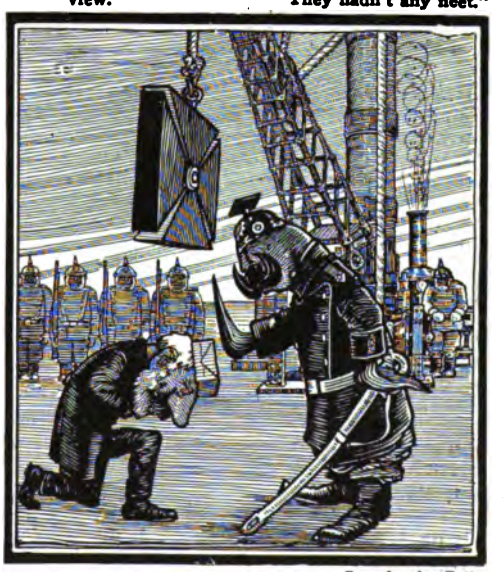


"But what of us?" Great Britain cried,
"We're guarantors, like you.
After your promise, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"I quite decline," the Wilrus said,
"To see your point of view."

So four divisions hurried up,
All eager for the treat.
"Contemptible," the Wilrus said,
"And easy to defeat!
I'd soon invade their island, if
They hadn't any fleet."

But four more transports came across,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
Some hurrying from the colonies,
And some from India's shore.

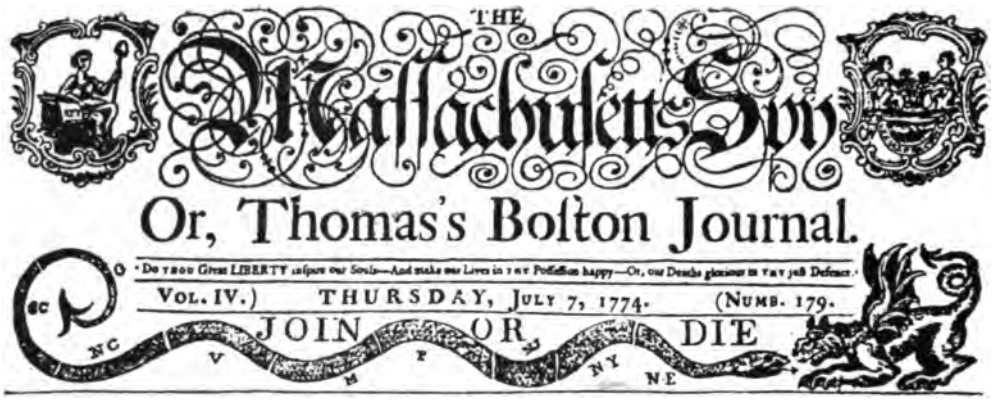
The Wilrus thought it most unkind.
He said, "Had you been nice,
When we were cutting up the spoil
You could have had a slice."
The Chancellor said nothing, but
He swore—he did it twice.



From London Tatler

"It seems a shame," the Belgians cried,
"To play us such a trick;
By burning innocent Louvain
You've cut us to the quick.
Why, even neutral nations say
'It's just a bit too thick.'"

"I weep for you," the Wilrus said,
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
A cross of largest size,
And gave it to the author of
This noble enterprise!



The Snake Cartoon, Revolutionary Period

Wordless Journalism in America

By James Melvin Lee
Director, Department of Journalism, New York University

I—Early and Colonial Period

THE desire to hear or to learn the news is as old as man. It is an instinct found even among primitive people. Before they traded in the product of the soil or of the hand, they exchanged news items. Except to the practical newspaper man, this fact seems most remarkable. Prof. Carl Bücher, of the University of Leipzig, in his "Economic Life of Primitive People" says: "Curiously among primitive peoples that branch of commercial communication has enjoyed the fullest development which we would naturally associate only with the highest culture, namely, the communication of news. It forms indeed the sole kind of trade for which primitive peoples have created permanent organizations."

This earliest form of journalism when recorded was wordless. It was a literal dramatization of fact. Here in America it reached its highest development in the Indian Gazette, a copy of which Isaiah Thomas reproduced in his "History of Printing," (a book first brought out in 1810). The explanation, or translation, of this interesting "news communication" about an Indian expedition against the French is as follows:

1. Each of these figures represents the number ten. They all signify, that 18 times 10, or 180, American Indians took up the hatchet, or declared war, in favor of the French; which is represented by the hatchet placed over the arms of France.

2. They departed from Montreal—represented by the bird just taking wing from the top of a mountain. The moon, and the buck show the time to have been in the first quarter of the buck moon, answering to July.

3. They went by water—signified by the canoe. The number of huts, such as they raise to pass the night in, shows they were 21 days on their passage.

4. Then they came on shore, and traveled seven days by land—represented by the foot, and the seven huts.

5. When they arrived near the habitations of their enèmies, at sunrise—shown by the sun being to the eastward of them, beginning, as they think, its daily course; there they lay in wait three days—represented by the hand pointing and the three huts.

6. After which they surprised their enemies, in number 12 times 10, or 120. The man asleep shows how they surprised them, and the hole in the top of the building is supposed to signify that they broke into some of their habitations in that manner.

7. They killed with the club 11 of their enemies, and took five prisoners—the former represented by the club, and the 11 heads; the latter by the figures on the little pedestals.

8. They lost nine of their own men in the action—represented by the nine heads within the bow, which is the emblem of honor among the Indians; but had none taken prisoners—a circumstance they lay great weight on, shown by all the pedestals being empty.

9. The heads of the arrows, pointing opposite ways, represent the battle.

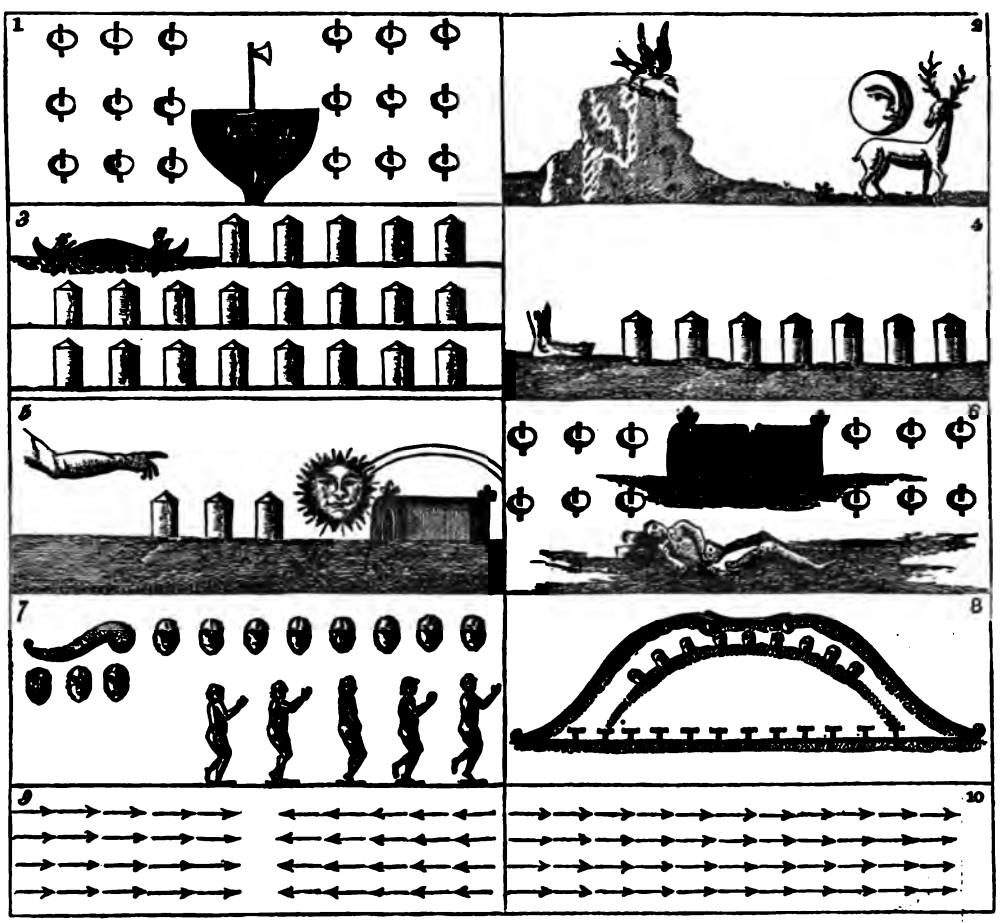
10. The heads of the arrows, all pointing the same way, signify the flight of the enemy.

The Indian Gazette is the wordless journalism of denotation. It is entirely different from that of connotation. The latter form (the cartoon) first appeared in America when Benjamin Franklin was editing the Pennsylvania Gazette.

The occasion may be briefly outlined. On Dec. 24, 1753, the governor of the New York Colony, on the recommendation of the Lords of Trade, issued a call for a meeting of the British colonies in America, in Albany, on June 14th of the following year. There was a possibility of war with the French. On May 9, 1754, Franklin, who was one of the three commissioners, selected to attend the Albany Conference from Pennsylvania, published "an advice" from Major Washington that the fort in the Forks of the Monongahela had been surrendered to the French. In the item he made an appeal for "our common defence and security." At the same time, to drive home his words, he inserted a cartoon. It represented a snake cut into eight parts: the head was New England and the seven other parts stood for New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. Its caption was, "Join or Die."

Just to show that even the colonial editors recognized the power of a cartoon, it may be well to give the list of papers which —all in the month of May—copied the snake: The New York Gazette, The New York Mercury, The Boston Gazette, and The Boston News-Letter. The cartoon in the Boston Gazette was, as may be seen from the illustration, an improvement of the original: from a mouth ready to bite, came the words, "Unite and Conquer." The South Carolina Gazette did the best it could with facilities at its disposal and reproduced a near-snake with lines to represent the parts. The Virginia Gazette spoke of "a late ingenious emblem." No other cartoon ever went the rounds so completely, for the newspapers of this period could practically be counted on one's hands.

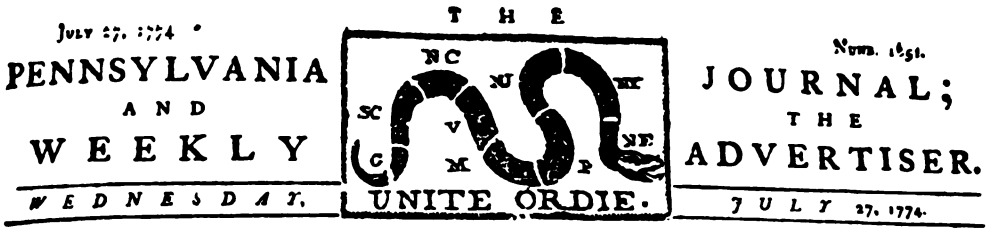
But the snake did not die: it led a charmed life. After a sleep of eleven years, it appeared again in the Constitutional Courant, on Sept. 21, 1765. (It will be



THE INDIAN GAZETTE

From "The History of Printing," by Isaiah Thomas. Published in 1810

An Explanation will be Found in Text



The Snake Cartoon, Revolutionary Period

remembered that the British Stamp Act was to go into effect on November first of that year.) There was only one issue of the Courant. Who was its editor and where it was printed are questions not yet satisfactorily answered. Of its extensive sale there never has been the slightest doubt: it was hawked on New York streets and carried by colonial post riders. The fact that three different editions may be seen in the New York Public Library indicate that the paper was reprinted in other places than that of its first publication. Be that as it may, there was no doubt where it stood on the Stamp Act. Of the snake cartoon in the heading, the historian Lossing says it "was like an electric spark that kindled a flame which was never quenched." Albert Matthews, to whom I am greatly indebted for much information about "the snake devices," says that from this and other statements it is evident "that Lossing had never seen Franklin's device of 1754." In connection with an item about the Courant, the snake crawled into the columns of the Boston Evening Post, on Oct. 7, 1765.

The reptile had another rest. In 1774, however, John Holt, "the fighting editor," dragged it out of its newspaper hole and put it in the title of his paper, The New York Journal, or The General Advertiser. It now had nine parts, for Georgia had come in. Its caption was changed to "Unite or Die." In December of 1774, Holt's snake shed its skin and appeared, coiled and united. On it appeared: "UNITED NOW FREE AND ALIVE FIRM ON THIS BASIS LIBERTY SHALL STAND AND THUS SUPPORTED EVER BLESS OUR LAND TILL TIME BECOMES ETERNITY."

When the British occupied New York, Holt took his paper to Kingston. When that town was burned by the British, Holt set up his shop in Poughkeepsie. Evidently in his haste to get out of New York he left behind the cut of the snake for there is no device in the title of his paper after the last issue in Gotham, on Aug. 29, 1776.

The largest cartoon snake stretched itself out in Isaiah Thomas' paper, the Massachusetts Spy, on July 7, 1774. It was as long as the title of the Spy. Facing the snake was a dragon representing Great Britain. Thomas says in his "History of Printing" that this political device appeared in every succeeding issue while the Spy was printed in Boston.

The snake finally reached Philadelphia again, but, strange to say, instead of creeping into its old hole in Franklin's Gazette, it sunned itself in the title of a rival paper, the Pennsylvania Journal, published by William Bradford. Its first appearance in the Journal was on July 27, 1774; its last, on Oct. 18, 1775.

I hope the frequency of snakes in this article has not given readers the D. T.'s. Because this snake device was the first cartoon in an American newspaper, because it wielded great influence at three different periods in the history of this country, because it has been shamefully abused by historians who have confused in their writings the different forms of the cartoon—because of these facts, it has been worth the amount of space given it at this time.

Passing now from snakes to coffins, I may say that the latter formed about the only other device resembling a cartoon to be found in colonial newspapers. When the four victims of the Boston Massacre of 1770 were buried, Edes and Gill, publishers of

Snake Cartoon from Boston Evening Post, Oct. 7, 1765. Second Period of This Device

Boston Gazette, May 21, 1754

Thursday *October* 31, 1765. THE NUMB. 1195.

PENNSYLVANIA JOURNAL;
AND
WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

EXPIRING: In Hopes of a Reſurrection to LIFE again.

I AM ſorry to be obliged to acquaint my Readers, that as The STAMP-ACT, is fear'd to be obligatory upon us after the *Firſt of November* enſuing, (the *fatal To-morrow*) the Publiſher of this Paper unable to bear the Burthen, has thought it expedient to ſtop a while, in order to deliberate, whether any Methods can be found to elude the Shackles forged for us, and eſcape the inſupportable Slavery; which it is hoped, from the juſt Repreſentations now made againſt that Act, may be effected. Mean while, I muſt earneſtly Requeſt every Individual of my Subſcribers, many of whom have been long behind Hand, that they would immediately Diſcharge their reſpective Arrears, that I may be able, not only to ſupport myſelf during the Interval, but be better prepared to proceed again with this Paper, whenever an opening for that Purpoſe appears, which I hope will be ſoon.

WILLIAM BRADFORD.

Remember, O my friends! the Laws, the Rights,
The gen'rous plan of power delivered down,
From age to age, by your renowned fore-fathers;
O let it never periſh in your hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inſpire our ſouls,
And make our lives in thy poſſeſſion happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy defence.
ADDISON's CATO.

LIBERTY is one of the greateſt Bleſſings, which human beings can poſſibly enjoy: When we are deprived of this earthly happineſs, we are fettered with the Chains of inimical ſervitude. Nations, who are born for the mutual ſupport of each other, ſhould preſerve a ſteady attachment to the welfare and happineſs of that nation with whom they are united, that their mutual alliance of friendſhip might be ſincere and permanent. When this union is ſeparated by the illegal encroachments on that Liberty, which is the Soul of Commerce, and the Support of Life, it degenerates into implacable Enmity, which in time grows inveterate, and finally reſults upon thoſe who have been the means of its unhappy diſſolution. *The Liberty of the Preſs* has very juſtly been eſteemed one of the main Pillars of the Liberty of the People. While this is maintained, the firſt Steps to Oppreſſion are defeated, and the Attention of the People ſeaſonably awakened. When this is ſuppreſſed, the Suſpicion of the People, and their Ruin may admit of ſo hidden a tranſition, that it renders the Succeſs of the firſt impracticable, and the Miſeries attending the latter unavoidable. So dangerous is it to invade Power, that the fartheſt approaches to it muſt reſolutely oppoſed, or ſpeedily puniſhed. So eſſential is this to Freedom, Property, and Happineſs, that the moſt plauſible Attempts to controul it even in the ſmalleſt Degree, have always been moſt ſtrenuouſly oppoſed by the virtuous, free, and unbiaſſed Patriot. It is the Privilege of Britons to ſpeak Truth with Impunity, and even to ſuffer no Danger from ſpeculative Error whether in Religion or Politicks. The want of attending to this has produced heedleſs Enquiries, and unjuſtifiable Cenſures of what is true in Fact or no more than falſe in Speculation. But how unhappily is it to be fear'd from this laſt Relief for a dangerous and ſickly State! How melancholly to hope and die while no kind Phyſician is allowed to examine the Cauſe, or preſcribe the Cure of our wounded Diſorders! The love of Eaſe, and abſence of Pain in ſome Diſtempers, is a fatal Opium of the deſperate Circumſtances of the Patient. And in all political Diſorders the more contented we are under them, ſo much the worſe are they, and ſo much the worſe are we for them. It is a very happy Circumſtance attending public Virtue and public Spirit, that the more it is vilified, the more illuſtrious it always appears. No Faſhood formed againſt it can proſper, for it at once detects and confutes the darkeſt and moſt inveterate Calumny. But although public Virtue cannot be vilified by the Indulgence of the moſt unlimited Freedom of ſpeaking or writing, yet Oppreſſion and Tyranny as it derives all its Influence from its Secrecy, may be extremely benefited by the Reverſe. For this reaſon, in Countries ſubjected to the infatiable Demands of Power and Avarice, the firſt Attempts to inſpire People with a falſe Senſe of their Condition, are commonly kept in the Dark. It is of the laſt Importance to the Views of deſigning Men to ſhut up the moſt ſucceſsful and univerſal Channel of Information from the People, when they are forming ſuch Schemes as need only to be known in order to be Oppoſed. Beſides the Deprivation of our whole Liberty may be juſtified on the ſame Principles as the Deprivation of any individual Part, ſuch as the Liberty of the Preſs undoubtedly is.

How amiable is the Enjoyment of Liberty! But how deteſtable are the Bonds of Servitude! 'Tis therefore ſincerely to be hoped, that the old *New-England* Spirit ſo exemplarily free in former Times, will never conſent and in Submiſſion to new and unwarrantable Reſtrictions.

A Day, an Hour of virtuous Liberty,
Is worth a whole Eternity in Bondage.

May we all as loyal Subjects, and free born Britons exert our utmoſt to preſerve the Rights and Liberties of our Country, in a Manner that ſhall add Honour to our Endeavours; that future Poſterity may reap the Benefit, and bleſs the Hands which were the Inſtruments of procuring it.—

That Glory then, the brighteſt Crown of Praiſe,
Which every Lover of his Country's Wealth,
And every Patron of Mankind deſerves;
Will gracefully adorn ſuch Patriot's Deeds,
And leave behind an Honour that will laſt
With Praiſe immortal to the End of Time.

Thurſday laſt arrived here the ſhip Philadelphia Packet, Capt. Budden, from London, by whom we have the following advices.

ROME, *July* 24.

THE harveſt in this country hath not proved ſo good as we hoped. This event hath engaged the congregation eſtabliſhed for inſpecting into the ſupplies of proviſions for this capital, to ſeek all poſſible means to prevent a freſh ſcarcity.

St. James's, Auguſt 17. The king has been pleaſed to appoint the moſt honourable the Marquis of Rockingham to be lord lieutenant of the weſt-ridings of the county of York, and of the city of York, and county of the ſame city: and alſo Cuſtos Rotulorum of the north and weſt-ridings in the ſaid county of York and of the city of York, and county of the ſame city; and Ainſly, otherwiſe Aynſley, of York.

The king has been pleaſed to appoint the right hon. William Earl of Dartmouth, Soame Jenyns, Edward Eliot, John York, George Rice, John Roberts, Jeremiah Dyſon, and William Fitzherbert, Eſqrs; to be commiſſioners of trade, and for inſpecting and improving his majeſty's plantations in America, and elſewhere.

The king has been pleaſed to grant unto the right hon. Richard Viſcount Howe, the office of treaſurer of his Majeſty's navy.

St. James's, Auguſt 23. By the laſt letters from Col. Desbarres, his majeſty's commiſſary at Dunkirk, we are aſſured, that orders were given by the French miniſtry, for immediately ſetting about the demolition of the Jetteés, which are the ſupport of the harbour of Dunkirk.

Warſaw, Auguſt 2. The tribunal of Great Poland, held at Poſnania, has granted permiſſion to the Lutherans at Lubſcutz to open their church, which has been ſhut near twenty years, to provide a miniſter, and to perform divine ſervice in public.

Corunna, July 13. The detachment of one hundred men drafted for Louiſiana, are on the march for Ferrol, where they are to embark on board the Unicorn frigate with a governor, two capuchin friars, a commiſſionary at war, and ſome civil officers.

Cadiz, July 25. Letters brought by the laſt poſt from Gibraltar ſay, the report before ſpread, that the Algerines have killed their Dey, and declared war againſt all the European powers except England and France, proves not true.

LONDON.

Auguſt 17. On Thurſday at the king's arms tavern in Cornhill, an elegant entertainment was given by the committee of North-American merchants to Richard Glover, and Charles Garth, Eſqrs; when thoſe gentlemen received the thanks of that body, for their endeavours to prevent the ſoldiery from being billeted upon the private houſes of their fellow-ſubjects in America.

Part of a letter from an officer in the Eaſt-India ſervice, dated from the Arkeer camp, January 2, 1765.

"In my laſt I acquainted you that we did at laſt reduce Madura. The army has ſince conquered the Arbur country for the Nabob, of 100,000l. revenue a year. We are now under orders to attack another chief, or polygar contiguous to this country; both chiefs have mutually maintained an independency of the Nabob till now; merely on account of the impenetrable woods they are poſſeſſed of. You certainly have heard before of the memorable battle Major Munro gained at Bengal over Suja Dowla, one of the moſt formidable powers of India. The conſequence of this battle gives the company the command of trade in the greateſt part of the Mogul's dominions; and, without exaggeration, the Eaſt-India company at preſent may be brought in conſequenſion with Alexander the Great, whoſe conqueſts, from the river Indus to the river Ganges, was not ſo much reſpected as their's."

It is ſaid the new m-----y, taking into conſideration the preſent deplorable ſituation of the Canadians, have determined to take up all the Canada bills at par, with intereſt to the preſent time; and afterwards to demand, in the moſt ſpirited terms, immediate and full payment of France, under pain of all the conſequences that can reſult from a refuſal.

The new lords of trade and plantations will hold a board on Monday next, for the firſt time, at the Cockpit Whitehall.

We hear the rent rolls of the ſeveral proprietary eſtates in America, obtained by former grants under the crown are ordered to be made out, as alſo an eſtimate of the annual produce of their land tax, in order to introduce a more equitable form of levying his majeſty's revenues in that part of the world.

They write from Gibraltar, that Engliſh officers and ſeamen are engaging both there and at Minorca by foreign agents, to ſerve on board his Sardinian majeſty's ſhips of war in the Mediterranean.

Auguſt 20. The right honourable the Earl Cornwallis, lieutenant colonel to the 12 regiment of foot, is appointed one of his majeſty's aids de camp, with the rank of colonel of foot in the army.

We are informed, that a gentleman lately very popular in this county, is ſoon to reſide at Louſanne, in Switzerland, where he intends publiſhing his friend Mr. Churchill's poems, with explanatory notes; and we are likewiſe informed, that he has an intention of publiſhing, at the ſame place, a hiſtory of England wrote by himſelf.

By a veſſel arrived at Gibraltar from Barbadoes there is advice, that the French are erecting ſeveral batteries at Sandy Bay, on the ſouth eaſt of the iſland, and in the great road where the deſcent was made in the laſt war by the ſeamen and troops under Admiral Knowles and General Hodgſon.

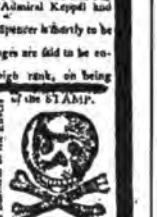
Aug. 27 We hear lord Viſcount Spencer is ſhortly to be created an earl.

All thoughts of any farther changes are ſaid to be entirely laid aſide.

It is reported, that a perſon of high rank, on being lately offered a great employment, refuſed it, ſaying, "that he could not poſſibly accept of it, conſiſtently with the love he bore to the Britiſh nation, whoſe good he ever had the object of his care and attention."

Monday ſome diſpatches ſaid to be of importance, were received here from Holland, but the ſubject has not yet tranſpired.

Private letters, from Paris mention that the true reaſon



Adieu, Adieu to the LIBERTY of the PRESS.

It was the way Bradford set up his paper, rather than what he said editorially, that made this issue so influential.

SATURDAY, September 21, 1765. JOIN or DIE. [NUMB. 1.]

The Conſtitutional COURANT:

Containing Matters intereſting to LIBERTY, and no wiſe repugnant to LOYALTY.

Snake Cartoon in Head of Constitutional Courant. Second Appearance of the Device

the Boston Gazette and Country Journal, brought out in their paper for March 12, 1770, the coffin cartoon reproduced in the illustration. Evidently, there must have been a fifth victim who was expected to die, or something of that sort, for in the day-book of Paul Revere under the date of March 9, 1770—four days after the massacre—appears the following charge:

"Messrs. Edes & Gill, Dr.

"To Engraving 5 Coffings for Massacre, | |6| .

Pinned to this entry is a paper pattern of a coffin.

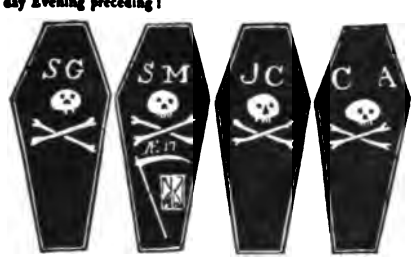
Boston never forgot the cartoon. It kept the Sons of Liberty active.

Another coffin cartoon that attracted attention in "ye olden time" was one which appeared on page four of the Pennsylvania Journal just before the Stamp Act went into effect. Its caption was, "The last remains of The Pennsylvania Journal which departed this life, the 31st of October 1765 of a stamp in her vitals, aged 23 years." The first page of this issue (October 31, 1765) is such a good example of wordless journalism, in a certain way, that I am reproducing it in this connection. It was not what Bradford said, but the way he set up his paper that made this issue so powerful in its influence. Is it any wonder, after a glance at this paper, that the Stamp Act was repealed?

While the repeal attracted little, if any, attention in a pictorial way in colonial papers, it did inspire the pen of the cartoonist in England. By way of illustration, an exceptionally rare print, "The Funeral Procession of Miss America Stamp," may be reproduced from the Emmet collection in the New York Public Library. It is a splendid example of how a cartoon can tell a story which, if expressed in words, would take several pages of this magazine. Note how the following have been dramatized. The rebellions of 1715 and 1745 appear as skulls decorating the vault. "Within this

The 29th Regiment have already left us, and the 14th Regiment are following them, ſo that we expect the Town will ſoon be clear of all the Troops. The Wiſdom and true Policy of his Majeſty's Council and Col. Dalrymple the Commander appear in this Meaſure. Two Regiments in the midſt of this populous City; and the Inhabitants juſtly incenſed: Thoſe of the neighbouring Towns actually under Arms upon the firſt Report of the Maſſacre, and the Signal only wanting to bring in a few Hours to the Gates of this City many Thouſands of our brave Brethren in the Country, deeply affected with our Diſtreſſes, and to whom we are greatly obliged on this Occaſion—No one knows where this would have ended, and what important Conſequences even to the whole Britiſh Empire might have followed, which our Moderation and Loyalty upon ſo trying an Occaſion, and our Faith in the Commander's Aſſurances have happily prevented.

Laſt Thurſday, agreeable to a general Requeſt of the Inhabitants, and by the Conſent of Parents and Friends, were carried to their *Graves* in Succeſſion, the Bodies of *Samuel Gray, Samuel Maverick, James Caldwell,* and *Criſpus Attucks*, the unhappy Victims who fell in the bloody Maſſacre of the Monday Evening preceding!



On this Occaſion moſt of the Shops in Town were ſhut, all the Bells were ordered to toll a ſolemn Peal, as were alſo thoſe in the neighboring Towns of Charleſtown Roxbury, &c. The Proceſſion began to move between the Hours of 4 and 5 in the Afternoon; two of the unfortunate Sufferers, viz. Meſſ. *James Caldwell* and *Criſpus Attucks*, who were Strangers, borne from Faneuil-Hall, attended by a numerous Train of Perſons of all Ranks; and the other two, viz. Mr. *Samuel Gray*, from the Houſe of Mr. Benjamin Gray, (his Brother) on the North-ſide the Exchange, and Mr. *Maverick*, from the Houſe of his diſtreſſed Mother Mrs. *Mary Maverick*, in Union-Street, each followed by their reſpective Relations and Friends: The ſeveral Hearſes forming a Junction in King-Street, the Theatre of that inhuman Tragedy! proceeded from thence thro' the Main-Street, lengthened by an immenſe Concourſe of People, ſo numerous as to be obliged to follow in Ranks of ſix, and brought up by a long Train of Carriages belonging to the principal Gentry of the Town. The Bodies were depoſited in one Vault in the middle Burying-ground: The aggravated Circumſtances of their Death, the Diſtreſs and Sorrow viſible in every Countenance, together with the peculiar Solemnity with which the whole Funeral was conducted, ſurpaſs Deſcription.

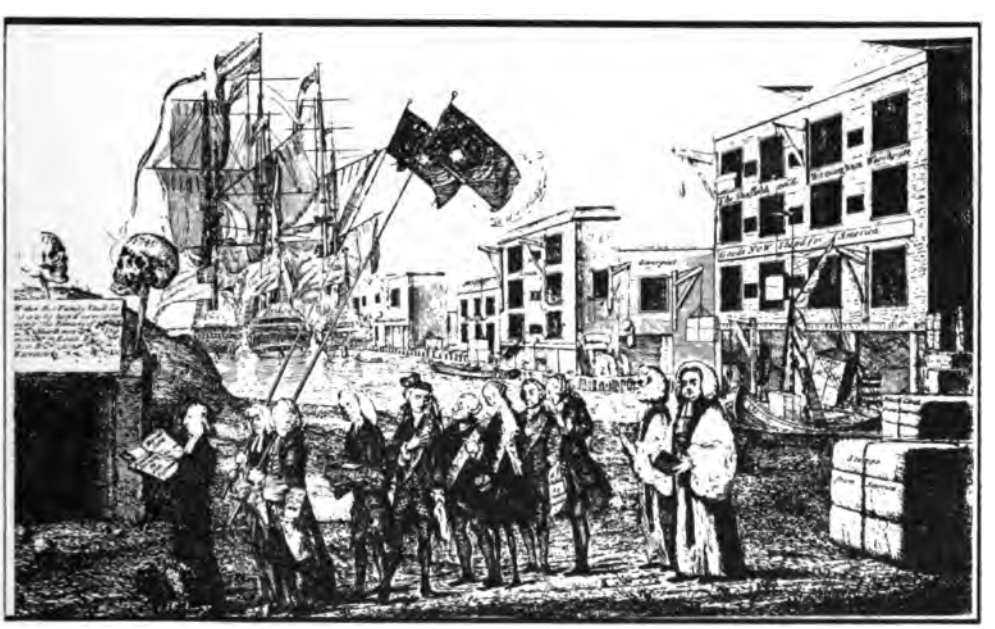
The Coffin Cartoon in the Boston Gazette, March 12, 1770, Issued Just After the Boston Massacre

Snake Cartoon from Pennsylvania Gazette, May 9, 1754. The First Cartoon to Appear in an American Newspaper

Family Vault lie interred (it is to be hop'd never to rise again)—the things which tend to alienate the affections of Englishmen to their country." Rev. James Scott, who wrote a number of newspaper articles under the signature of Anti Sejanus, attacking Lord Bute, the prime minister, known as Sejanus, reads the burial service. A stamp is seen on each banner with the significant motto, "Semper Eadem." Lord Mansfield, the lord chief justice, carries one of the banners. Out of his pocket sticks a Scotch appeal which alludes to the fact that his wealth had come from appeals from the Scotch courts to the House of Lords. The second standard bearer is said to be Henley, who was lord chancellor under Grenville. The latter, himself, is the coffin bearer. In the coffin is Miss America Stamp, "Born 1765; Died, 1766." The other members of the funeral party, though well known at the time, would interest today only the student of history. A statue of William Pitt is being shipped to America. (Pitt hastened from a sick bed to the House of Commons to defend the colonies.) On the Thames float three first-class ships of the new ministry—Conway, Rockingham, and Grafton—ready to sail for America. (Henry Seymour Conway was, to quote from a note in the Constitutional Courant, "a great friend to America, and a strong opposer to the Stamp Act.") Of special interest are the bales of stamps and black cloth just received from America.

The reason why this cartoon was not reproduced in this country was undoubtedly due to the high cost of engraving on copper. For work done on "America in Distress," which appeared in the March number of the Royal American Magazine for 1775, Paul Revere charged the publisher, Joseph Greenleaf, three pounds. There was very little detail in the drawing beyond the words which, in each case, came inclosed in a lasso from the mouths of the various members of the English Council surrounding Miss America. Some of these "whoops" were: "She is mad and must be chained." "Secure her now, or it is all over with us." "She must lose more blood." "Petitions are rebellious," etc. This cartoon, in its technique, did not begin to equal an earlier one by Revere published in 1774 in the same magazine, entitled "America Swallowing the Bitter Draught." It represented Lord North, with the Boston Port Bill in his pocket, pouring scalding tea down Columbia's throat. Britannia, with tears in her eyes, turns her head away from the sight. Both of these cartoons by Revere afford relief from the snakes, coffins, and skulls which appeared in the newspapers.

Whatever may be the opinion of the critic about the character of the work done, there can be no question of the aid rendered, during the colonial period, to the cause of American liberty, by the various political devices and cartoons of wordless journalism.



The Funeral Procession of Miss America Stamp

From a rare English print in the Emmet collection, New York Public Library.

THE SECOND GENERATION

WEED, in New York Tribune

His Future

From The Big Stick

The Tragedy of Israel in Poland

Herman Bernstein, Editor of The Day, in New York Sun

From The Big Stick

OF all the tragedies brought on by the world war, none is so pitiable as the tragedy of Israel in Poland. Russia, at least, has recognized the Jews, and whether guilty of hypocrisy or not, has won these downtrodden people to her cause. The rallying of so many Jews to the flag which had meant to them only persecution and intolerance was one of the marvels of the war. Today in Europe the Jew—the man without a country—is fighting for many "fatherlands" in hopes perhaps that a Jewish nation may be the outcome. Thus the pitting of brother against brother only intensifies the tragedy—and Russia's promises may even prove in the end to be another "scrap of paper."

The Jews in Russian Poland, however, might be called the Polish Belgians. If you can imagine the Belgians robbed of all hope of ever returning to their country, without a refuge, and without a friend to turn to, you will have a picture of the Jews in Poland. When Poland was offered autonomy by Russia on condition that she remain loyal, it was with the proviso that

From The Day, New York

From the World Conflagration

From The Day, New York

The Shadows of the Battle Field

the rights of the Jews were to be respected. The Jews, who loved liberty, rejoiced at the good fortune that had come to their oppressors. But Poland, according to Herman Bernstein, editor of The Day, the leading Jewish newspaper in New York, deliberately ignored this condition, and by using the unfortunate people as a buffer, has reduced them to a state of misery that will stand forever as an indictment against modern civilization. How the Jews have been misrepresented, first as German spies and accomplices, then as Russian sympathizers, is told by Mr. Bernstein in an article in the New York Sun. The author speaks first of the oppression and the pogrom policy that prevailed before the war. But with the outbreak of hostilities, he says, conditions became intolerable.

"Upward of three million of Polish Jews are starving, homeless, driven from place to place by the armies that are fighting Russia and by the armies that are fighting for Russia; boycotted, humiliated, slandered by the Poles, accused of the vilest crimes, of disloyalty, of espionage and treachery—all for the purpose of discrediting them so as to rob them even of the hope of freedom and justice in the future.

"When the war broke out the Jews of Russia were carried away by a passionate loyalty to Russia that, to the outsider, seemed more than strange. They enlisted as volunteers in large number, they established hospitals, they gave large sums of money for the wounded soldiers, they fought and died for Russia, where it had been so hard for them to live.

"Among the first heroes of the Russian troops the Jews furnished a conspicuously large number. The Jewish heroes distinguished themselves by their courage and devotion, and even the eyes of the Russion reactionaries seemed to have been opened. The Jew-baiters suddenly realized their blundering narrowness and sickly prejudice.

"Those who but a short time before had sought to brand the Jews as ritual murderers suddenly repented. Purishkevitch, the Black Hundred leader in the Duma, kissed the scroll of the Torah, and Shmakoff, another anti-Semite, embraced and kissed Jews in public to demonstrate that there were no longer any differences among the nationalities constituting the population of the Russian Empire.

"For a time it seemed as though the Polish Jewish animosities would also be swept aside by the awful catastrophe that had suddenly turned almost all of Europe into a madhouse. Then came the famous manifesto, issued by the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolayevitch, in command of the Russian armies, promising autonomy to

From The Day, New York

AFTER THE WAR

A Picture of the Near Future

Poland on condition that the people would be loyal to Russia in the war. The Jews, who had been tyrannized, humiliated and almost crushed through the Polish boycott, nevertheless hailed Poland's freedom in a spirit of genuine joy. The Jews, who have always loved liberty, know how to prize liberty, and they rejoiced even when their oppressors were promised liberty. They hoped that this promise to the Poles, the approaching realization of their dream of a reunited Poland, would soften the hearts of the Poles and end their militant and tyrannical policy of Jew hatred.

"The Jewish press in the Polish provinces welcomed the Polish manifesto with almost hysterical enthusiasm."

The Poles did not follow the lead of Russia in granting recognition to the Jews, according to Mr. Bernstein, but intensified their "cunningly devised plots" against the Jewish people within their provinces. He continues:

"It seemed as though the manifesto which stipulated that the Poles respect the other nationalities in Poland added oil to the flames of hatred. They who had systematically hounded the Jews during the past few years tried to justify their anti-Semitic activities on the eve of their own liberation.

"One of the leading Polish newspapers commenced the new campaign by publishing an article declaring that the Poles could not be expected to respect the rights of the Jews because in all Russian official documents the Jews are spoken of as aliens and not as a nationality.

From The Day, New York

"For whom have I reared my children?"

Imprisoned in the Ghetto

"When the Germans invaded a portion of Russian Poland a new plot was formed against the Jews by the Poles. The leaders sent out word throughout the Polish provinces to lay the blame upon the Jews for anything that might compromise the Poles in the eyes of the Russians or the Germans.

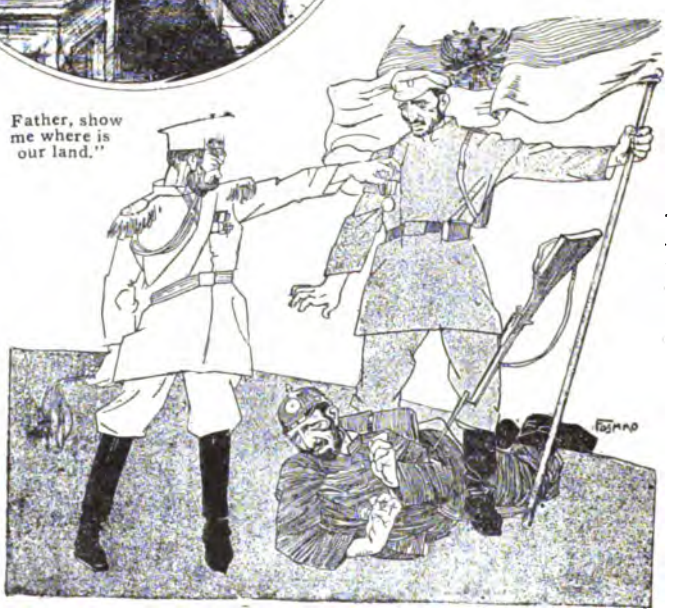
"'Blame the Jew.' This order, spread by the Polish leaders, was intended to serve two purposes. The Jews were to be compromised and discredited so that the Poles would not have to respect their rights when Poland became autonomous. In the second place, their own disloyalty would be rendered less conspicuous.

"The Poles circulated rumors throughout the Polish provinces that the Jews were spies, that the Jews were poisoning the wells to kill the Russian troops, were giving signals to the German troops, were throwing bombs from German Zeppelins, and other equally absurd stories. The Polish newspapers helped to circulate these legends among the Polish peasantry. These rumors also reached the Russian army and spread like wildfire to Russian towns and villages.

"The Polish newspapers published, and foreign papers reproduced, a story to the effect that Polish Jews had carted to the Germans a million and a half rubles in gold in a coffin, and however ridiculous the story may sound, the people believed it and the Poles intensified their attacks upon the Jews. Naturally all this had its effect upon the Russian army and was the cause of numerous catastrophes, of numerous pogroms. Hundreds of Jews were hanged on account of such false accusations. The ground was prepared, the Poles knew how to reach the authorities with their accusations, and the word of one informer was sufficient for the officials to hang a Jew.

"Many circumstances helped the Poles in their campaign against the Jews. The similarity between the Yiddish and the German languages, the peculiar clothes worn by the Polish Jews, their isolation in ghettos, their unfamiliarity with the Russian language, which made it impossible for them to defend themselves by clearing up

Father, show me where is our land."



From The Day, New York

Reward for Fratricide

A Cartoon showing one phase of the tragedy in which brother is pitted against brother.

many misunderstandings; the fact that they were not permitted to serve on any committees that represented the local population to the authorities—all these created an unfavorable state of affairs for the Jews at the time of the German invasion of Russian Poland.

"As soon as the Germans entered a Russian town the Poles changed their tactics. Having previously barred the Jews from various committees, they now urged them to form such committees in order to place responsibility upon the Jews. Thus the Jews were expected to secure provisions and supplies for the invading troops. The Jews were compelled to do this, and when the Russian troops returned they made charges against the Jews to the Russian officials.

"The returning Russian troops were usually met by the Polish rabble, who related to them all kinds of stories about Jewish espionage and treachery. Very often the soldiers and Cossacks started at once for the Jewish quarter and broke into Jewish houses, looking for Germans, supposed to have hidden there. Since their search proved unsuccessful the infuriated Russian soldiers robbed Jewish homes and shops at the instigation of the Poles. The Poles spurred on the hungry Russian soldiers by telling them that while the Jews gladly gave bread to the German troops, they refused to help the Russians.

"Upon just such information given to the Russian troops by Polish informers the sons-in-law of the well known rabbi of Radom were hanged. A large number of Jews were hanged because they had been

From The Day, New York

John Bull: "If I catch this turkey, you may have a wing."

From The Day, New York

"Will my question be answered at last?"

accused by the Poles of having refused to exchange money for Russian soldiers.

"When the Russian troops entered the city of Warsaw and the population came out to welcome them and give them bread and tea, the Poles shouted to the soldiers not to accept anything from the Jews.

"'Beware!' they cried. 'They want to poison you. Their bread and tea are poisoned.'"

A mass of documentary evidence of the pitiful condition of the Jews in Poland is offered by Mr. Bernstein, among which is the following statement of a Jewish militiaman, which is told in a remarkably vivid, dramatic style.

"We organized a volunteer militia. When the Russian troops and officials abandoned Skiernievice, we felt that we were left among savage beasts who might crush us any moment in a pogrom. We went to the citizens' committee, which was made up exclusively of Poles, and petitioned that the Jews be allowed to enter the militia, but the Poles refused to let us join them. We therefore organized a militia of our own, which aside from its other duties had to protect the Jews from the Polish militia.

"Meanwhile the Germans entered the town. We had heard plenty of stories of the Poles carrying false accusations to the Russian officials against the Jews, so we were afraid to go out to meet the Germans. The Poles went alone and told the Germans that we, the Jews, were the only friends of Russia in the village. Yet the Germans did not molest us. They paid for everything they took, either in cash or orders.

"A member of the German Landsturm gathered a crowd and said: 'We are waging war only against the Russian soldiers and not against the peaceful inhabitants. We shall not trouble you if you do not interfere with us. On the contrary, we bring you liberty.'

"When we asked him to explain the conduct of the Germans at Kaliscz he replied that the Germans must have been given some provocation. But at that moment we were not interested so much in gaining liberty as in keeping body and soul together.

"One day the Germans were looking for a stable for their horses. Our Polish friends pointed out the Jewish synagogue as suitable for this purpose. Without further search the Germans installed their horses in the sanctuary.

"The Jews were shocked, for up to that time the Germans had behaved creditably. The rabbi and a few Jewish laymen sought the German commander and begged him to spare the synagogue. He received them cordially but rebuked them for not being as friendly as the Poles. When they asked him to have the horses removed from the synagogue he showed considerable surprise. He had not known that the building was a synagogue. He gave the order at once to his soldiers. They removed the horses, and furthermore scoured the place so thoroughly that they left it cleaner than it had ever been before. You know the condition of our synagogues in the small towns.

"We paid dearly for this German good will. A few days before the Hebrew New Year the Russians compelled the Germans to evacuate. We awaited with dread the return of the Russian troops, for we had heard too often of the bitter experiences of the Jews in other towns under such circumstances. The Poles threatened to wreak vengeance upon us when the Russians would arrive.

"And so they did. The reality was even worse than our gravest fears.

"On the eve of New Year the Russians returned. The Poles met them far out on the road and maliciously accused the Jews of having aided the Germans. As a result. the Russians entered the town hostile toward us.

"The Russian commander had a talk with several prominent Poles and immediately decided to punish the Jews severely. At noon an officer with a huge drum appeared in the market place and proclaimed that the Jews must prepare to leave the town the next morning at 11 o'clock.

"We were thunderstruck. Where could we go? What could we do?

"The Russian officer added that no Jew could remain in Skiernievice because we were all under suspicion, and that any Jew who lingered would be shot as a spy.

"We hastened to the Russian commander and begged him to spare us. We produced evidence showing that we had been libeled. But in vain. He persisted that he could not investigate our claims because the commander of the Russian army in that vicinity, General Sheideman, had given him his orders.

"It was rumored about town that when General Sheideman had been in Skiernievice some time before he called the representatives of the citizens' committee and demanded of them a guarantee that the inhabitants would be loyal to the Russians. As the representatives were all Poles, they gave the general a list of persons under suspicion, which included all the Jews in the village.

"When we saw that our efforts were useless we decided to leave our possessions and merely try to save our lives. Each one prepared for the journey. The incidents of that night beggar description. We were not even permitted to leave behind us the sick and the women in childbirth. Only the Jewish bakers, blacksmiths and a few contractors were allowed to remain. But they did not care to stay and prepared to leave with the rest of us.

"The order of the commander stated that the Jews must depart along the right bank of the Vistula.

"At 11 o'clock on New Year's Day, some 7,000 Jews gathered in the market place, carrying their children and the sick. In half an hour our number was increased by another thousand Jews who had been driven out from the neighboring villages.

"The Poles did not even wait for the Jews to leave town before they started plundering our homes and shops. They met with no resistance. The Jews, of course, were powerless. We, the Jewish militiamen, surrounded our community in order to defend our lives and the honor of our women. I cannot describe our feelings. We were so enraged that if we had had access to bombs then, we would have annihilated ourselves and all Skiernievice.

"It was the Sabbath, but the rabbi declared it lawful to set the children, the feeble old men and the women in childbirth on wagons, which we hired at unheard of prices.

"We took the scrolls of the law in our hands and, amid the savage cries of the Poles and the soldiers, we left the town in silence and despair. Our hearts were heavy. Even the children cried with us.

"We directed our steps toward Warsaw, some eighty versts distant. We had to carry the invalids and the children during the entire journey. But we had become hardened to suffering of late and might have borne all with a certain amount of resignation.

"The worst part of our experience was, however, that all along the way we were continually joined by ever new hosts of Jews who were even more destitute than we. The livelong day we dragged ourselves

along the hard, rutty roads. Beside us moved long lines of Russian soldiers. They were coming to 'redeem' the land from the hands of the enemy and it was these redeemers who inflicted upon us the most excruciating woes. Wherever the Russian troops went they were accompanied by a crowd of Poles, men and women and children, who would point at us and shout:

"'There they go, the Beilises! There go the traitors!'

"'Beilises!' the incited Russian soldiers would cry as we passed before them. Those of us who happened to come near enough even felt their blows. Perhaps the Russians were not to blame. They believed what the Poles had told them.

"'To Sakhalien! To Sakhalien! Go to Palestine, you accursed Jews!' the Poles and the soldiers would taunt us. What could we answer?

"Often we noticed among the soldiers familiar faces. There were Jewish soldiers from Poland and Russia. We would stretch out our hands to them and cry:

"'See, brethren, what the Russians are doing to us! You are on your way to defend the fatherland and here they are torturing us! Save us!'

"The Jewish soldiers would bow their heads. Many an eye would fill with tears.

"We expected to be banished to Siberia or to Sakhalien, so we trudged along to Warsaw without a spark of hope in our hearts. Toward evening we reached a small Jewish town. The local Jews had heard of our misfortune and they came out to meet us. But before long an official mandate arrived ordering that we should not be allowed to spend the night in the town or even to pass through its streets. The Russians began at once to drive out those of us who had set foot in the town. Behind us the others were pressing forward, not knowing what had happened at the van. Sobs and moans filled the air. Men and women grew hysterical. In the tumult a child was choked to death.

"We begged piteously that a few of us should be allowed to enter the town and buy bread and wood, but our prayers were in vain.

"In the morning we set out again on our way. We did not try to halt at the towns we passed. Such an attempt would have been useless and would only have embarrassed the Jews who lived there and whose own position was none too secure.

"We trudged on, hungry and exhausted. Ever and anon the Poles would come out from the neighboring villages and heap insults upon us. The Poles beat those of us who straggled behind from weakness. So did the soldiers.

"I cannot find words to describe the journey. It was a journey of shame and misery. A few women in childbirth died on the way with their babies. We carried the corpses along on the wagons together with the living invalids and children. We could not bury the dead, since we were not allowed to stop anywhere. In this plight we reached Warsaw."

THOMAS, in Detroit News

"My beloved Jews."

A Cartoon and a Protest

THE accompanying cartoon, printed in the Sydney (Australia) Times, called forth a wave of protest from Americans and fair-minded citizens of Sydney. Among the protests was one from an American who has made his home in that city for several years, and who was particularly incensed by the drawing. In his letter of protest to the Times, he says:

"Your cartoon depicting John Bull throttling Germany, erstwhile ordering his slit-eyed Asiatic serf to perform on Uncle Sam, possibly in a similar manner, is, to say the least, a sample of the undercurrent of affection Americans have fallen heir to from their cousins of the Old Sod.

"You appear exercised for fear that America will pick up a few dollars out of the war situation, and on frequent occasions dub us a dollar-mad nation. Great Heavens! I never saw an Englishman who wouldn't go after a halfpenny as hard as anyone on earth, and, as a matter of fact, it is this proclivity that finds England in the present trouble.

"Your cartoon is only a fair sample of the egotism and bluster as well as the cruelty of the class you represent. It is a fair sample of the conceit that your crowd will hand out to the world in the event of your success at arms."

A correspondent, in a friendly letter, suggests that the American has gone to the other extreme. He thinks, however, that the protest was justified to some extent, and says that the following clipping from the Sydney Sun more accurately illustrates Australia's feeling for America than the Times cartoon:

"Attacks on a neutral nation are foolish at any time, but when they are directed at a Power which has shown marked sympathy, they reach such heights of tactlessness as to verge on imbecility. The trouble is that, when American people who read the vaporings of these silly people and are not able to study the words of Australian writers who have a proper appreciation of the position, and are free from bias, they are apt to think that those first-mentioned represent the views of Australia, instead of being the views of a handful of irresponsibles, about whose very existence the great body of the Australian public is not aware."

From Sydney Times

John Bull (to Japan): "Say, Shima, keep your eye on Sam there till I've settled this job."

BEING AS FUNNY AS YOU CAN

BY HERBERT CROWLEY

WHAT is the mission of the "comic"? Is it to provide innocent amusement—fun that injuries nobody? Is it to satirize the world's faults and foibles; to laugh people out of their mistakes?

Caran d'Ache, known as the father of the comic supplement, made it a point never to offend. There was no barb to his shafts of humor. He had no further mission in life than to create laughter.

On the contrary, "Sem," the greatest boulevard wit of Paris, spares nobody's feelings. Like the physician who often hurts before he cures, Sem is unmerciful for a good end. The reductio ad absurdum is his method. He corrects eccentricities, he says, by ridiculing them.

In a recent number of the Toronto World, Herbert Crowley, a Canadian artist, attempts to answer these questions. He agrees with Sem that caricature is a powerful weapon, but at the same time is an advocate of what he calls "humane humor."

Mr. Crowley, it might be said, has the Englishman's idea of fun. That is, he is droll, rather than witty; grotesque, rather than satiric. In a way he refuses to take his mission seriously. He began by "playing" and has kept it up for the sheer amusement it furnishes himself and others.

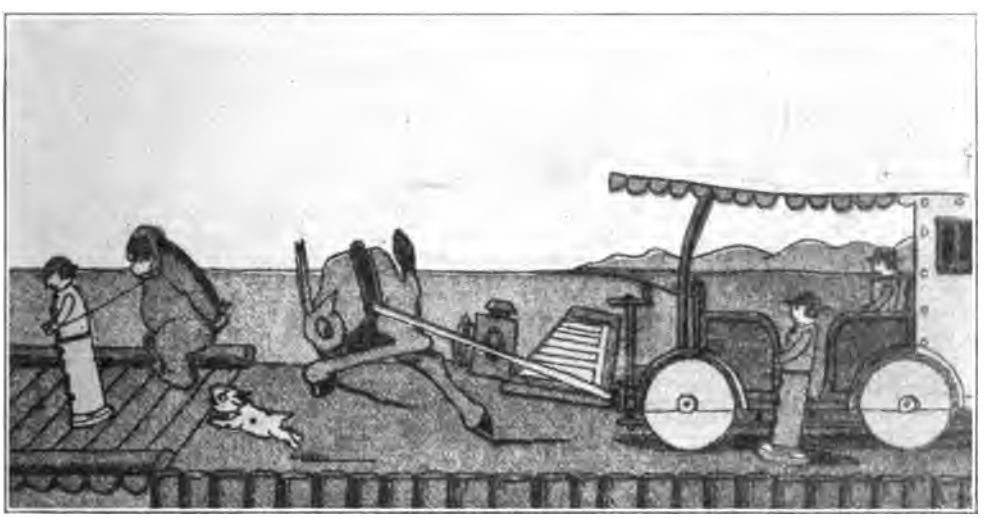
While Sem, as with his famous cartoon of Réjane, might court a libel suit, this artist would do injury to nobody. It is unfair, he believes, to be "as funny as you can" at the expense of others—and it was Mark Twain, one of the world's greatest humorists, who did not dare to be as funny as he could. In other words, Mr. Crowley is not a reformer. Women may wear impossible apparel; one's friends may have their little mannerisms. He, at least, will not convince them of the error of their ways. It is never funny, he declares, to be unkind.

Mr. Crowley in illustrating this statement, says that if you were to test your pet jokes by this standard, you would find a goodly number of them exploding with a bang! A loud report which would leave worse than nothing. For, there does remain a pile of ashes, which are the little hurts of those at whom you have aimed your ridicule.

"You see," he says, "I believe the mission of the humorist is a high one. It is for the 'funny man' to laugh people out of their mistakes. And that is a much harder thing to do than scold them. Anybody can scold. Indeed, all the great leaders of progress in any sphere always have been roundly scolded. But you have to understand a man before you can laugh at him in a way that does not hurt him. It is not funny to be venomous or sarcastic.

"Perhaps I can explain a little better what I mean by humane humor. For instance, if you meet a pompous man it is not funny to tell him bluntly he is pompous. On the contrary, you make yourself objectionable in doing so.

"But if you make a little joke about pompous men, if it is founded on their true



One of Crowley's Fantastic Drawings of Travel

characteristics, yet tempered with kindliness, every pompous man who sees it will think over the point and become, in consequence, the merest trifle less pompous. As it is said in American slang, 'Every little bit helps.'"

Mr. Crowley believes that all humorists are naturally kind.

"Otherwise," he says, "they are not much as humorists. Because you have completely to understand humanity before you really can laugh at it. The French say, 'All understood is all pardoned.' And certainly 'all pardoned' is—all kind. In literature, Sir James Barrie is the very essence of what I am trying to say."

At a recent exhibition of his work, Mr. Crowley's drawings, paintings, and "grotesques" attracted the attention of the thoughtful, and the first ripple which widens into the circle of fame was started at that time.

Among the drawings were some humorous sketches. They were—as Mr. Crowley himself would say—"a mood." But so faithfully did they appeal to the childlike love of fun which is in each of us, that all who attended the exhibition joined in a real laugh at the humorous drawings.

In discussing the origin of his rather grotesque pictures, Mr. Crowley said that he drew them at first for his own amusement. Then he found that others enjoyed them as much as himself, and so he kept on "playing."

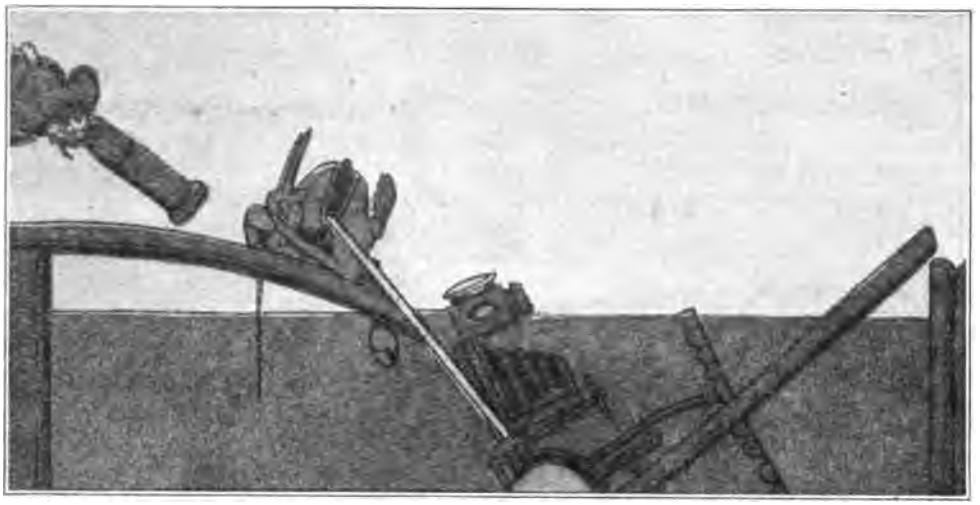
Some interesting questions in psychology are encountered in drawing for the amusement of children, according to the Canadian artist. He discovered that what amuses a grown person, very often fails to amuse a child. He admits that it is a problem that very few artists ever solve.

"I think that one should not be discouraged with one's humor because attempts at childlike fun are not laughed at by children," is his statement. "It was rather a facer to me, at first, to show what I believed to be a funny drawing to a child, and have him regard it with perfect gravity. But I have found the reason for that. So much which is odd or quaint to us seems perfectly natural to a child. When I draw some strange two-legged animal that never was, grown people laugh at him. Children, do not. Why? Because they do not know that such animals do not exist.

"Probably their imagination is peopled with just such beasts. Had you never seen a horse in your life he would seem a pretty funny sort of creature the first time you did see him. Remember the world is just like that to children—full of new things. I sup-

A STATE CARRIAGE

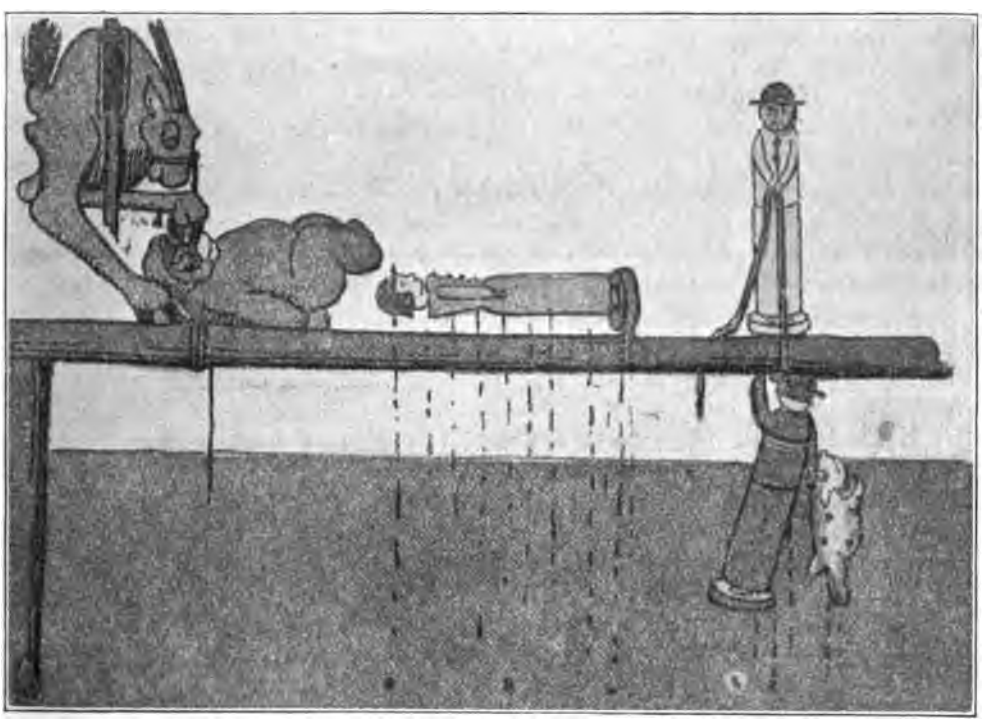
"A picture like this," says Mr. Crowley, "would not seem funny to children, because they believe such animals exist."



A Little Accident

pose nothing a grown-up could imagine would be half so funny to a child as what are to us the commonplaces of every day.

"Really to be funny one must be a sort of kindly word caricaturist. One must be able to find human frailties and point them out in a gentle way. If your joke leaves a bitter feeling it is not a very good joke. Perhaps a sure test," concluded Mr. Crowley, "would be to put yourself in the other person's place. If you feel you honestly would not mind your joke being made at your own expense, you may safely make it at the other man's."



AFTER THE ACCIDENT

Despite their woodenness, there is a certain lifelike quality to Mr. Crowley's little figures which makes them singularly appealing.

Rimes of

OR "MOTHER GOOSE"

By A. G. Racey,

Little Hans Horner sat in a corner,
Tasting a culture pie;
With his finger and thumb he produced a "Dum-Dum"
And said, "What a War Lord am I."

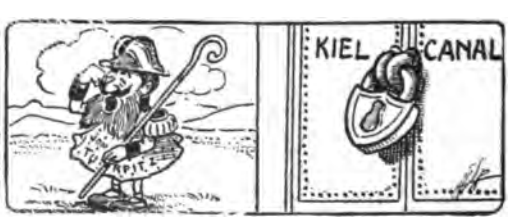
Ding-Dong-Dell! France was in the well;
Who put her in? William of Berlin.
Who helped her out? Britons with a shout!
Oh, what a naughty German boy,
Our friends in Paris to annoy!

Old Kaiser Hubbard attacked a French cupboard;
To collar a Paris bone;
At Mons and Cambrai, Allied troops barred the way,
And so the poor dog had none.

Belgian Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With German shells and poisoned wells,
And ruined folk all in a row.

Kaiser Bill had so little sense,
He built a fleet at a cost immense,
But the only tune that he could play,
Was "Heligoland and hide away."

Bill, Bill, the Kaiser Hun,
Built some battleships just for fun;
They chanced to meet the British fleet
And so went howling in retreat.

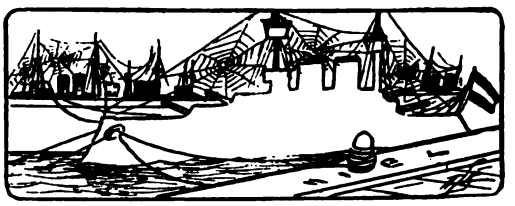


Little Turpitz has lost his ships,
And don't know where to find them—
At Kiel, they say, they're hidden away
From the British fleet behind them.

the Times

BROUGHT UP TO DATE

in Montreal Star

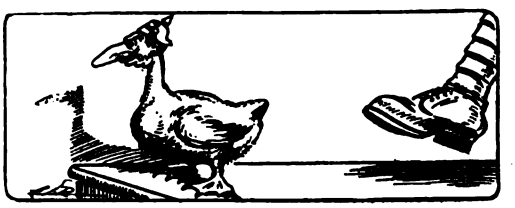


Sing a song of millions, a fleet all gone astray,
Four and twenty battleships hidden safe away!
When the war was opened, at Kiel they took their ease,
Wasn't that a pretty fleet to try and rule the seas?

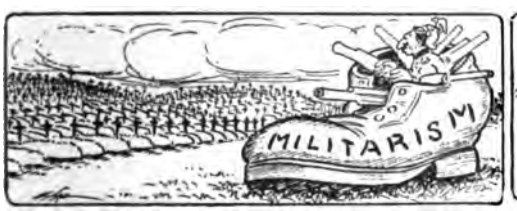
Higgledy-piggledy, my black Hun!
She lays mines where trade ships run,
Friends and foes she treats as one—
Higgledy-piggledy, my black Hun!

Little Miss Muffet she started to bluff it,
Bragging about "The Day."
A big British spider steamed up and defied her,
And frightened her navy away.

Hey-diddle-diddle, a nation to riddle,
The Kaiser set out with his guns;
The Allies laughed to see such sport,
And the War Lord ran off with his Huns.



Kaiser, Kaiser, gander, where do your men wander?
Upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber,
Burning their cathedrals till they couldn't say their prayers,
Then there came the Allied troops, who flung them down the stairs.



There was an old Kaiser who lived in a shoe;
He had so many soldiers he didn't know what to do;
But the Allies soon gave them some bayonets and lead,
And whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

Kaiser Bill went up the hill,
His British foes to slaughter,
Bill fell down and lost his crown
And loudly yelled for quarter.

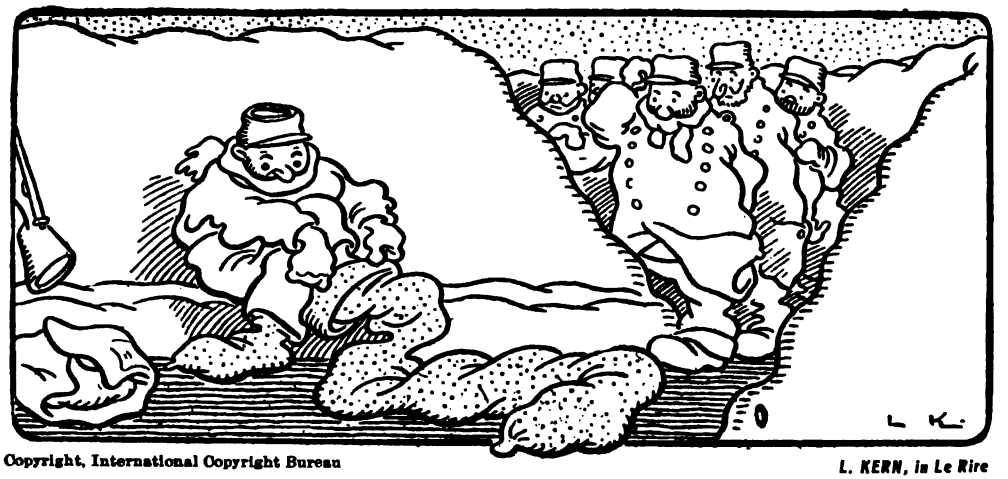
ART IN THE TRENCHES

From Der Brummer

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

CARTOONS MADE BY THE GERMAN SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT

1. Moonrise at Ostende. 2. Rest during the Flight. 3. Poincaré (fashioned from an old cartridge). 4. Gen. French (afterward to be executed in marble and "licked" into shape). 5. Friedrich Wilhelm Schulze (a masterpiece in field gray). 6. The World's Greatest Navy (study in still life). 7. Russian Water Cure (souvenir of the Mazurian lakes). 8. Landscape near Petrograd (bird's-eye view).



Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

L. KERN, in Le Rire

"Gosh! Friend wife must have been gossiping with the neighbors when she knit this sock for me."

WAR CARTOONS ALONG THE BOULEVARDS

Paris' Free Gallery of Satire and Patriotism

From the London Evening News

THE Parisian, "toujours bon enfant," has all a child's liking for pictures, and, since the beginning of the war, the capital has been liberally served in the matter of documents illustrating the titanic struggle devastating Europe.

From the railings of the Madeleine to the statue on the Place de la République the boulevards are one long gallery of popular images. The shop windows contain cartoons by well-known artists, exercising their verve and satire at the expense of the enemies of France; the kiosks display photographs and sketches of incidents at the front; and on every vacant space or hoarding along the great main thoroughfares of the city the picture postcard dealer exhibits his ephemeral specialties.

One of the most striking designs is entitled "L'Ogre." Beneath the helmeted head of a German soldier is a face resembling that of a boarhound rather than a human being. Animal strength, ferocity, and brutality are visible in every line of the terrible head and jaws, and through the wide-open mouth, with its devouring tusks, two soldiers, an Englishman and a Frenchman, unafraid, are climbing into the interior. The legend reads: "We'll see what he's got inside him!"

Another original composition shows the kaiser in his favourite rôle as "The Messenger of God." But instead of assuming the blessed attributes of the Prince of Peace, he appears with blood-stained hands and face, and the gory apron, steel and chopper of the shambles.

The tragic and cruel side of this appalling war is also shown in a couple of dramatic cartoons by Maurice Meumont. In one, entitled "Les Assassins!" Kaiser William and Kaiser Francis Joseph, bandits' masks on their faces and dripping knives in their criminal hands, are seen on their murderous mission, trampling underfoot the right of the people, their own imperial word of honour, respect for neutral countries and other "pieces of paper."

A companion picture, "The Good Apostle," represents the German Emperor contemplating the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral. As sinister clouds of smoke rise from the blazing ruin in protest to Heaven, the kaiser murmurs: "And to think that people will not understand that it is in the name of civilisation and for the good of humanity that my soldiers massacre them and burn their cities to the ground."

German "victories," in which the women and children of undefended towns are the chief victims have given rise to scathing comment in the Press of France, England, and America. French caricaturists have not been slow to satirise the methods of the Teuton invader, and in a sketch before me I see a German airman reporting the result of a bomb-dropping expedition over Paris.

"Well," asks the general, resting from the fatigues of the campaign amid looted luxury, "had you any luck with your bombs?"

"Yes, general," replies the airman, "I killed an old man, three women and two little girls."

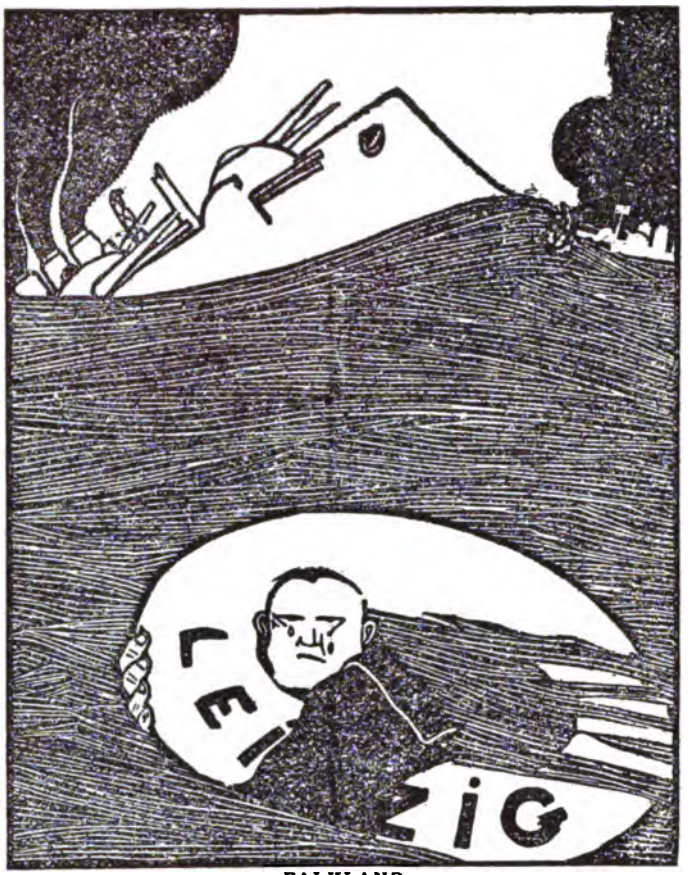
"Lieutenant," says the general, as he puffs at a fat cigar and pours himself out another glass of plundered champagne, "you are a 'brave,' worthy to be mentioned in the Order of the Day of the German Army!"

What, on the other hand, Frenchmen think of the valiant King Albert of Belgium is plain from a composition entitled, "The

"Belgium, horrified, but menacing, wrapped still in her national banner, holds imperial crown arise above the ruins which contain her dead. She is the victim on

F. M. ROGANEAU, in L'Illustration, Paris

nothing more in her hand than a brazen sword. But her fierce brow and her the altar, but a victim who cries vengeance, and who will be avenged."



FALKLAND
Kaiser: "Our future is on the sea."

King of the Brave before History." His Majesty, war-worn and travel-stained—he has evidently come from the trenches—arrives at the Temple of History. As he advances up the laurel-strewn steps to the figure waiting with pen in hand to inscribe his deeds for the benefit of posterity, the courageous monarch apologises for his soiled appearance:

"I ask to be excused for coming here covered with dust."

But the Recorder of Brave Deeds replies: "You are not covered with dust, your Majesty—you are covered with glory!"

Of a lighter character is a picture which has had a real success among Parisians. It is entitled "Home from the Front." Madame is still in bed. She is awakened by a joyous commotion, the door is thrown open, and there on the threshold stands her husband, a young cavalry officer. His left arm is in a sling, but his face wears a happy smile, and in his right hand he holds aloft the helmet of a Prussian officer. Madame throws out her arms to welcome her gallant husband. Looking at the pleasing incident, one remembers that just such another scene has happened in many a home in England and in France during the past month.

The Crown Prince is a favourite subject for caricatures in Paris. One striking cartoon by Sem pictures the hope of the Hohenzollerns with distinctly simian features, standing on the battlefield of the Marne, surrounded by the corpses of German soldiers. Underneath are the words, "Le Raté" (the failure).

Paul Iribe reproduces a map of the German Empire, with the capital, Berlin, replaced by the word "Rétrograd."

How the naval side of the war strikes the French is apparent from two capital designs. In one a British bluejacket, holding up a bottle in which the great High Admiral of the German Fleet is imprisoned, apostrophises him thus: "William, old boy, I think you're bottled up!"

In the other, a convincing sketch in black and white, a German warship is going down by the stern, while one of her crew floats past, supporting himself on a lifebuoy from the Leipzig. At the head of the page is the word "Falkland," and at the bottom the kaiser's memorable phrase: "Our future is on the sea!"

Amusing postcards show a Highland piper leading round a German soldier, and ordering him to dance to the music of the bagpipes; British "Tommies" castigating the Germans; and a Teuton warrior running off with an eight-day clock, "which he had promised to his wife." A pictorial puzzle with four heads has these instructions, "Search and you will find: Wilhelm II., a cow; Francis Joseph, a camel; the Crown Prince, a pig; and the Sultan, a wild boar."

In "His Last Uniform," the kaiser, condemned to penal servitude for life, drags his miserable skeleton about St. Helena, a cannon-ball chained to his foot, while Marianne, taking away the melancholy prisoner's sword and helmet, looks with pity on the vanquished war-lord.

The other side of the picture is a smiling group of General Joffré and two little maidens in national costume. A volume is open between them, and on its pages we read this New Year wish: "Alsace-Lorraine, Victory and Peace for 1915."

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

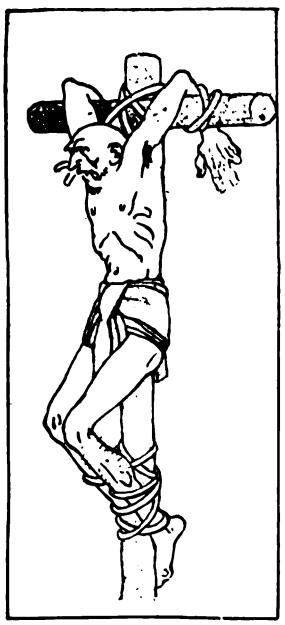
From Le Rire, Paris

The Path of Glory

Drawn from a sketch made by one of Le Rire's staff artists at the front at the outskirts of a village on the Marne shortly after the Germans had passed through it.

His Last Uniform

"William, I think you are bottled up."



RIBAS, in Le Rire, Paris

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

In the early days of civilization crucifixion was reserved for the most infamous criminals. And the Kaiser, admiring the "Kultur" of the ancients, now crucifies with an iron cross his brave men who bombard abbeys, and kill women and children.

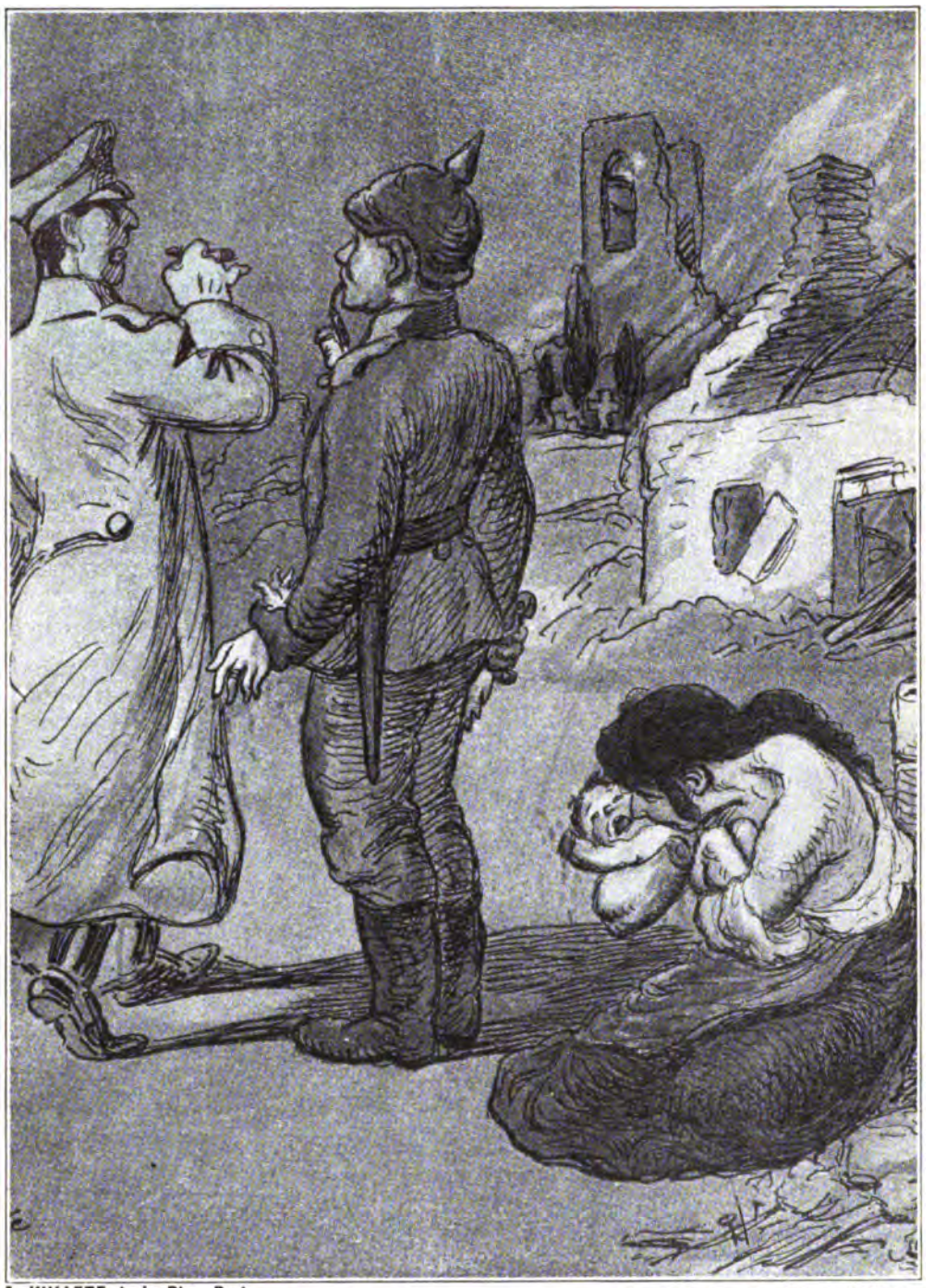
Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

H. MIRANDE, in Le Rire, Paris

THE GAME

"There's the scoundrel!"
"Let him alone. He's mine."

Drawn at the front and dedicated to "my lieutenant, E. Besse," as a souvenir of Ville-en-Voevre.



A. WILLETE, in Le Rire, Paris

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

GERMAN DISCIPLINE RELAXES

"Why couldn't you put the hands in your pocket to salute your officer?"

Dip Their Pens in Vitriol

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

H. LANOS, in Le Rire, Paris

THE LAST STAGES

"Tut, tut! One moment. I am playing with Louvain."

"Wilhelm II is excitable and vacillating. In all probability his case can be diagnosed thus: . . . Tendency toward general paralysis; may develop into melancholia or raving maniacy."—Dr. Neipp, head physician at the Geneva asylum for the insane.

THE tragedy of the unknown grave is one of the saddest of war. Many is the time I have watched the body of a soldier, shrouded in his blanket, lowered to its last resting-place on the veldt, or stood beside a tell-tale little mound of earth which showed where the victim of battle had fallen, and have wondered if those near and dear to him at home ever succeeded in picturing in the mind's eye where he lay. Thoughts, unbounded by space, conjure up a scene and surroundings which remain forever fixed in the memory. There is a picture postcard, now being sold in thousands here, which depicts the solitary grave of a French soldier. The autumn winds have torn the leaves from the branches planted on it when the "En avant" was sounded, and his comrades had to push forward, but surmounting it remain the Cross and the Tricolor. I am certain that the picture of this grave is treasured in innumerable homes as typical of the unknown grave of which imagination has tried to fix the lasting image. We raise national, county, and town memorials to attract the thoughts of those who pass by to the unknown graves of our heroes. I know some village cemeteries in England where a humble headstone and a neatly-tended plot recalls to friends a South African or an Egyptian grave they have never seen.

Some parents are more fortunate than others in having at least an indication of the unknown grave to which their thoughts are always drifting. The friends in whose house I am writing this received a letter only the other day from an old, illiterate peasant woman begging their pardon for telling them that their son, with five other Frenchmen, was buried in "her field," and that every Sunday she went out to pray over the graves and place fresh flowers on them. When I was last in London I saw a letter from a man in the H. A. C. whose brother was stricken down by his side, saying: "We buried Frank with full military honours in a quiet corner of a little farmyard with a cross and a zinc plate over his grave. I am sure I can find it again after the war." But for the vast majority of those who have lost friends in this terrible war the grave is, and will remain, the unknown grave. Read through any list of the French dead, and you will find that only in very rare exceptions—and then only when news of the worst has come to replace the anxiety of months—is any indication given as to where the soldier fell. I wander sometimes into the Paris churches. Kneeling before the altars are women of all stations in life, in deep mourning, engaged in prayer, but you can see that they are oblivious to the priests' voices, to the

MURPHY, in Oregon Journal

The Auctioneer

ORR, in Nashville Tennesseean

"Fill it in yourself. The price is no object."

HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

The Road to Paris

SATTERFIELD, in Satterfield Cartoon Service

The Sacrifice

sound of soft music that steals through the edifice, to the incense-blurred candle light; their thoughts are far away, and they are trying to pierce the veil of holy calm and evoke the picture of the unknown grave.

But although, as I have written, the graves of our fallen must perforce remain unknown graves for most of those who have lost relatives in the war, for those strangers who with the gradual clearing of the country are able to visit the fields where their heroes are interred, they are not unknown graves, but the graves of the unknown. I hear of the parish priest of a little commune from which the invader has been chased who almost daily visits the resting-places of the unknown dead. What matter if his prayers be said over Catholic or Protestant? That tiny mound hides from life some child's father, some woman's husband, some mother's son. These are not unknown graves to him, but the graves of the unknown.

On the Day of the Dead I was on the recaptured plains of Alsace. The minute bell was tolling from the tower of a neighbouring church, and I met groups of Alsatian girls, accompanied by sisters of mercy, who were laying a few humble flowers on the mounds of turf dotted about the country. They did not know who rested beneath, whether he was young or elderly, comely or gross, but they knew that he had shed his blood to relieve Alsace of the German yoke. That was enough. His relatives may never know the spot where his body reposes, but of one thing they may be sure, that this unknown grave will be the object of tender solicitude at least on the day of the year when France pays its universal tribute of respect to the memory of those who have gone.

The bereaved feel the need of something more tangible than the vision imagination furnishes of the unknown grave. It is a consolation to know that somebody, praying over the grave of an unknown, may be praying for their lost one. But it is not all that their aching hearts demand. I don't think I have ever heard anything more pathetic than this story of a scene in a Paris cemetery the other Sunday afternoon. Hanging on one of the arms of a brand-new stone cross at the head of a railed-in tomb was a wreath of immortels with the sad inscription:

To My Beloved Husband.
Killed in Action.

Grasping the railings was a young woman in deep mourning. She was so engrossed in her thoughts that she did not notice the approach of another woman in widow's weeds, and started violently when the newcomer said to her:

"Pardon, madame . . . I don't think I know you!"

Interrupted so unexpectedly in her reverie, the young woman turned half round, and with a faint, embarrassed smile, she stammered:

"No . . you don't know me . . no!"

Then, pointing to the wreath, she added quietly: "I read on that what your loss is. Mine has overtaken me in far Lorraine, and I don't know where he is buried. I have been praying, madame, over the grave of his brother-in-arms . . . an unknown grave . . . because I cannot pray over his resting place."

"Your husband, too, I suppose?" inquired the real widow, sympathetically.

A burst of tears revealed the truth.

The widow clasped the other woman by the hand. Together they knelt in prayer beside the grave which had become the common altar of their double sorrow.

SATTERFIELD, in Satterfield Cartoon Service

Modern Civilisation

STEELE, in Denver Post

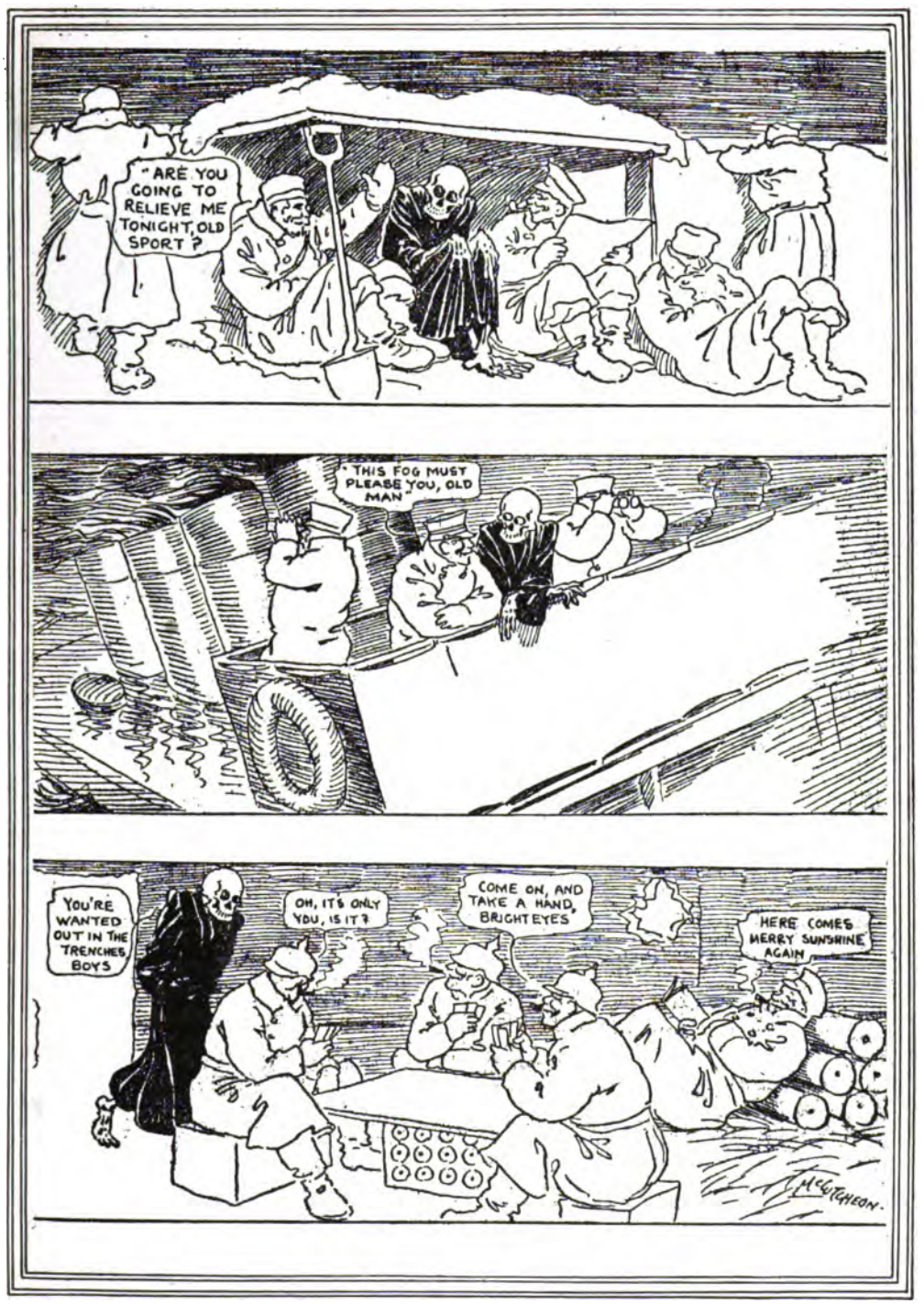
Glorious War!

The European Minute-Man

Golgotha, the Place of a Skull

MORGAN, in Philadelphia Inquirer

Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.


"ARE YOU GOING TO RELIEVE ME TONIGHT, OLD SPORT?
"THIS FOG MUST PLEASE YOU, OLD MAN"
YOU'RE WANTED OUT IN THE TRENCHES BOYS
OH, IT'S ONLY YOU, IS IT?
COME ON, AND TAKE A HAND, BRIGHT EYES
HERE COMES MERRY SUNSHINE AGAIN
J. McCUTCHEON.

Copyright, John T. McCutcheon

McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune

Getting Used to Having Him Around

H. GERBAULT, in Le Rire, Paris

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

IN PARADISE

"We have come to look for our little sister. Mamma said the Germans have sent her up here."

—AND IN HELL

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

A. JOHNSON, in Kladderadatsch, Berlin

Lord Roberts: "That looks like one of Kitchener's concentration camps."
The Devil: "Well, you see, even we down here have to keep up with the times, and have the latest torturing devices."

With the War Poets

"GOD PUNISH ENGLAND!"

Translated by G. Valentine Williams

The amazing outburst of hatred against England in Germany is responsible for a new form of greeting which has displaced the conventional formulas of salutation and farewell: "God punish England!" (Gott strafe England!) is the form of address, to which the reply is: "May God punish her!" (Gott mög'es strafen!). This extraordinary formula, which is now being used all over Germany, is celebrated in a set of verses by Herr Hochstetter in a recent number of Lustige Blätter. In its way this poem is as remarkable as Ernst Lissauer's famous "Hymn of Hate."

THIS is the German greeting
When men their fellows meet,
The merchants in the market-place,
The beggars in the street.
A pledge of bitter enmity,
Thus runs the wingèd word:
"God punish England, brother!"
"Yea! Punish her, O Lord!"

With raucous voice, brass-throated,
Our German shells shall bear
This curse that is our greeting
To the "cousin" in his lair.
This be our German battle-cry,
The motto on our sword:
"God punish England, brother!"
"Yea! Punish her, O Lord!"

By shell from sea, by bomb from air,
Our greeting shall be sped,
Making each English homestead
A mansion of the dead.
And even Grey will tremble
As falls each iron word:
"God punish England, brother!"
"Yea! Punish her, O Lord!"

This is the German greeting
When men their fellows meet,
The merchants in the market-place,
The beggars in the street,
A pledge of bitter enmity,
Thus runs the wingèd word:
"God punish England, brother!"
"Yea! Punish her, O Lord!"

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

The London Daily Mail's Reply to the Foregoing

"GOD punish England!" is the prayer you utter;
"God punish her!" your comrades make reply.
The merchant prince, the beggar in the gutter
Send this petition to the Throne on high.
Yea, let the wrath of Heaven be incurred
By her who dared to keep her plighted word!

In earlier days, indeed, we heard you calling
On God, as on a vassal, for His aid.
Here was no prayer, but a blasphemer's bawling,
So well you thought to ply your butcher's trade.
The world was yet to conquer, but you claimed
Heav'n as a subject province, unashamed.

You owned a "wrong"—and well the word was spoken—
To her whose cruel tale the world may read,
But laws of God and man alike were broken
If but the end might serve your instant need,
And blood of babes and mothers, foully slain
To smooth your path, might call to Heav'n in vain!

Your crimes must bring no curses, but your neighbour,
Who dared before a weaker race to stand
And stay the devil's work at which you labour,
Must know the wrath of Heav'n at your command!
And yet 'tis meet. At last you stand revealed,
Your own false god to whom you have appealed!

—London Daily Mail.

THE DESTITUTE OF BELGIUM

An Appeal to America

SEVEN millions stand
Emaciate, in that ancient Delta-land;—
We here, full charged with our own maimed and dead,
And coiled in throbbing conflicts slow and sore,
Can soothe how slight these ails unmerited
Of souls forlorn upon the facing shore!
Where naked, gaunt, in endless band on band
Seven millions stand.

No man can say
To your great country that, with scant delay,
You must, perforce, ease them in their sore need:
We know that nearer first your duty lies;
But—is it much to ask that you let plead
Your loving kindness with you—wooing wise—
Albeit that aught you owe and must repay
No man can say?

—Thomas Hardy, in London News and Leader.

A DEBT OF HONOUR

OLD ENGLAND'S dark o'nights and short
Of 'buses; still she's much the sort
Of place we always used to know.
There's women lonely—hid away,
But mills at work and kids at play,
And docks alive with come and go.

But Belgium's homes is blasted down;
Her shops is ash-heaps, town by town;
There's harvests soaked and full of dead;
There's Prussians prowling after loot
And choosing who they'd better shoot;
There's kids gone lost; there's fights for bread.

It's thanks to that there strip of sea,
And what floats on it, you and me
And things we love aren't going shares
In German culture. They'd 'a' tried
To spare us some, but we're this side.
It's so arranged—no fault of theirs.

Them Belgians had the chance to shirk,
And watch, instead of do, the work;
But no! They chose a bigger thing
And blocked the bully; gave us breath
To get our coats off. Sure as death
They're Men—a King of Men for King.

Don't think they're beat with what they've got,
And begging pennies, 'cos they're not.
It's this—their job is good and done;
They're fighting-pals; they're hungry, cold;
We owe for blood that's more than gold—
A debt of honour, or we've none.

They've stood for us; for them we'll stand
Right through; and so we'll lend a hand
Until the foe's account is quit.
That happy day is working through;
But, meanwhiles, it's for me and you—
Well, dash it, pass along your bit.

—Punch.

THE HEROES

IN THAT Valhalla, where the heroes go,
A careful sentinel wandered to and fro
Before the gate, burned black with battle smoke,
Whose echoes to the tread of armed men woke.
And up the fiery stairs, whose steps are spears,
Came the pale heroes of the blood-stained years.

There were lean Caesars from the gory fields;
With heart that only to a sword thrust yields.
And there were Generals decked in pride of rank,
Red scabbards swinging from the weary flank;
And slender youths, who were the sons of kings,
And barons with their sixteen quarterings;
And while the nobles went with haughty air
The courteous sentinel questioned: "Who goes there?"
And as each came full lustily he cried
His string of titles ere he passed inside.

And presently there was a little man,
A silent mover in the regal van.
His hand still grasped his rifle, and his eyes
Seemed blinded with the light from Paradise,
His was a humble guise, a modest air,
The sentinel held him sharply: "Who goes there?"

There were no gauds tacked to that simple name,
But every naked blade leaped out like flame,
And every blue-blood warrior bowed his head;
"I am a Belgian private"—this he said.
Men's cheering echoed through the battle's Hell:
"Pass in, mon brave," said that wise sentinel.

—M. Forrest, in Sydney Bulletin.

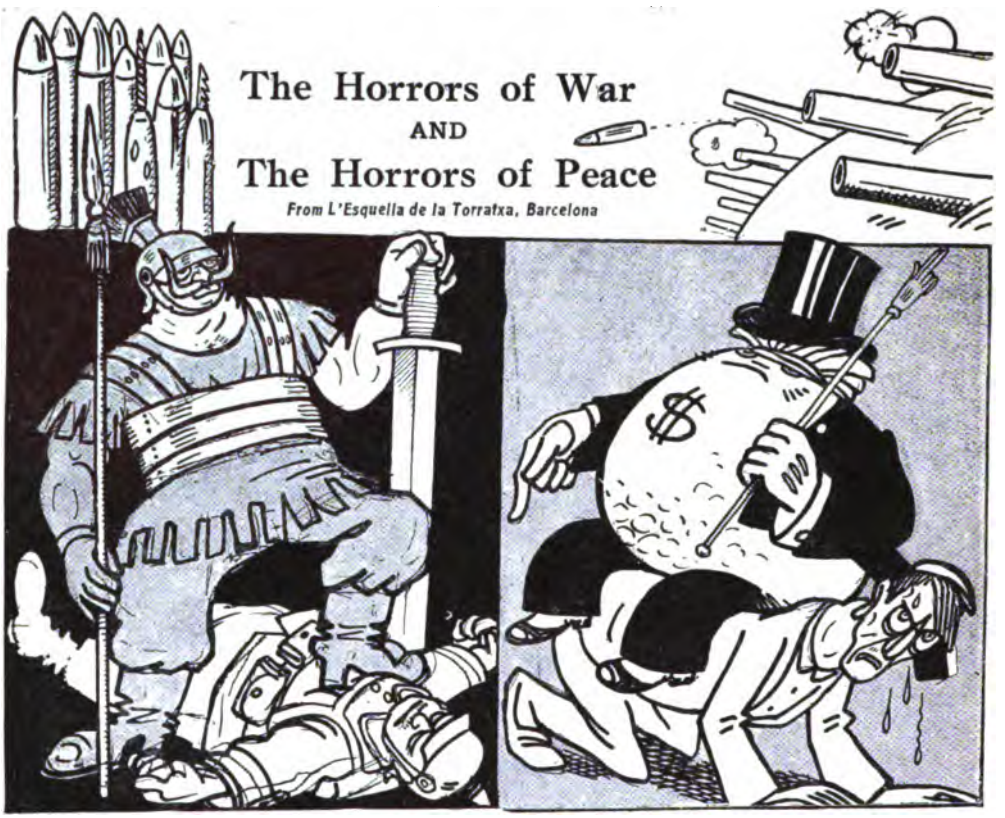
A CHANT OF PEACE

Annette Kohn, in New York Herald

It is refreshing after the "Hymn of Hate," and the similar poems this hymn has inspired, to read the following verses by an American writer:

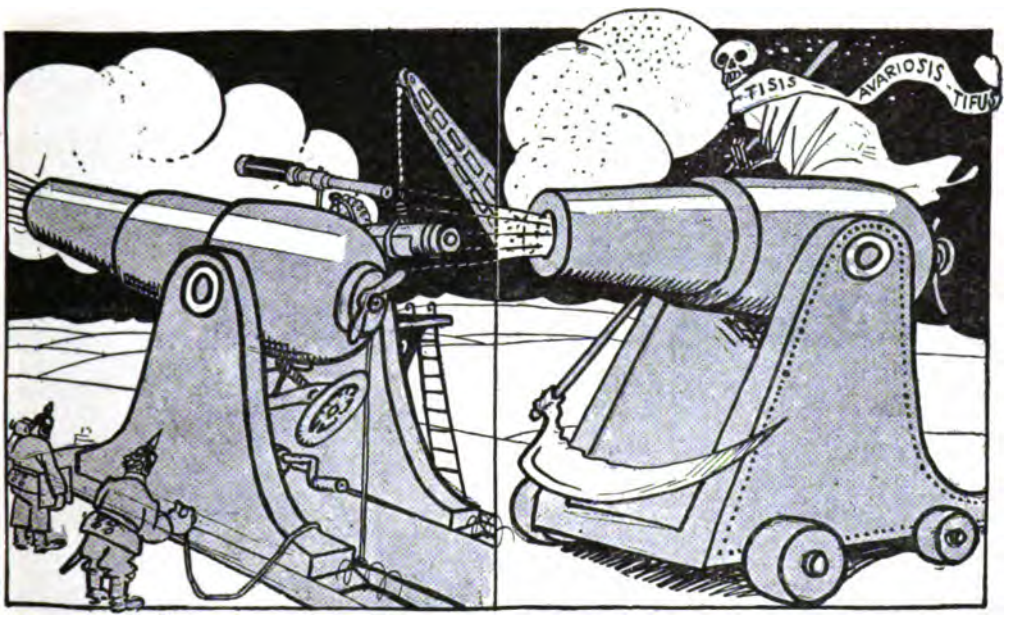
GOD of the nations all,
Of all the nations God,
Let all the gods be slain
And Thou reign God alone.
By rivers red with blood,
From trenches deep and wide,
O'er meadows piled with dead,
From ruined hearths and homes,
From widows faint with woe,
From orphans left forlorn,
From mothers blind with tears,
From maidens robbed of hope
Invisible will rise
A chorus that shall swell
To shake the ravished earth
And drown all other sounds.

Its voice it will make heard,
So that the shot and shell,
The steel and flaming torch,
And all these fires of hell,
Destroy hate, envy, lust,
The greed of land and gold;
Burn out of human hearts
The passions that consume.
Turn soldiers back to men,
And men to brothers all;
Turn bullets' songs of death
To seraphs' songs of peace.
When all false gods are slain
Thou, King, shalt reign alone;
O'er all the seas and lands
Thy banner float of PEACE.



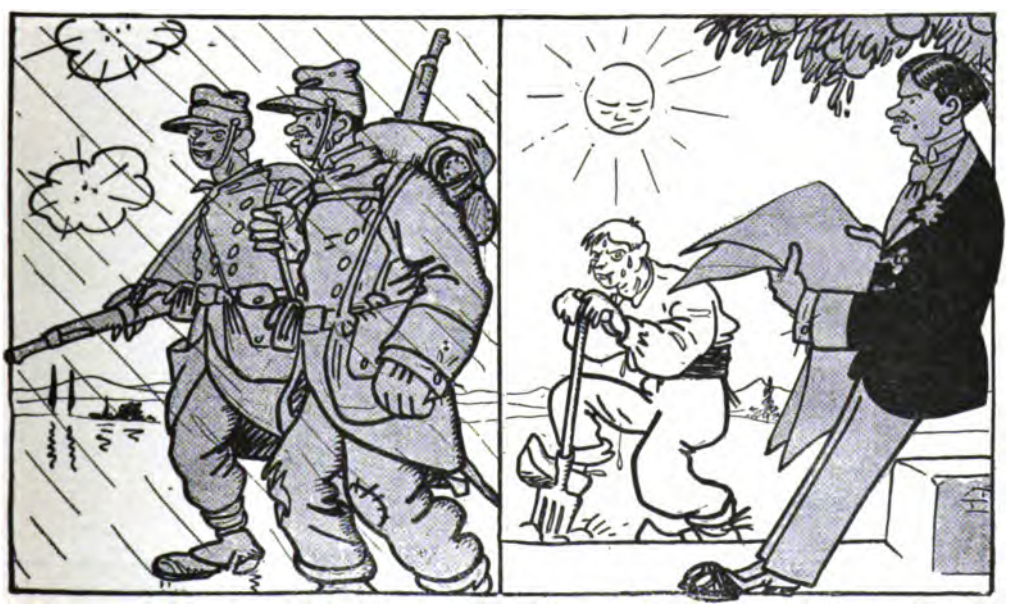
The Teutons in War **The Teutons in Peace**

To Death for Liberty **To Death for Slavery**

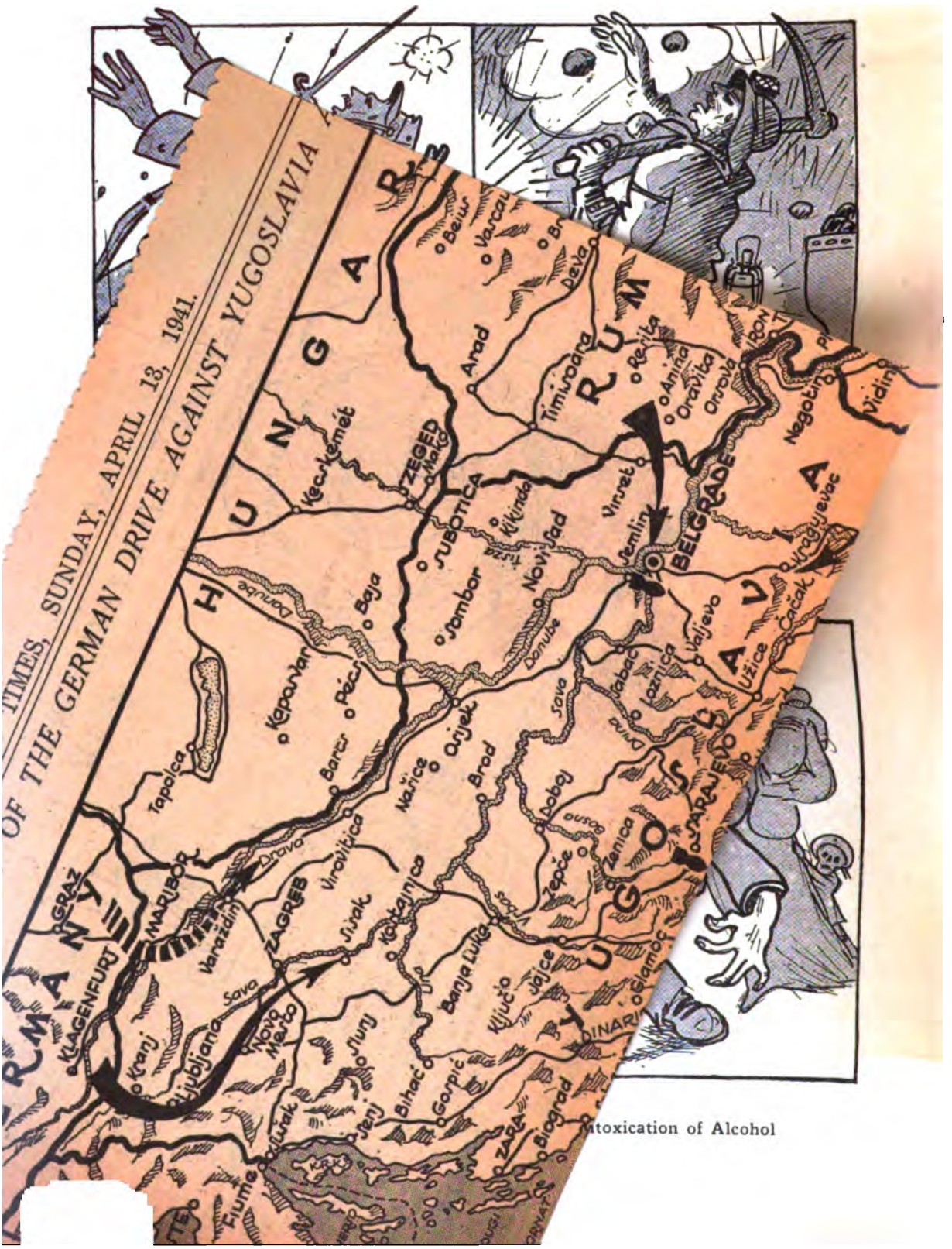


A Thousand Victims a Day **A Thousand and One**

In this cartoon Death is shown in the guise of Typhoid and Tuberculosis, claiming more victims than the scientific engine of war.

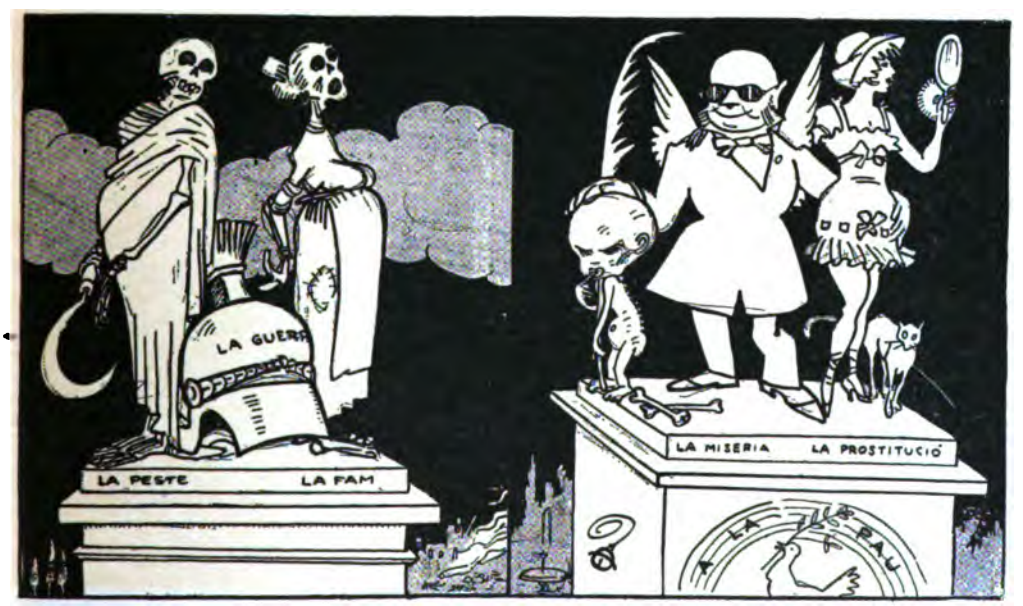


War Makes for a Certain Equality **Peace Knows No Such Thing**

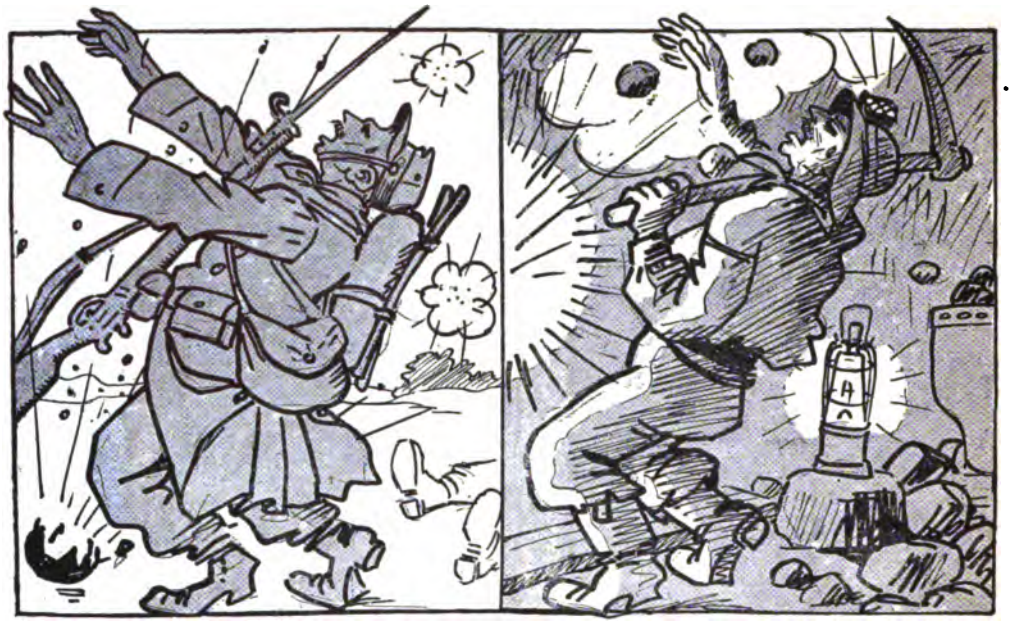


toxication of Alcohol

Evacuation — Dispossessment



Companions of War — Companions of Peace



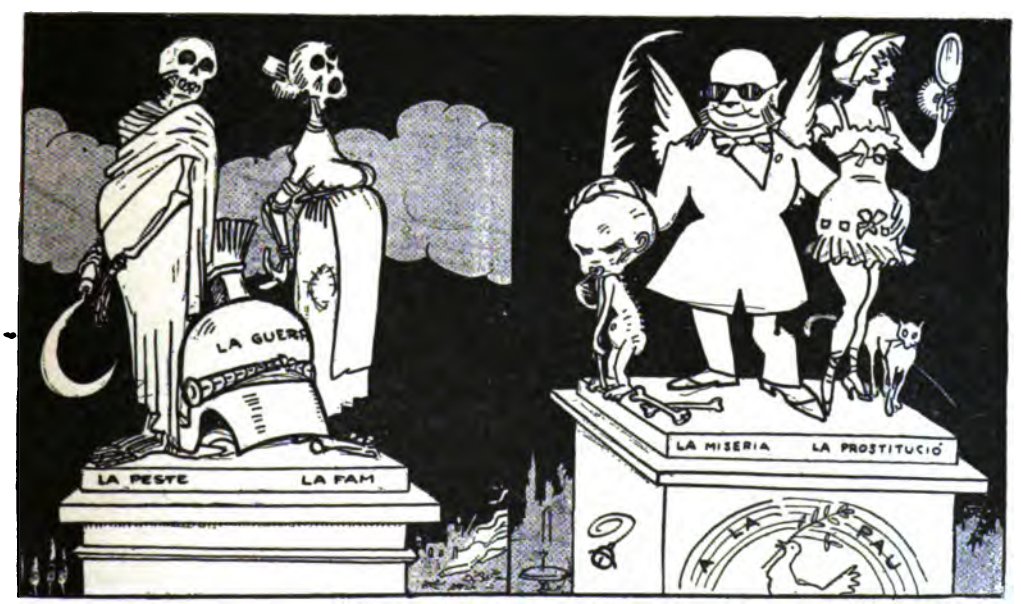
An Incident of War Time

An Accident in Times of Peace

Intoxication of Blood

Intoxication of Alcohol

Evacuation **Dispossessment**



Companions of War **Companions of Peace**

TAKING THEIR WORD FOR IT

Recent Notable Sayings from Olympus

MANY who, judging us by outward appearances, term us barbarians do not seem to know the great difference between civilization and Kultur. Great Britain is the most highly civilized nation. One perceives that fact in the drawing-room, but to possess Kultur means to have the deepest conscientiousness and the highest morality. My Germans possess that. —Emperor Wilhelm of Germany.

Whatever sympathy the German Swiss may feel towards Germany, the French Swiss towards France, or the Italian towards Italy, it is nothing like as warm and as intimate as that which each Swiss feels towards his fellow Swiss. Whoever violates our neutrality will force us to become the allies of his enemy. —President Motta, of the Swiss Confederation.

From Nebelspater, Zurich

Wilson: "My dear Europe, medicine will do you no good. You must keep to your room and have a thorough rest. I shall pray for you."

The action of a navy is necessarily slow. The pressure which it exerts on the adversary does not stop. Compare it to the forces of nature, to the inexorable grip of winter, and remember that nothing can resist that pressure.—Winston Churchill, First Lord of the British Admiralty.

We fight primarily, of course, for self-preservation, but if we did not believe that in doing so we were fighting for the very foundations of what makes life tolerable—for individual liberty, democracy, and the sanctity of treaties; for the right to believe in chivalry and altruism, to save alive at least a modicum of sentiment in our struggle for existence, neither Frenchman nor Englishman (I speak of the majorities) would have had their whole hearts in thus dropping their coats of peace.—John Galsworthy, British playwright.

Some day I shall ride into Brussels again at the head of the Belgian army.—King Albert of Belgium.

To violate the Hague conventions, to violate neutrality and treaties as Germany has done in the case of Belgium is a dreadful thing and represents the gravest kind of international wrongdoing, but it is less contemptible than the indifference shown by the United States in its tame acquiescence in a wrong which it had solemnly undertaken to oppose. — Theodore Roosevelt.

Nothing could have been finer than the coolness and courage shown in every case where ships have been sunk by mines or torpedoes. Discipline has been perfect, and men have gone to their deaths gallantly and unselfishly. One hears on all sides of numerous instances of men giving up on those occasions a plank which has supported them to some more feeble comrade, and I feel prouder every day that passes that I command such men.—Admiral Jellicoe, of the British navy.

Germany will not be crushed. Our people have learned how to save many times more than England saves. Our increase in wealth in the last decade and before is sufficient to keep our armies in the field much longer than is generally supposed. We can maintain with care the equilibrium between home production and consumption. Every foot of our soil will be put to the best of use.—Dr. Bernard Dernburg, formerly colonial minister of Germany.

We have been able to show to the world that an organized democracy is able in a vigorous manner to serve the ideals of liberty and equality which make it great.—M. Viviani, Premier of France.

My chief maxim for this war is the dictum of the old Scottish reformer, John Knox, that a man with God is always in the majority.—Emperor Wilhelm of Germany.

THE FIRES OF SPRING

According to the cartoonists' fancy

DONAHEY, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Quick, the doctor, George. He has swallowed the pole beans and the pumpkin seeds!"

DONAHEY, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Harold, was there ever such a beautiful spring as this?"

TEMPLE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Navigation Opens

WAR AS SEEN BY A MASTER HUMORIST

Leo Valdiluci, in Noi e il Mundo **Translated for Cartoons Magazine**

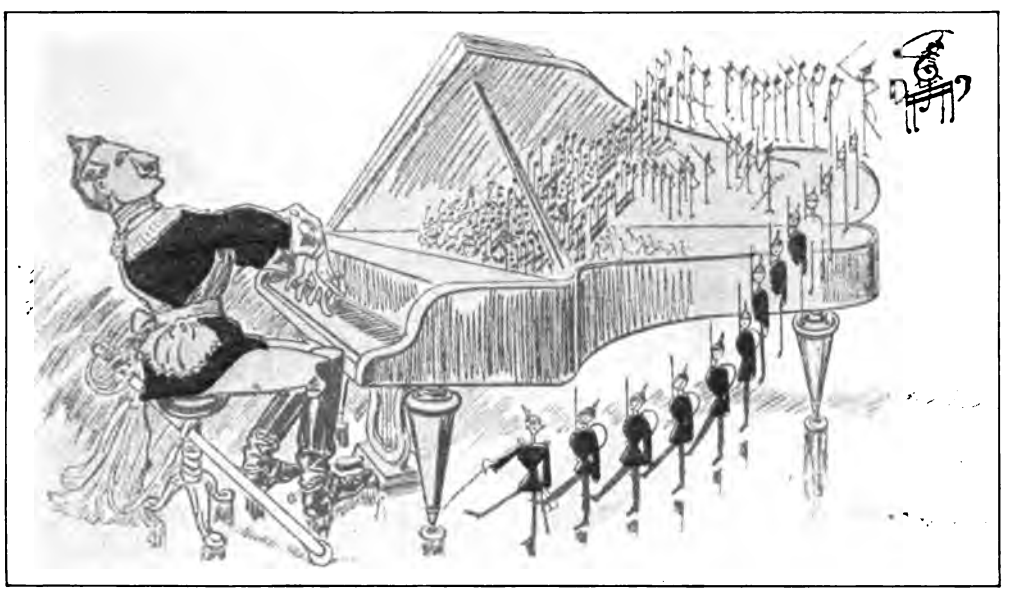
LET us for a moment turn away from the brutal realities of war and—through the eyes of one of the greatest as well as one of the wittiest of caricaturists—see how that awful spectacle may in its various phases afford material for an occasional smile.

CARAN D'ACHE, the great master of caricature, who died at Paris in 1909, accomplished so much during his 51 years of life—he was born at Moscow in 1858—that few artists who lived longer have equaled his record.

A survey, even the most casual, of his life work cannot be given in the space at my disposal. I shall therefore confine myself to those most characteristic of his humorous pictures which, in view of present circumstances, have the spice of actuality. These are, moreover, the works in which he displayed the most salient feature of his splendid gift, his predilection for military and warlike subjects. He had a passion for uniforms, crests, and accoutrements; he had a marvelous knowledge of the history of military costume—so intimate, in fact, that even in his most crowded pictures the minutest detail is always correct, never slighted. This perfect mastery of the "property" enabled Caran d'Ache to express himself easily in the synthetic style—which was of his own creation—of the silhouette. At least, if he was not the originator of this particular genre of "stories without words," he was among the first to popularize it, and the greatest.

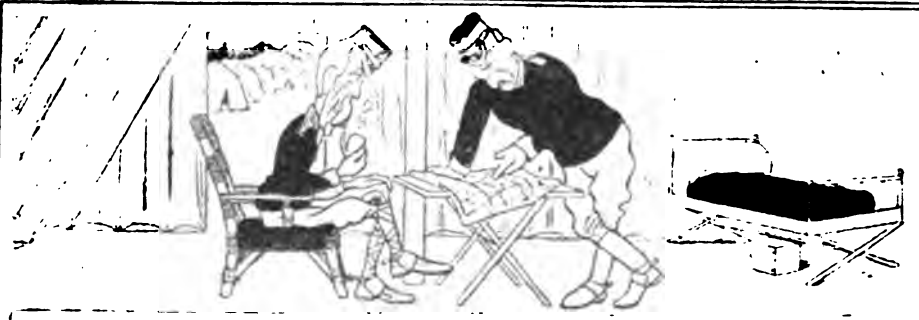
He loved to draw serial pictures, and in his "Epopée Napoléonienne" he has given us the most enjoyable of these wordless serials, which, by the way, are so little mute that he who looks at them receives the impression not only of seeing, but of "reading" the whole story.

Take for instance the "Napoleon's letter to Murat." Begin to decipher, picture by picture, the wild adventures, and you will soon find yourself absorbed in the most fascinating "reading" as the story grows in action, and events crowd one upon the other. Observe how well expressed is the imperial dignity of the "little corporal" on horseback as he appears in the first picture; how this postage-stamp miniature impresses one with the vastness of a colossal statue. Then follow the scene between the emperor and his adjutant, the latter hurrying forward at a sign from his sovereign and general. In the humble servility with which the officer salutes his superior—removing his hat and standing bare-headed before him, as would your porter on seeing you pass out on Christmas morning—Caran d'Ache has condensed an entire dialogue, as witty, as terse, and irresistibly comic,



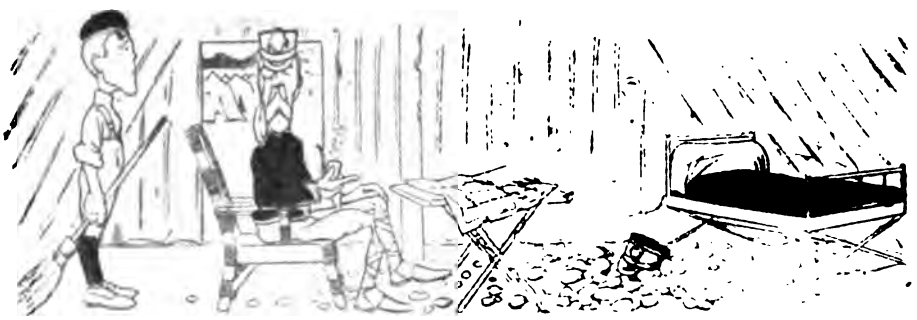
HYMN TO PEACE

Impromptu Which Always Ends in the Creation of a New Army Corps—By Caran d'Ache



The British General and the Chief of Staff

The Sudden Arrival of a Shell



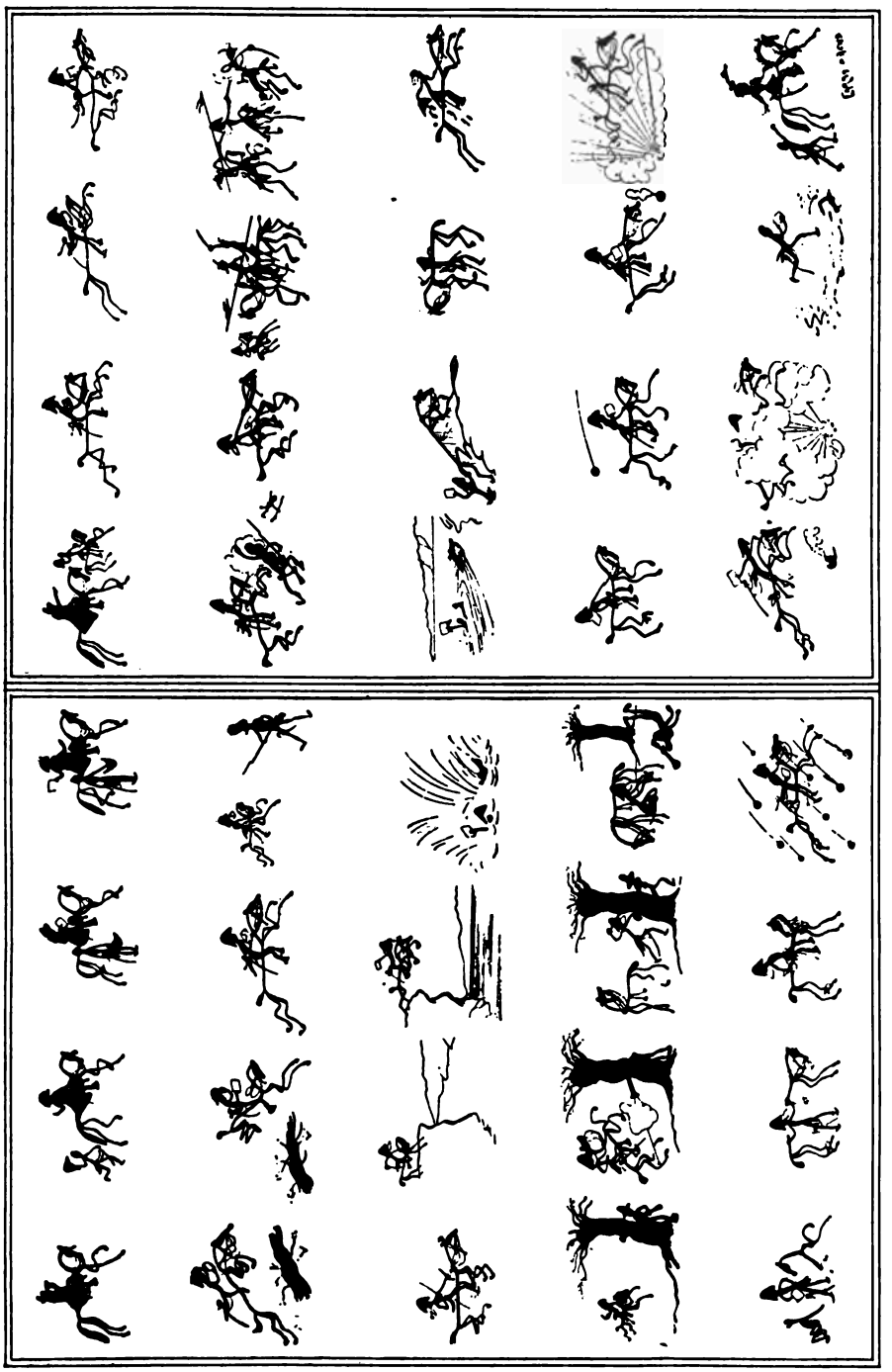
The General: "Orderly, clean up the remains of the Chief of Staff, and call the second in command."

as you would find in the most uproarious farce. Note also how carefully detailed and how convincingly told the rest of the story is.

And, by all means, keep your eye on the horse, particularly his anatomy. This "filiform" mount, reduced to the very quintessence of indispensable line, and divested of every accessory, races, jumps, gallops, swims, balks at the sight of the bomb, neighs plaintively when his leg is hurt—in short, is as fully alive as any painted or sculptored equine masterpiece that ever lived or breathed.

Caran d'Ache's greatness lies, above all, in his unyielding artistic conscience: he never sacrifices truth even when he wishes to express the absurd or fantastic. Another great quality of his is temperance. It is in the nature of a caricaturist's art that it should hurt something or somebody. And the sting of caricature can be, and often is, poisonous.

In Caran d'Ache's pencil, though he fought famous battles with it, and kept up bitter polemics, there was never a suspicion of venom. Even in the hottest fight he remained the gentleman, loyal, above-board,



A Letter from Napoleon to Murat

moderate, and always in good faith. Nor did he ever overstep the line that separates refinement from vulgarity.

Thus his victims always acknowledged his magnanimity in the arena where he wielded the pen against the vices, faults, and foibles of the world.

Once, indeed, a caricature of his won him the lifelong friendship of one who always had been an irreconcilable opponent. Between Francesco Sarcey, the dramatic critic, and Caran d'Ache had existed a complete rupture, due to their widely divergent views on art. Intellectually they seemed truly incompatible.

Sarcey, who was a confirmed vegetarian, had a dog. One morning the animal rushed out upon a butcher and bit him in the calf. Court proceedings followed, and Sarcey had to pay a heavy fine. The occurrence, owing to the critic's prominence, caused no little stir in Paris, and many who knew of the bad blood between Caran d'Ache and Sarcey confidently expected that the great caricaturist would grasp the opportunity to heap ridicule upon the vegetarian. Sure enough, there appeared in Le Figaro the distressing and pitiful story of Sarcey and his dangerous pup, told in a series of cartoons.

The first showed Sarcey busily engaged in initiating the ferocious dog into the delights of vegetarianism, and saying: "When my dog has become a vegetarian he will no more covet his neighbor's calf." Sarcey offers the canine nothing but garden truck. The first morning Fido turns his head away in disgust; on the second morning he sniffs suspiciously at the carrot his master throws him; on the third, the poor beast, seeing his saucer still empty, turns his eyes, full of reproach, on Sarcey, who is expatiating on the merits of a cabbage-stalk diet for dogs. Meanwhile the unwilling subject grows leaner and leaner, until in the last episode, thin as a rail, and starved as a wolf, he tears his chain, springs upon and sinks his teeth in the calf of another butcher boy who happens to be passing.

The very next day Sarcey went to see the caricaturist, and embraced him. From that time on they were fast friends.

Similarly in his war cartoons, which formed so great a part of his work, Caran d'Ache always kept within the bounds of good taste. Even against the Germans—"La revanche" is the subject of about a dozen of his drawings—he did not launch his satire with that violence which characterized the work of so many other French caricaturists. Thus it is said that Wilhelm II of Germany has in his private collection many of Caran d'Ache's originals in which the master humorist has served up the kaiser with all kinds of sauce.

O'GALOP, in Le Rire, Paris

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

HOCH! POOR GRETCHEN

"Rubber? Here you are! Copper? Here's my near-gold jewelry. Men? How about me!"

"Germany is reported short of rubber, copper, and men."—News dispatch.

Boches!

On, Pitou! Carry the Flag Well!

THE following series, "Boches!" (Germans) by Ricardo Flores, one of the most famous of the Parisian cartoonists, is one that promises to become historic. Each drawing is a masterpiece executed in the best style of the modern French school, and the series reflects well the attitude of the French mind on the present crisis. Flores is one of the staff artists of Le Rire, and was formerly one of that brilliant galaxy of artists whose work appeared in L'Assiette au Beurre.

"GOD WITH US"

Strike Hard, Said Von der Goltz

THE EMPEROR OF THE GERMANS

His Signature—A Scrap of Paper

PROTECTION FOR

"The infantry should never it feels it has sufficient shelter."

THE TROOPS

hesitate to advance as soon as
—Duke of Wurtemburg.

NOW, ALL TOGETHER

The Kaiser Changes Front

THE CHICKEN FOR THE POT

"And I meant to eat it in Paris on August 15."

Apache: "No use talking. There's a real Apache chief."

RETREAT FROM EAST PRUSSIA

"Don't worry. This time he goes back home."

Ten Million Germans

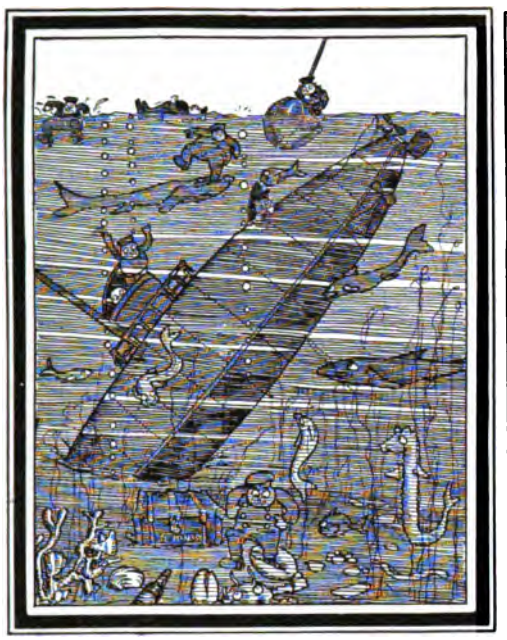
Sewell Collins in the London Tatler

Ten million Germans
In the battle line,
One went through Belgium—
Then there were nine.

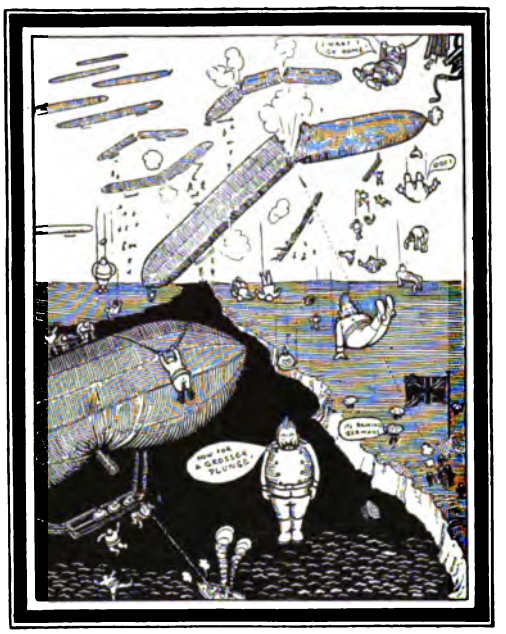
Nine million Germans
At an awful rate,
Charged the French machine guns—
Then there were eight.

Eight million Germans
With orders straight from Heaven,
Tried to cross the Vistula—
Then there were seven.

Seven million Germans
Tried their spying tricks,
Encountered Tommy Atkins—
Then there were six.



Six million Germans
Thought they'd do a dive,
In their little submarines—
Then there were five.



Five million Germans
In Zeppelins galore,
Tried to fly to England—
Then there were four.

Four million Germans
Sailing on the sea,
Met the British navy—
Then there were three.

Three million Germans
With nothing else to do,
One said "Surrender"—
Then there were two.

Two Million Germans
Trying hard to run,
Too much iron cross to bear—
Then there was one.

One Million Germans
Thought the war was won,
Stopped to decorate themselves—
Then there was none.

OUR BRAW BARE KNEES

[Vide Lord Rosebery's eulogium on kilted regiments.]

O! WHA wad march in troosers
Like a chiel frae Southron lands,
O! wha wad ask for "music"
Frae your braying brazen bands
When the Hieland pipes are skirling
Wi' their streamers on the breeze
And the breath o' heaven's sighing
Roond our braw bare knees?

If ye wadna' shame yer hameland
Wear the sporran, kilt, an' skean
For a regiment o' Scotties
Is a sicht to glad the een.
And when Rosebery behauds us
He's as envious as ye please,
An' he wusht the wind was whustlin'
Roond his braw bare knees!

There's folks that hate the Scotties
And the bonnie claes they wear,
An' the German he reviles them,
For they fill him wi' despair.
Whene'er he sees them coming
His hairt begins to freeze
And he races frae the deevils
Wi' the braw bare knees!

—C. E. B., in London Evening News.

FISTS IN THE TRENCHES

WE 'AD got a bit mixed in the trenches,
There wasn't no room for to spare,
And the terrible crush in the mud and the slush
Was more than a party could bear,
I 'ad two or three middling-sized Bosches
A-standing a top o' my toes,
And when one made too free with 'is baynit with me
I lands 'im a dunt on the nose.

There's persuasion, I know, in a baynit,
Which same it is 'ard to resist,
But w'en mixed with a Bosche in a regular squash
You can't beat a smack with the fist.
The German's no use as a boxer,
Not 'andy enough with 'is paw,
W'ile e's messin' about he'll be fair down and out
To a thunderin' smack on the jaw.

They say we are nailers at shootin',
W'ich it isn't for me to deny,
But it's far better fun to be droppin' your gun
And givin' the Bosche a fat eye.
Yes, that's how the thing would be settled
If men wasn't idjuts and fools,
And we'd alter the map by a nice little scrap
Fought out under Queensberry rules!

—London Evening News.

A CARTOON THAT CAME TO LIFE

"La Patrie's" Most Charming Form—Mlle. Delysia

From London Sketch

In its holiday number the Sketch published an etching by Icart entitled "La Patrie"—a symbolic figure draped in the tricolor of France. Mlle. Delysia has been giving a living production of this figure at the Ambassadors' theater, London, in the revue, "Odds and Ends."

WHAT THE CARTOONISTS ARE DOING

SOLONS WOULD MUZZLE CARTOONISTS

A bill has been introduced into the Alabama legislature, which, if it becomes a law, will fix a penalty for the publishing of a cartoon of any prominent person. The bill is supposed to be aimed at the Alabama cartoonists who have been picturing the legislators of that state in a rather uncomplimentary light.

Frank M. Spangler, of the Montgomery Advertiser, in an amusing cartoon, pictures the legislature recoiling from the reflection of its own visage in the mirror of public opinion.

"This proposition is simply ridiculous," says the Birmingham News in support of the cartoonists. "It will make the average newspaper reader smile that a sacred class is to be made of officeholders and office-seekers, for they are the bulk of prominent people whom newspapers cartoon.

"A cartoon is a semi-editorial expression, and a powerful method of reaching public opinion, because ridicule and sarcasm are vividly presented to the eye. Both weapons have always been wonderfully effective on the stump, and there is no reason why the press should be deprived of their use. In fact, such a bill is a distinct effort to muzzle the press, and is an infringement of its constitutional powers. It is not probable that any court would sustain such a measure."

MAY REPEAL CARTOON LAW

An obsolete cartoon statute may be repealed by the California legislature, now in session, according to the Sacramento Bee. The "native son" lawmakers, many years ago, decided that it was illegal for cartoons to be printed in newspapers, and accordingly drafted a law prohibiting the publishing of caricatures in the daily prints. The law was observed for several years, but its injustice was so apparent that it became a dead statute, and has not been observed for over a decade. An editor in the legislature, however, objects to the law and is making an effort to have it erased from the statute books.

SPANGLER, in Montgomery Advertiser

"If this goes through," writes Spangler, referring to a bill before the Alabama legislature to abolish newspaper cartoons of public persons, "I may be looking your way for a job."

PROF. KNATSCHKE IN PARIS

Writing in the Cornhill Booklet, Kate Meldram Buss calls attention to "Hansi's" quaint creation, "Prof. Knatschke," the near-sighted pedagogue, who after a two days' visit to Paris writes his impressions of French "Kultur.' Hansi, or Johann Jacob

Knatschke, in Paris

Waltz, to give him his real name, is unpopular enough with the Germans even without this caricature of German achievement. The cartoonist-author, who is now at the front, and who has been decorated by the French government, first offended with his "Mon Village," the description of an Alsatian village, which heaped all sorts of ridicule upon the Germans. For publishing it he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, which, needless to say, he has not served.

"Prof. Dr. Wilhelm Siegfried Knatschke-Koenigsberg," we are informed, "writes of men and morals, of custom and tradition, of tendency and consummation, in deliciously naive ignorance of any one of his subjects, and in utter disregard for the varying fillip of white grape and hop. To all appearances it is Professor Knatschke who is writing the book, not Hansi, and he condescends to publish his Germanically-tilted deductions for the enlightenment of his brothers in Alsace who persist in preferring Gallic foible to Teutonic perfection. He wanders about Paris, finding it, in so short a time as it takes to walk from the Madeleine to the Porte Saint-Martin,—depraved, impolite, and inefficient."

Hansi also includes in this volume, which is published by Floury (Paris), the diary of the professor's daughter on a visit to Alsatian relatives.

BUSHNELL PLEADS GUILTY

Cartoonist E. A. Bushnell admits that he never in his life knitted a sock. He made this confession to the Kokomo Tribune recently in a note, written in answer to the complaint of a reader who objected to the way he pictured a woman knitting socks for soldiers. The letter follows:

"One of your readers has come to the conclusion that I am not much of an expert on knitting because in my cartoon entitled 'Mothers Knitting Socks for Soldiers,' the mother appeared to be finishing the sock at the top instead of at the toe. I plead guilty. I never knitted a sock in my life.

"The cartoonist has a hard row to hoe. He must not only know his own business, but he must know everyone else's business as well. I once drew a picture of a man for the Cincinnati Times-Star, and the editor of the paper subsequently received a letter from a dentist who denounced me as a faker because I had not drawn the man's teeth according to his ideas of the way it should be done. We cartoonists do the best we can, and I think we study life and people more thoroughly than anyone else. Try as hard as we will to be absolutely accurate in all things, we of course must make our share of mistakes, being only human."

SWISS SEIZE BIASED CARTOONS

"Apparently the Swiss censorship does not like pictures," says a dispatch from Berne, printed in the European edition of the New York Herald. "It was on account of a cartoon that it recently ordered the seizure of the Herald," the correspondent continues, "and later it did the same with postcards of Rheims Cathedral as it is since German 'Kultur' took it in hand.

"The censorship also ordered the seizure of a great variety of postcard caricatures of the enemy, which word is here taken to mean Germany.

"The latest move of the censorship has been the seizure of the Matin for having pictorially pilloried the kaiser as the head of a sort of Ali Baba band. The seizure was unproductive, however, the paper having sold well before the authorities got under way."

BRADLEY OF THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

The Scoop, official publication of the Chicago Press Club, recently published an appreciation of L. D. Bradley, of the Chicago Daily News, in which it pays high tribute to the genius of the man who has attained national renown as a cartoonist since the beginning of the war.

Luther D. Bradley

"Luther D. Bradley has been doing newspaper cartoon work continuously for near upon twenty-five years, and doing it well," says the Scoop. "But while he was recognized as a man of ideas and a master draughtsman in his own way, his public was local until Europe exploded in war. That stupendous outbreak gave him a new key, and he sprang into national prominence at a single stroke. He was moved not so much to indignation as to sorrow, to profound sympathy for whole peoples desolated and left helpless; and to a sense of failure in a civilization so laboriously built up, so suddenly disrupted.

"He was able to see the core of things, and show it to others. The war was not a month old when his first great cartoon, 'Education for the Heathen,' startled the country to attention. The certainty that sweeping sacrifice of virile men will leave to future generations a fatherhood of weaklings, brought out another one showing Europe sending out her strong men to kill each other, and assuring them that those left behind would take their places in continuing the race. It was a thing of sharp significance—its contrast of perfect manhood on the way to death, with the shriveled old and shrimpish young who were to stay at home.

"Bradley is a man, long experienced but newly famed, a genius who responded when occasion called, and who has come into his own. He is an agreeable personality, mature in thought and feeling, full of human kindness. It was this last that roused him when the guns began to roar.

"Bradley has had a curious career. After a few years of business in Chicago he found himself in Melbourne, Australia, in the course of a trip around the world, in the early eighties. He intended to stay a few days there waiting for the steamer to San Francisco, but he staid eleven years. Let him tell the rest in his own words:

"'The delay,' he says, 'was caused by an impulse to send a cartoon to a little local paper. I never had drawn a cartoon or thought of doing so. The editor wrote me that the paper had just died from other causes—so my skirts were clear. But he said he was going to start another, and would use my efforts. Thus I became entangled with Life, a weekly publication. Later I edited the paper, and after a few years went to Melbourne Punch, where during five years I worked at cartooning and editing. Returning to Chicago in 1893 I drew cartoons for the Journal and afterward for the Inter-Ocean, and then, beginning in 1899, for The Daily News; and am still at it.'

"At a moderate estimate, he has in his time drawn at least six thousand cartoons. The fact is its own comment upon his fecund originality and his gift of industry."

A GENUINE TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

W. A. Rogers, of the New York Herald, tells a story which expresses one of the most sincere and homely tributes which could be paid to Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Rogers was traveling in the South twenty years ago and met a niece of Robert Toombs, powerful leader in the South. Miss Toombs was then just out of school.

"Do you know what we used to do to all the pictures of Yankee generals that we found in the history books?" she asked Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Rogers did not know and admitted it.

"We took a pencil and scratched up their faces," said Miss Toombs, with pretty ferocity.

Mr. Rogers shuddered.

"But there is one picture that I never could bring myself to mar," said the girl. "It is the picture of Abraham Lincoln. I never could make up my mind to touch that."

BUSHNELL'S GOOD LUCK

Dreams don't come true every day, and fairy godmothers remain pretty well in the background. But the unusual has happened to E. A. Bushnell, cartoonist of the Central Press Association, of Cleveland. Bushnell awoke one morning last month to find himself the beneficiary under the will of an unknown admirer. A letter from the editor of the Rockville (Ill.) Star informed him that a Mrs. Ann Hibbard of that city had remembered him handsomely in her will.

"She was very much interested in your cartoons," wrote the editor, "and often spoke of them when she was in the office, and she was seldom down town but that she paid us a visit."

Bushnell will devote the money to the completion of his studies. He has been studying at the Cleveland Art Academy and at the Kokoon Art Club. "I feel very proud of this," he writes, "not from the financial standpoint, but from the sentiment that prompted the legacy. I never met or heard of Mrs. Hibbard, and you can imagine my surprise on learning of her generosity. She couldn't have left her money to a more ambitious person."

Bushnell's success has been due entirely to his own efforts. He began life as a cowboy, and with only a natural aptitude for drawing, entered the cartoon field some twenty years ago. His first cartoon appeared in a Cleveland newspaper, and showed Mark Hanna as "the power behind the throne" standing behind McKinley's chair.

THE PASSING SHOW

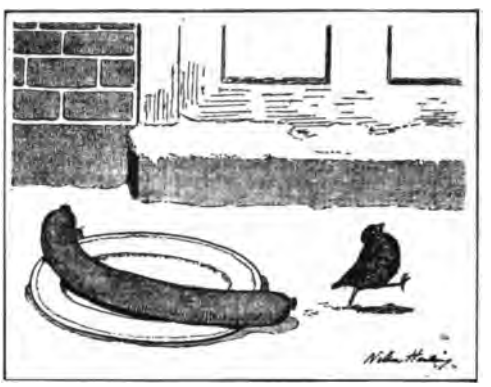
Under the above title, the St. Joseph News-Press has printed a selection of the best cartoons of the year by W. Hanny, of its staff. In the introduction to the book the editors of the News-Press say:

"In 'The Passing Show' the News-Press cartoonist, Mr. W. Hanny, is really giving a pictorial review of the year. The cartoonist's pencil records the political and historical events, not losing sight, however, of the homely every-day problems that are part of the life of nearly every family.

"Mr. Hanny has found favor with the magazines and newspapers. Over one-third of the cartoons used in 'The Passing Show' have been reproduced in the Literary Digest, Cartoons Magazine, Review of Reviews, Los Angeles Times, Harper's Weekly, London Sketch, and others."

Will Owen, the London cartoonist, has been giving humorous lectures illustrated with some of his cartoons on lantern slides on behalf of the Belgian Relief Fund.

TACT



HARDING, In Brooklyn Eagle

Mr. Harding, cartoonist of the Brooklyn Eagle, proves to be as good a poet as he is an artist, and in a recent issue of the Eagle, woos the muse to the following effect:

THE TEST

WHEN chatting with a native of any warring state
Be careful to say nothing that possibly would grate
Upon his tender feelings, or give his nerves a wrench:
For instance, do not say "Bon jour," or try to air your French
When greeting any person who is obviously German;
Try not to sing "God save the King" to Heinrich, Hans or Herman.

Oh! read not the Staats Zeitung to any British chap,
Nor dine a Herr Professor if your butler be a Jap.
Detain Teutonic callers a moment at the door
While you make sure there are no scraps of paper on the floor.
Beg not the Russian 'cellist to play "Die Wacht am Rhein,"
And stop to think before you drink to Joffré in a stein!

Don't offer English sparrows the lengthy Wienerwurst,
Or try with English Breakfast tea to slake the dachshund's thirst.
A little tact when visiting may oft prevent a fuss—
Don't say, "I'm fond of pretzels," if your host should be a Russ,
Nor pelt the "little German band" with Belgian paving blocks,
And by no chance hail sons of France with three resounding "Hochs!"

—N. H.

WHAT THE CARTOONISTS ARE DOING

THIS is the day of hurry up. Headlines of stories only are read by busy men. The cartoon feature tells a story, impresses it upon the reader's mind more vividly and with a more lasting effect than a half column of the written newspaper story.—Governor George H. Hodges of Kansas.

"LOST—A CARTOONIST"

Citizens of Virginia, Minn., are afraid they have lost H. Hume, a cartoonist who dwelt in their peaceful village until recently. Says the Virginia Enterprise:

"Grave fears that they have been stung assail erstwhile patrons of H. Hume, cartoonist, who recently made arrangements to make cartoons of a number of 'prominent Virginians' at $10 a cartoon and no change back.

"Hume was an artist of real merit and he had no trouble in persuading two of the most reputable newspapers on the range that he had a proposition of merit and getting agreements with them to print the art stuff. One of them is located at Hibbing. It printed a want ad apropos of the matter in hand which began 'Lost—one perfectly good cartoonist.' It wants Hume's address.

"Hume had little trouble in interesting a number of local business men who are always willing to cheerfully contribute their share of local newspaper enterprises in his cartoons. He showed them the cartoons after they had been finished, everybody pleased, some few delighted and several paid their bills on the spot.

"Hume left Virginia recently. Hard on the heels of his departure came a deputy sheriff from Crookston, Minn. He was equipped with a warrant to take Hume back to Crookston to settle a board bill of $248, but he missed his quarry. Mr. Hume left no forwarding address at the local hotel where he was a guest so the deputy sheriff was compelled to 'sadly turn away.'"

The Decorah (Iowa) Republican pays this tribute to J. N. Darling (Ding), of the Des Moines Register and Leader:

"According to Webster's dictionary the word 'ding' means: 'To throw violently; dash; fling; drive; to excel; to get the better of; to beat.' That describes 'Ding,' the cartoonist of the Register and Leader. 'Ding' has all the attributes stated when it comes to driving home ideas with his pen."

TO DEPORT SERVIAN CARTOONIST

B. P. Bakrock, formerly editor of a Servian paper at Anaconda, Montana, is to be deported as soon as conditions in Europe quiet down, according to the Standard of that city. Mr. Bakrock is alleged to have libeled a countryman in a cartoon he drew for the National Idea last summer, and the Federal authorities decided that he is an undesirable citizen.

While in jail at Anaconda, Mr. Bakrock drew a number of cartoons for his fellow prisoners, and when released on bonds, presented the sheriff with an original drawing. The cartoon shows Servia battling the giant Austria, while the world applauds the pluck of the small nation which has been mixed up in three wars within two years' time.

"Old Doc Yak," Sidney Smith's comic character in the Chicago Tribune, is to make his debut in the movies. It is a real flesh-and-blood "Doc" who appears as the curtain is drawn, cleverly made up in whiskers and papier-maché horns. The thespian presently fades out of the picture to be replaced by the real "Doc" of pen and ink. "Doc," by the way, was a performer in the recent minstrel show given by the Chicago Automobile Club.

Christy Walsh, of Los Angeles, believes that there is more money to be made in drawing up briefs and wills than drawing cartoons. He has abandoned the brush and pencil for the calfskin. Mr. Walsh recently passed the California state bar examination and plans to hang out his shingle soon. His ability with the pen may help while away the hours while waiting for clients.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Henderson are entertaining a "young cartoonist" who arrived at their home recently.

Five "Phifebirds" in Various Attitudes, Sketched by Luther C. Phifer, Cartoonist of the Worcester Telegram

MAY

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

25 CENTS

WAR BOOKS

THE first intimate, vital and trustworthy accounts of the great war crisis can now be obtained in book form. Everyone wants all the reliable information he can possibly get regarding this momentous event which will affect the future of the whole world. The following books can be depended upon to be authentic and are written by men ably qualified to handle so great a subject.

Germany and the Next War

By General F. Von Bernhardi
Great Exponent of German Militarism

Authorized American Edition. This book discloses Germany's war plans for the crushing of England and France. Bernhardi's programme, as outlined in this book, is actually being carried through.

Price 85 Cents, Postpaid

The War and America

By Hugo Münsterberg
Of Harvard University

No writer of the century is better qualified to discuss the world issues now at stake than this great German-American. His book will be read with eager attention and respect. **Price $1.10, Postpaid**

The Secrets of the German War Office

By Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves, Secret Agent

The author was for twelve years a spy in the Kaiser's service. He exposes the details of secret missions that have had a startling influence upon the present war. He also reveals for the first time the intricate and sensational operations of the great German Spy System. **Price $1.60, Postpaid**

Germany's Fighting Machine

By Ernest F. Henderson

Divided in three parts: **The War,** in which the author gives a clear and authoritative statement of Germany's position; **The Army,** in which he discusses in detail the marvelous organization which has so challenged the wonder of the world; **The Navy** covers both the fleet of the open seas and the fleet of the open air. 100 Remarkable Photographs. **Price $1.35, Postpaid**

Men Around the Kaiser

By F. W. Wile

The only book giving complete and accurate information about all of the great German warriors, statesmen, business men, scholars and all those who figure most prominently in the affairs of that country at the present moment. By a man who has viewed German affairs at closer range than any other American outside of the Embassy. 30 Portraits. **Price $1.35, Postpaid**

The Germans

By I. A. R. Wylie

A timely, comprehensive and valuable survey of conditions in Germany and an intimate, masterly, vital and graphic picture of the German people on the eve of the great conflict. Written without bias or partisanship by one of England's foremost writers after many years of residence in Germany. **Fully Illustrated.**

Price $2.15, Postpaid

War's Aftermath

By D. S. JORDAN and H. E. JORDAN

With an Introduction on the Present European Conflict.

A study of the effect of our Civil War on the quality of manhood in the South which will attract the attention of all students of history. The authors have gone deeply into conditions of the South before and after the war, presenting some startling results as to the deterioration of the quality of stock occasioned by the lamentable waste of the war.

Price 85 Cents, Postpaid

War Atlas

Large 20 page (11 x 15 in.) atlas of the war in Europe, containing large colored scale maps of the battle-ground — Europe, Austria, Servia, Germany, England, Belgium, France, Russia, Italy, Greece, The World, etc. Special data showing comparison of armies and navies involved, pictures of rulers, etc. **Price 30 Cents, Postpaid**

Any of the above books sent postpaid upon receipt of the price by

POPULAR MECHANICS BOOK DEPT.

78 E. Madison Street, CHICAGO

VOL. 7 MAY, 1915 No. 5

Cartoons MAGAZINE

H. H. WINDSOR, Editor and Publisher

Published Monthly at 6 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

IRELAND, in Columbus Dispatch

He's a Patient Old Cuss

EDMOND CERIA, in Le Rire

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

THE INUNDATION OF FLANDERS

"Here are all my matches gone again. Confound that Belgian idea of flooding the country."

Why Paris Smiles

How the French Artists, Many of Them at the Front, Cheer Up Their Countrymen by Their Sketches

FRANCE has sent her artists to the front. That illustrates the wastefulness of war. Men of talent, of genius, even, who might serve their country in a better capacity—who belong not to France, but to the world—are used up as so much "cannon fodder."

Yet it cannot be said of the French artists and caricaturists that they are stay-at-home fighters. What satire their pens are capable of is accomplished on the firing line. These cartoonists, at least, do double service, battling with their pens as well as with their swords.

Thus the Parisian comic journals have been greatly handicapped. It hardly can be expected that an artist working in the trenches amid bursting shells can be capable of such good work as he might produce in the quiet of his studio. But still, the pictures are made somehow, and Paris still laughs. Possibly, also, these rather unfinished drawings and this impromptu humor are more poignant from the very force of circumstances. They lend a certain element of actuality to the pages in which they appear.

Everywhere during these war times, whether in the trenches, in the cottages of the peasants, or along the crowded boulevards, the humorous situation may be found. The smile always lurks somewhere. The little inconsistencies, the little gibes at the enemy, Piou-piou's little flashes of optimism, the inexperience of the reservists—these in France, as in Germany or England, supply the material of which jokes are made. It is even possible to derive fun from misery, as, for instance, in the drawing by M. Leroy in Le Rire, which is to Paris what "Life" is to New York.

Here we see an aged refugee, the picture of despair, his worldly goods bound up in a patched table cover, deposited at his feet. He has had his dinner at the home of a middle-aged couple in good circumstances. Benevolence radiates from the faces of the host and hostess, while a comfortable lamp, a soup tureen, a flask of wine, and a loaf of bread on the dinner table speak of the contrast between their position and his.

But inconsistency were ever a human failing, and the sympathetic though somewhat too-curious host says, between puffs at his cigar: "Now, my good man, that you have dined with us, tell us about the massacre of your children." The patronage; the unconscious cruelty; the touch of morbidness on the part of the good couple—were qualities ever more universal?

It is little wonder that the heroes of the fighting line sometimes break under strain and have hallucinations. One can appreciate, therefore, the hysteria that comes over the German prisoner as depicted in Le Rire by Meunier. He is confronted by nothing

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

M. LEROY, in Le Rire

INCONSISTENCY

"Now that you have dined with us, my man, tell us about the massacre of your children."

more formidable than a very plump and very good-natured old apple woman with her push cart. But in his eyes, grown accustomed to horror, the cart assumes the proportions of a field gun—an idea ingeniously carried out by the artist. The heaped-up apples seem to resolve themselves into a pyramid of cannon balls. A tarpaulin, rolled, and attached to the side of the vehicle, suggests the barrel of the cannon, while the illusion is made still more dreadful by a placard over the apples, reading "75." The new 75-millimeter gun! The glory of the French artillery!

The soldier's thoughts are portrayed in a cloud effect in the background, where amid billows of smoke from bursting shells a bayonet charge is in progress. Can you blame the frightened uhlan, then, for kneeling abjectly before the approaching engine of war, holding up his hands, and pleading with the apple woman not to fire?

Any number of little picture stories illustrate the unfailing good humor of the trenches. Here is one from L'Illustration. Two comrades are seated vis-a-vis. "Twenty-five days," complains one, "have I spent in these trenches. Nice lodgings, I say."

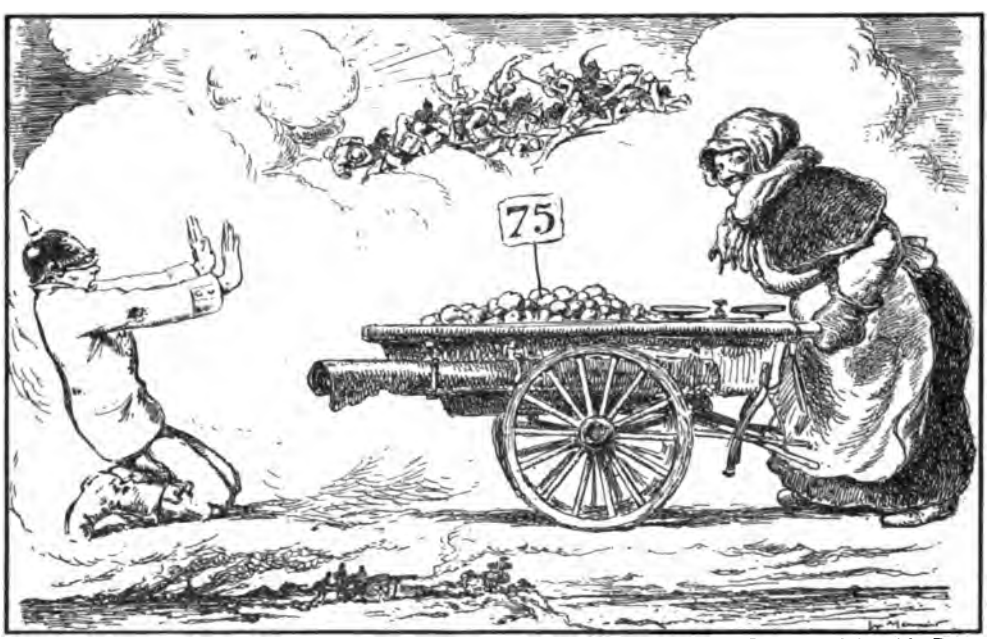
"Well," returns the other, a born optimist, "there's no rent to pay. What are YOU kicking about?"

Another scene reveals a party of four playing bridge in the trenches. A shell has just exploded, interrupting the game. "Let's see," says one of the players, quite unmoved by the occurrence, "where were we?" "Well," replies another, "just as that shell burst over us, you had trumped your partner's ace."

As might be expected, home cooking is not among the joys of camp life, and it is little wonder that Piou-piou, though overlooking such minor discomforts as a snow storm or a hail of lead, should complain occasionally of the menu. And here again we have the optimist and the pessimist. "A war cook book," the former remarks enthusiastically, "is to be published." "Pshaw!" exclaims the other in disgust. "That won't give us anything to eat."

Nor are the sleeping accommodations at the front all that they might be—at least, according to one artist, who entitles his sketch "Troubled Slumbers." "I cannot sleep," sighs one reserve, sentimentally, "for thoughts of home." "For my part," states his more practical comrade, "it's the fleas."

Enthusiasm is not always patriotism, and false patriotism is confined to no one nation. Punch not long ago had a portrait of an English youth stopping with his motorcycle in front of a souvenir store. "Great Scott!" exclaims the lad, "I must do something. Dashed if I don't get some more flags for the old jigger." A counterpart of this enthusiast appears in the pages of Le Rire. He rushes breathless into a café. "Wonder-



M. MEUNIER, in Le Rire

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

HALLUCINATION
"No, no! Spare me!"

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

A. NOEL, in Le Rire, Paris

ANYHOW
Vive la France

ful! Listen!" cries the patriot. "The Germans came in hordes; we cut them to pieces, made thousands of prisoners, and captured their trenches!"

"So you have just come from the front?" suggests a bystander.

"No; I read it in the newspaper."

The German satirists have had their fling at the Frenchmen for their ability as runners, for the tendency of their president to bestow indiscriminate congratulations, and for the lack of shoes and accoutrement on the part of the officers. The Frenchman, however, is ready with his own shafts of wit, directed especially against the reported shortage of copper in Germany, the kaiser's threat to enter Paris, and the alleged predatory tendencies of the "Boches."

One artist represents Wilhelm in consultation with his generals. A globe is set prominently on the table; a grotesque eagle perches on the back of the emperor's chair.

"Gentlemen," the kaiser is made to remark, "I wish to enter Warsaw before January."

"January of what year, your majesty?" quietly inquires one of the staff.

Again the emperor is shown—in his favorite attitude, according to some cartoonists—posing for his portrait. A rather sickly representation of his majesty is seen upon the canvas, and the artist asks:

"A sort of martyred expression, eh?"

"Very well," replies the subject, "it is for the neutrals."

A certain contrast between the real kaiser—who is made out to be an ogre—and the artist's conception, makes the wit more biting.

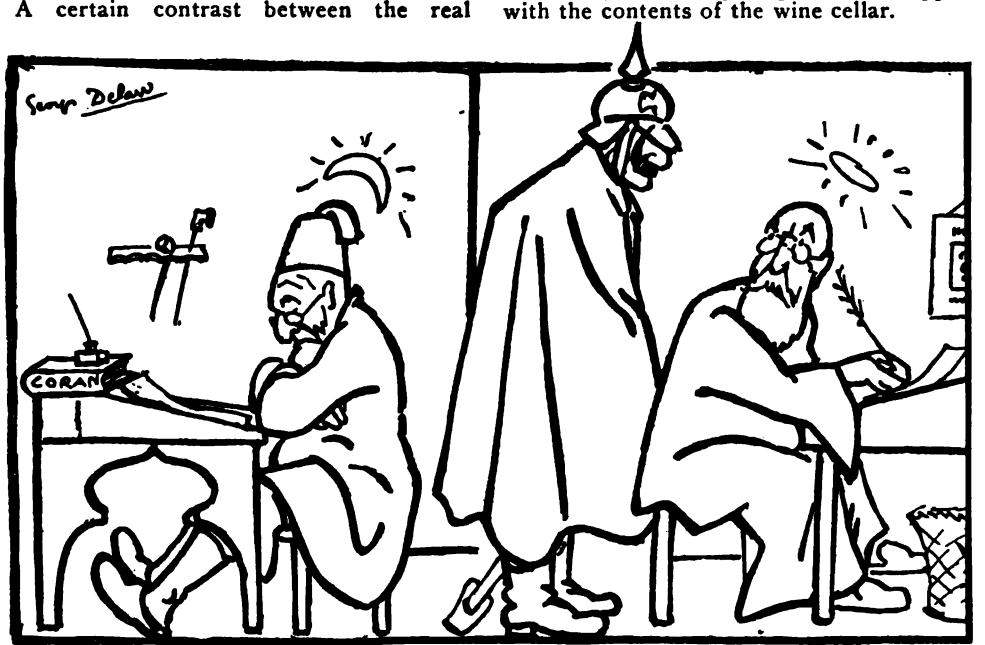
In another picture a German uhlan is bending down to apply "petrol" to Rheims and Ypres. Italy, wearing a boot suggested by the map of that country, approaches from behind. The uhlan, who represents Germania, offers a tempting opportunity, and indicates as much by observing: "I'm afraid he'll kick me."

That Germany will be forced to fall back as a last resort upon men not of the military age is the insinuation of numerous cartoons made not only in France, but in Italy and Great Britain. The mobilization of infants and old men is an idea that has occurred to many of the artists. A French cartoonist, for instance, shows Piou-piou in conversation with an aged Landwehrmann, whose rather warlike Pickelhaube contrasts strangely with his gray hairs.

"Are there no more men left in Germany?" inquires the Frenchman.

"Don't fool yourself," is the belligerent reply of the ancient. "We have quite a few centenarians left yet."

Ricardo Flores, perhaps the best known of the contemporary French cartoonists, gives us an amusing picture characterizing German thoroughness. The "Boches" in question are seen looting a well-furnished home in Belgium. Michael is portrayed stealing the clocks; a Herr Professor walks off with the picture; Gretchen empties the wardrobe, while the young officers disappear with the contents of the wine cellar.



G. DELAW, in Le Rire

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

Kaiser: "Well God, are you with us? Yes or no."

The Almighty (vexed at the Germano-Turkish alliance): "Address yourself to Allah, just opposite."

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

FABIANO, in Fantasio, Paris

Why She Lost Her Trick

The copper situation in Germany seems to make a special appeal to Gallic wit. Two reserves are seen conversing. "It says in the paper," observes one, "that all the copper is to be requisitioned in Germany." "If that is the case," the other replies, "I'd better tell my wife to hide her jewelry."

In one cartoon that deserves mention John Bull and Uncle Sam are portrayed. They are having a slight argument. "That isn't right!" protests Uncle Sam, whose cargo John Bull has held up; "let me sell my copper."

"Never," replies the other stoutly; "you sell it at wholesale, and we receive it at retail in the form of German cartridges."

Gibes on the supposed cowardice of an enemy are popular, of course, in any country. France is not alone in representing her foes as turning tail, and the point of any witticism of this kind is the sharper if directed against royalty.

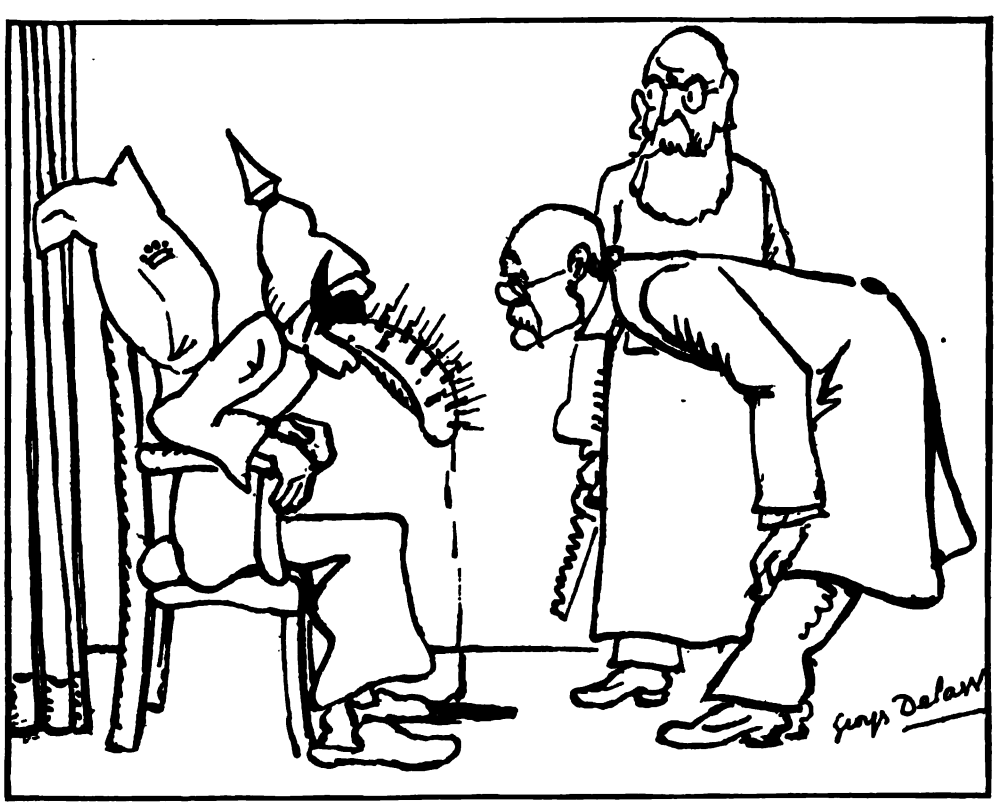
One of the artists of Le Rire gives us a scene in an officers' mess. The captain and the lieutenant are speaking. "Well, lieutenant, if you met the crown prince would you know him?"

"Really, I can't say, captain; we have never seen anything of him but his back."

This to the outsider may seem a somewhat elementary form of humor, as may also several of the foregoing citations, but it must be remembered that the audience is excited, wildly enthusiastic, and ready to applaud at anything that tends to add to the confusion of the enemy. Some of the English and German witticisms are little better.

The kaiser's habit of bestowing iron crosses on his soldiers, as well as his "acquaintanceship"—as it is interpreted—with the Deity, have furnished subjects for dozens of jests. One with a rather gruesome suggestion appears in a Parisian journal, and represents the burying of a lot of soldiers after the battle. Emperor Wilhelm is standing by while the survivors are busy shoveling iron crosses over the bodies of the fallen. "That's right," agrees the kaiser; "cover them with iron crosses, and let the fight go on."

Again his majesty is observed in the office of the Almighty. The Deity, distinguished not with the triangular "all-seeing eye," the Italian device, but with a halo, looks up from



GEORGES DELAW, in Le Rire

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

THE KAISER IS SICK

"Your tongue seems to be a little coated."

Another cartoon drawn at the front

the desk where he is engaged busily in his task of bookkeeping.

"Eternal Father," demands Wilhelm, "are you with us or against us?"

To which the Almighty, vexed at the Turco-Germanic alliance, replies: "Address yourself to Allah, whose office is on the other side." Behind the kaiser the Prophet is seen in a Turkish fez surmounted by a crescent, drowsing over the Koran.

One cartoon of which Turkey is made the subject must be seen to be appreciated. It is entitled "The Reenforcements that Turkey will send to cut off the Russian Army" and shows a long line of fat and pompous court eunuchs waddling, like so many geese, off to the front. It is, to say the least, an absurd variation of the cartoon in which the British suffragettes are portrayed fighting for England.

Naturally many of the cartoon shafts are launched against Austria, who finds herself seriously crippled as a result of the Russian battering. One Parisian journal presents Francis Joseph in the role of Blue-beard. He is informed that his army has been cut in two. "So much the better," he replies; "there will be two now, instead of one."

The darkening of Paris as a precaution against aerial raids also forms the excuse for an occasional bon mot. Cigars and bicycle lamps—according to the humorists—have come under the ban, but it remains for a French caricaturist to go even further. He pictures for us a beautiful damsel, star-eyed and radiant. One really could write odes about those eyes. The heavy lashes only accentuate their brilliance. They are like two blazing orbs or lumps of radium. Recklessly she flashes them upon a gendarme. But he, though gallant, is faithful to his trust. "Lights out!" he commands. "No night illumination here."

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

From Kladderadatsch

The Germans Get Even with "Hansi"

Here the Alsatian Cartoonist, mounted on a cow, is seen aiming a squirt gun at the Prussian Eagle. "Hansi," it will be remembered, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in Germany for his cartoon book, "Mon Village," which was interpreted by the German courts as treason.

BRADLEY, in Chicago Daily News

The Welcome that Awaits Her

ARMIES MASSED FOR SPRING CAMPAIGN

Allies Preparing to Release Vast Hosts for General Offensive

By Austin Harrison

THE war, according to Lord Kitchener, will begin in May. The month doubtless will see the greatest military operations ever known. Both Germany and the allies realize the task before them, and are prepared for the great struggle. Neither is now underestimating the strength of the other. It is possible that the war will narrow down to a death grapple between Germany and Britain. The work before Great Britain—if the crushing of 10,000,000 Germans is the end in view—will not be accomplished easily. Under the title "Beating the Germans" in a recent number of the English Review, Austin Harrison, editor of that journal, gives his views as to the final outcome.

THE German spirit has accurately been described as—action. Everything with the Germans is action. Even their philosophy may be called thought of action. Hence we have the German military axiom that the strength of a nation lies in its youth—i.e., fighting spirit. Hence, too, the German strategic law that the first and last object upon which the movements of the armies are to be concentrated must always be the enemy's main army. In a word, we find the offensive—the offensive in mind, in organised preparation, in national attitude, in policy, and so in war—as the central reason of German civilisation whether in design or in action.

From the first day of war the Germans threw away the great psychological advantage of morality which, though not necessarily acting adversely upon their own armies, yet gave to the forces of the Allies the inestimable strength of justice.

Without hope an army is a beaten army. Stagnation, damp, cold, exposure, dirt, privations, sickness, exertions, these things affect the Allied armies equally, of course, yet spiritually in precisely the contrary sense. The Allies bear them and will bear them because they are fighting for their countries, their homes, their rights, for every idea and ideal vested in nationality or citizenship, but the Germans are facing them for no such reasons. There is no poetry in their arms. They are fighting for no cause, for no wrong, for no human truth of idea or conscience, they are fighting solely for the uniform. That uniform they have sullied.

Politically—and the political side of war is the real factor in the situation—Germany already has been thrown on the defensive. Now, the defender is only victorious when he wins at all points—a consideration, in the case of Germany, impossible, provided the Allies hold together; whereas the attacker wins if he gains the upper hand in a single spot. Time, money, and sea-power, the three assets of German success, have passed irrevocably with the failure of the German initiative into the hands of the Allies.

BERNARD PARTRIDGE, in Punch

THE OUTCAST

A Place in the Shadow

IRELAND, in Columbus Dispatch

Enter Miss Spring

But if, politically, Germany has already been forced on the defensive, militarily she is still on the offensive, and it is a truth we must all face.

As the war now stands, the Germans are still, militarily, on the offensive, that is to say, they have not yet been beaten; they are to-day (on results) in the superiority. They are in almost full possession of Belgium and of a part of France. In Poland the German armies have repulsed the Russians in what amounts to two distinct campaigns. On neither side have they been pushed back; on neither side have their frontiers been seriously threatened. A condition of partial stagnation exists, which is likely to make itself felt till the thaw facilitates energetic operations.

As the German authorities anticipated, war has become no longer a question of manœuvre and strategy, but of long-drawn-out events, a matter of endurance, terminable as likely as not only with the inevitable exhaustion of one or other of the combatants. There can be no speedy results, and so no immediate rewards. The duties of the supreme command have become almost intolerably onerous. The genius of war has gone. Crushing victories have become well-nigh unattainable in view of the masses concerned, the tactical impossibility of rounding-up a retreating army, and the modern power of guns. As the difficulties of the offensive have increased, because the offensive seeks salvation in movement, which is precisely the condition so hard to carry out, so progress has become unduly slow and, without all precedent, dangerous to the attacking side. The elements of stalemate are constant, inevitable. It is to-day easier, and infinitely less costly, to act on the tactical defensive—which is the negation of war. The modern rifle, again, has been found too delicate an instrument, save in highly trained hands—as certain military authorities wrote before the war, ordinary conscript rifle fire has proved disappoint-

MINOR, in New York World

Spring in Europe

IRELAND, in Columbus Dispatch

What Her Call Means to Them

From Sucesos, Valparaiso, Chile

HOW LONG?

Lucifer: "It seems to me, Eternal Father, this war should be settled before long. There have been so many trespassers against the Fifth Commandment ('Thou shalt not kill') that I am running short of fuel."

From Grafico, Havana

The Theater of Europe

ing; it is now estimated at a hit per thousand shots. The individual soldier has become once more his own general.

These are not conditions ultimately favourable to German arms, for the latent reasons already explained. None the less, they are the conditions, and when the time comes for the Allies to change to the offensive, they will be faced by the same difficulties, both strategically and tactically.

It is in endurance that the Allies have to prove themselves worthy of the nobility of their cause; it is here, too, that just appreciation of the German war spirit is indispensable to the Allied success. No greater mistake could be made than to imagine that the goal is in sight; that the Germans are approaching the end of their tether in men, material, or determination; that their philosophy of war will fail them. None of these things is true. Scharnhost estimated that every fifteenth man was a good fighting man; indeed, the Germans have frequently fought up to that ratio. It is capable of enormous expansion. If the Germans are driven into their own territory, on the one side or the other, they may be expected to fight on a ratio of every twelfth or even tenth male. Sooner than yield their soil, they are as likely as not to mobilise almost the entire male population, from boys of fourteen upwards. War, carried into German soil, would give the Germans the moral faith they have wantonly thrown away. To every German the Fatherland means something sacred. He will fight for it, to a man. To anticipate anything in the nature of a collapse of moral is to misinterpret the German spirit. If we are to beat the Germans—and failure to secure the conditions necessary to civilisation would amount to a negative victory, leading inevitably to the resumption of the war at no very distant date—the Allies will have to destroy their armies, amounting eventually to some ten million men; will have to crush a spirit of war never before known in history.

In all probability we shall have to resort to conscription. The sooner the better. Only numbers will prevail, backed up by unconquerable endurance. As the result of five months of war, that is the situation and its prospect.

It will take a long time to beat the Germans; it will demand an enormous effort on our part, and it will only be accomplished through the united, concentrated violence of all the Allies. We have but to hold together for a year, for two, for three years, it may be, and we shall win.

"British authorities," says the Chicago Tribune, "are accused of withholding infor-

From Johannesburg Post (S. A.)

"PLUCKED."

The German Eagle: "Don't leave me, boys! Remember the old saying, 'Birds of a feather—'"
The Others (in pained chorus): "Birds of a WHAT!"

From Sucesos, Valparaiso, Chile

HIS PROTECTING SAINT

Wilhelm: "Are you, too, coming to congratulate me?"
Death: "I do not come to congratulate you, but to prostrate myself before you and take your orders."

mation as to the losses at Neuve Chapelle to avoid putting a damper on recruiting. The work of the new army which Great Britain has been sending into the field is to assist in clearing Belgium and France of Germans in the spring offensive. At Neuve Chapelle a mile or so of trenches were captured, and although the war office has been silent as to the cost it has been said that 18,000 men were lost in the effort.

"German losses also were large. A great battle was fought for supremacy on one small section of a line which runs from the sea to Switzerland. What then will be the cost, even if the allies be successful, of forcing the Germans back into their own territory?

"The war office evidently concluded that whatever it is to be it is nothing for the recruits to consider. They might indulge themselves mathematically and conclude that no one would survive the operations. The censor at least seems to think that the victory at Neuve Chapelle was one better not won if along with inspiring the nation it were allowed to deject it with its list of dead.

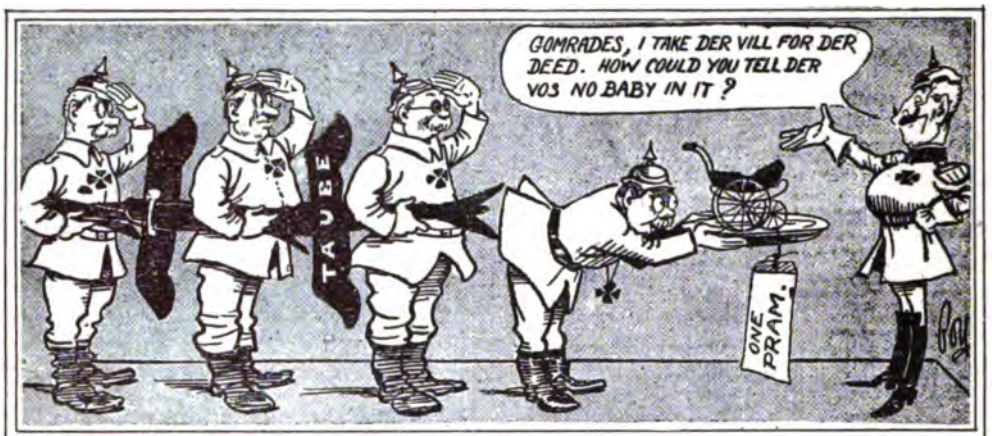
"An American, observing British enlistments, would be inclined to the opinion that they have done very well. They must regard this war as one which diplomacy has brought them into, even as diplomacy, handling the same facts, might have kept them out."

WEED, in New York Tribune

A Sign of Spring

STINSON, in Dayton News

If He Don't Watch Out—



"POY," in London Evening News

THE ESSEXPLOSION

Suggested fresco (or shall we call it fiasco) for the Berlin Hall of Heroes in honor of the Taube raid on Essex which resulted in the destruction of a baby's "pram," in Colchester.

RACEY, in Montreal Star

A HERO OF THE FATHERLAND

The Zeppelin flight commander receives the Iron Cross for murdering an old woman, an old shoemaker, and two little children.

From London Daily Express

THE RETURN FROM ESSEX

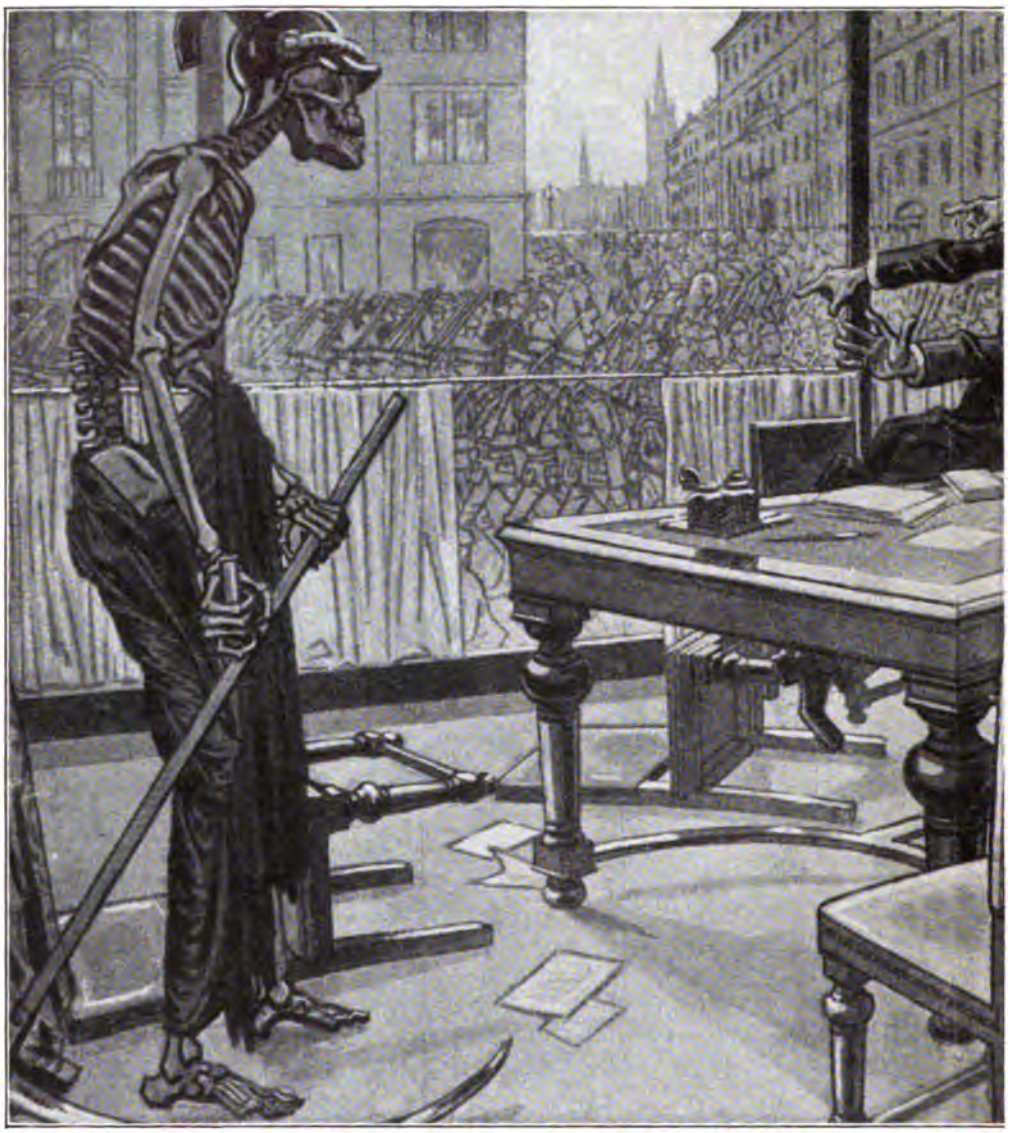
"You did your best and NEARLY killed a baby at Colchester, so here's an Iron Cross for you."

ANOTHER "LA PATRIE" IN LIFE

Miss Kay Laurell

Last month we published the portrait of Mlle. Delysia of the Ambassadors' Theater, London, in the charming pose suggested by Icart's cartoon in the London Sketch. An American girl, Miss Laurell, has now adopted the idea, appearing in the New Amsterdam Theater, New York

"PERFIDIOUS ALBION OUR ONLY FOE"



F. JUTTNER, In Lustige Blaetter

Grey and Company: "Not us; not the lords; take that paid

GERMANY seems to be entering upon a new phase of the struggle. She realizes now, according to the German press, that her very existence is at stake, and that England, rather than any other European nation, is her chief enemy. Early in the war, official and semi-official utterances gave the impression that a quick decision would be reached, but it is understood now that a grim struggle lies before her, and that the war will narrow down to one between Germany and England. Germany, however, is undaunted by the prospect, and rather glories in the fact that it is England that must be conquered if she is to enjoy her place in the sun. With this struggle in view, economy is urged on every side. While bitter hatred against the enemy has been expressed, a reaction seems to have set in, and many of the newspapers, led by the Socialist press, have been protesting against such manifestations of scorn.

THE BITTER CRY OF GERMANY

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

canaille out there."

Surrounded on every side, dependent almost on her own resources, Germany is still self-confident, and addresses herself to the task cut out for her with the same assurance with which she entered the conflict.

The conflict with England, as the Hamburger Nachrichten points out, will demand fresh exertions and sacrifices. "We shall do well to steel our hearts betimes." The Nachrichten declares that it is a mistake to underestimate the importance of the war with England, which is now only entering upon its first serious stage.

"In all the wars which she has waged in the past," continues this newspaper, "England has fought with persistence and endurance, which qualities will doubtless be again revealed in the present struggle. But we Germans are not only aware of our own powers and of the weak spot where we can pierce England's armour. We realise for what stakes we are playing.

"We know that the entire world is looking on at this war between Germany and England. The country which goes under in this struggle will lose beyond all words in the estimation of the whole world, while its fall will add power and prestige to the victor. And the recognition of the fact that the victory of England would destroy Germany's future for centuries to come must spur us on to the greatest efforts and sacrifices.

"A German defeat, apart from any war indemnity with which future generations might be burdened, would in all probability so cripple our resources that we should no longer be able even to contemplate the reconstruction of our military and economic forces or the creation of a fleet to vie with that of England.

"With this knowledge, and with the consciousness that we have staked our all, and that if England, our most hated and most dangerous enemy, should succeed in conquering Germany, she would humiliate and trample on us to the uttermost, we enter upon this struggle with set teeth, registering a vow that in the war against England we are joyfully prepared to sacrifice the best that German strength and courage, German grit and German patriotism can offer."

As an indication of popular feeling toward Great Britain, the following excerpt from the Taegliche Rundschau is a fair example:

"The greed, the spite, the envy and malice which inspired England to bring about this terrible conflict will recoil on her own shameless head.

"Natural history tells us that in the tertiary period hideous monsters trod the earth and that they whom no power on earth could conquer eventually succumbed to the effects of their own super-power.

"Thus it will be with England, the unwieldy modern representative of these fearful beasts.

"Her own immeasurable conceit, her senseless tyranny, will be her undoing rather than the sword of an adversary."

In another issue the Rundschau thus pays its respects to "haughty England":

"England is destined to be vanquished. That fate she cannot escape. It is with her as it is with every individual who has lost his powers of perspective.

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

RUDOLF HERRMANN, in Die Muskete

The Picture of Dorian Grey

"Devoured by the desire for power and ever more power, which rages through her body politic as a burning fever, she has been rendered quite blind to her advancing senility, her growing helplessness. In this lies the punishment for England's latest and greatest crime, for her heinous sin consists of inducing her children by cajolery, by flattery, by the exercise of all the cunning at her command, to go to their own slaughter, and sacrifice themselves in a cause than which the world's annals can show nothing more shameful and degrading, the cause of filthy lucre.

"It is true, of course, that every race has its saints and its demons. A people's history, however, is made by its average deeds. Macaulay raised his voice in Parliament against slavery, yet his countrymen continued with callous unconcern to crowd their ships with captured men and women, flinging their human cargo overboard or retaining them for forced labour as the passing mood might move them.

"Peace stands beckoning to the combatants, but England is in the way. England wishes to assure herself a free hand for her future depredations against the property of all other nations. Therefore the blood of her vassals, white as well as coloured, French, Russian, no less than negroes and yellow men, must flow until all save herself are in peril of death from anæmia.

"It is time, and more than time, that the victims of England should be led to see the writing on the wall. England has been weighed and found wanting."

In the decadence of England, according to the official Cologne Gazette, lay the ultimate cause of the war. Says the Gazette:

"England conjured forth the war in order to destroy Germany, because she saw that she herself no longer possessed the necessary power of resistance as against German commercial and industrial rivalry.

"Seeing that, even with half the world behind her as her vassals, she was unable to overcome this rivalry by friendly economic methods, England had recourse to war, and incidentally, to weapons so barbarous and inhuman as the civilised world has never yet seen.

"The fact is that the British have lost the power to wield the sceptre of universal dominion. They have hopelessly decayed, morally as well as from a warlike point of view, and sooner or later they will have to abdicate the throne of world supremacy."

Another bitter declamation issues from Die Post, of Berlin, thus:

"The cry of the oceans of blood that England has spilled for her own aggrandisement, the bitter cry for vengeance which has ascended on high for centuries, is heard at last.

"Germany has been chosen for the high

From Lustige Blaetter

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

Poor France! Can't you see that England is running her mill with your blood?

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

G. VON FINETTI, in Lustige Blaetter

God Punished England

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

W. TRIER, in Lustige Blaetter

Poincare, as toastmaster: "Gentlemen, when we look back upon the past, we must admit that the situation in England—er—in Russia—er—in Belgium—ahem—in France—well, anyway, the dinner is good."

task of ridding the world, once for all, of this all-devouring monster, of muzzling its voracious jaws in such a manner that henceforth its sustenance will consist of the offal which other peoples deem fit to throw to it.

"This is Germany's holy duty, which she will fulfil though her last man, her last coin, be sacrificed in the struggle."

Equally bitter is the tone of the Hamburger Fremdenblatt, which declares that Germany will not sign peace until the arch enemy of the Fatherland is humbled. This newspaper expresses its uncompromising attitude as follows:

"Neither of our enemies is deserving of more or less magnanimity than the other. The English may have been the incendiaries of this world conflagration, but the French and the Russians showed themselves only too ready to obey the British orders to fall on the children of our people, armed and unarmed alike, with bloodthirsty eagerness.

"Before peace can come all those who have participated in this shameful, ruthless war must be made to groan and to weep tears of blood and anguish under the weight until, contorted with agony, they grovel at our feet and entreat our pity.

"Then, and not till then, shall we allow peace to pass our way.

"As for what Europe and the earth may look like after that, we shall leave to God, Who has ever been on the side of the just, the brave, the strong in faith and devotion.

"We want no words, no counsel, no whisperings of Christian forbearance. We must have deeds and blows."

That England's fate already looms up in the guise of famine and bread riots is the belief of the Berliner Mittagzeitung, a passage from which reads:

"The poorer classes of London are already feeling the burdens of the war in a terrible manner.

"Dairymen have added another halfpenny to the quart of milk, and coal has risen by three shillings a ton. Bread is so dear that for thousands of persons its daily consumption is becoming a prohibitive luxury.

From Lustige Blaetter

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

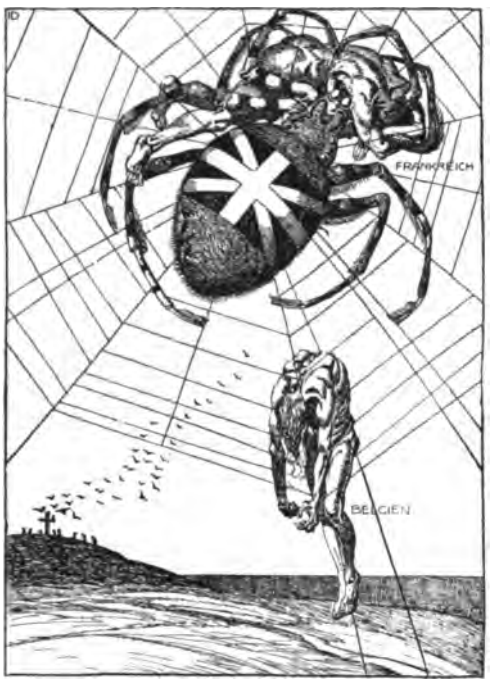
Won't the Mouse Get a Surprise?

Apropos of Joffre's expression that "he nibbles."

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

RICHARD ROST, in Jugend

John Bull: "Confound it, Marianne! This is the second billion we drop into this automatic road-roller. Will it never get to going?"



Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

JULIUS DIEZ, in Jugend

The English Web

"To bring about these conditions the stoppage by Germany of the wheat supplies from Russia and Turkey has contributed to a very large extent, and a further and much greater increase in prices will be the result of the tremendous activity of German submarines.

"It is not, however, the dearness of food that threatens England and her gigantic capital city; it is the fearful spectacle of famine which is knocking at every door of the island-Empire, and provoking riotous outbursts which have to be quelled at the point of the bayonet.

"Thus is Albion threatened in her very life by the Nemesis who has come to exact vengeance for the crimes she has committed against humanity, crimes that cannot be atoned for, but that call for the uprooting of the sinner who is no longer worthy to rule even in his own insular domain."

A somewhat humorous analysis of British temperament, in a tone, by the way, which is being heard more and more in Germany, is supplied by the Deutsche Tageszeitung, which condemns the popular British custom of eating "slices of raw beef":

"What is this self-vaunting England, this land of deceit, humbug, and false pretences, that has arrogated to itself the name of the home of freedom? Let us compare her record with that of Turkey, Germany's self-sacrificing ally, and we shall see which of the two most merits so noble a title. For ages past, down to the present day, England has persecuted the Catholics in Ireland; in Turkey they enjoy equal rights and privileges with the Moslems.

"The fact is that the English are adorers of money and business. Above these the soul of the average Englishman cannot soar. He is, racially, as incapable of spiritual conception as are his allies, the Fiji islanders.

"The consumption of huge half raw slices of beef three times a day does not tend towards the spiritualisation of the human mind. The Englishman therefore remains what he always was—a crude, superficial super-animal.

"When the day arrives we shall show him who is his master, and at the same time so effectively curb his brutish instincts that the world will no longer be endangered by them."

The Hamburger Fremdenblatt likewise heaps ridicule on the English, singling out in this case Tommy Atkins, whose love of marmalade and strawberry jam is always an object of contempt to the more Spartan-like Michael. To quote:

"The British soldiers at the front cannot fight unless they are kept well supplied with toothsome dainties, and we therefore give to German housewives a recipe for a very dainty dish.

"Roll a quantity of oaten meal into a thin cake in a flat tin, and sprinkle it with salt. Take some bacon, of which you may perhaps find a sufficient quantity in your mousetraps, or, failing bacon, tallow will serve the purpose equally well, and place the tin in a very hot oven.

"When the dough is well baked and nicely browned add to its surface a tablespoonful of strychnine.

"Though somewhat hard to digest, it will remain fresh for weeks, and has an appetising taste which quite conceals the character of some of its suspicious ingredients.

"Prepare this dainty fare whenever you have leisure. An opportunity will be found for despatching it where no doubt it will be appreciated.

"In its ultimate objects the cake will be found a truly patriotic contribution to Germany's defensive."

The Deutsche Tageszeitung again pays its compliments to the British, taking for its text Lord Kitchener's new army:

"There is not a living soul in Germany but holds his sides with laughter at Kitchener's bluff about his six new armies.

"Even were the English inspired in ordinary times with anything approaching the patriotic ardor of our German youth, it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to beat up so huge a military force in time to prevent the certain downfall that is facing Britain."

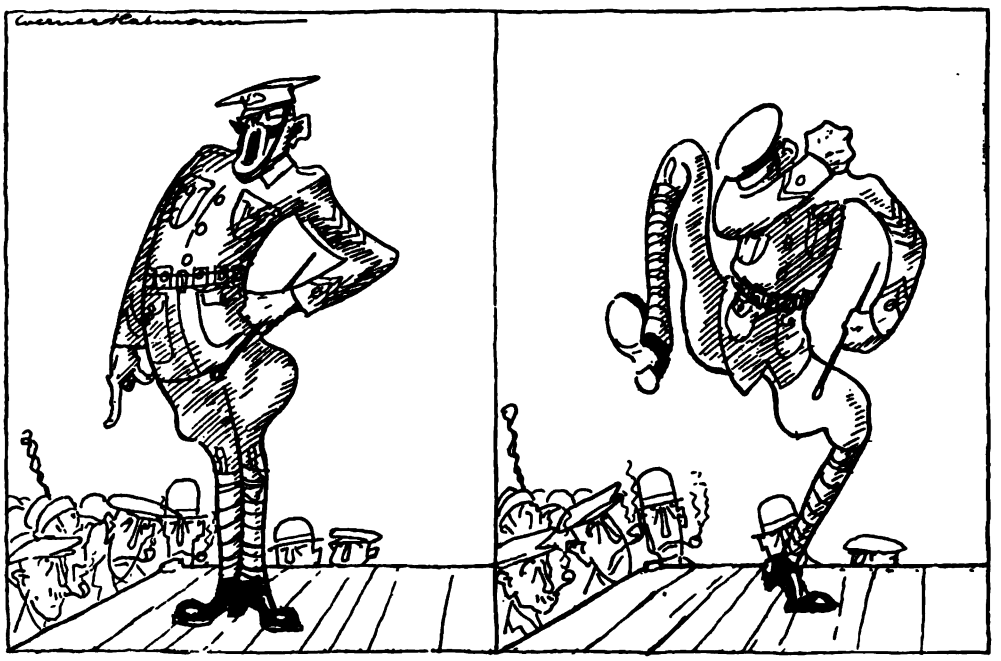
Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

W. A. WELLNER, in Lustige Blaetter

England Uses Her Kitchen Refuse as Cannon-Fodder

"GOD PUNISH ENGLAND"

LORD KITCHENER SPEAKS

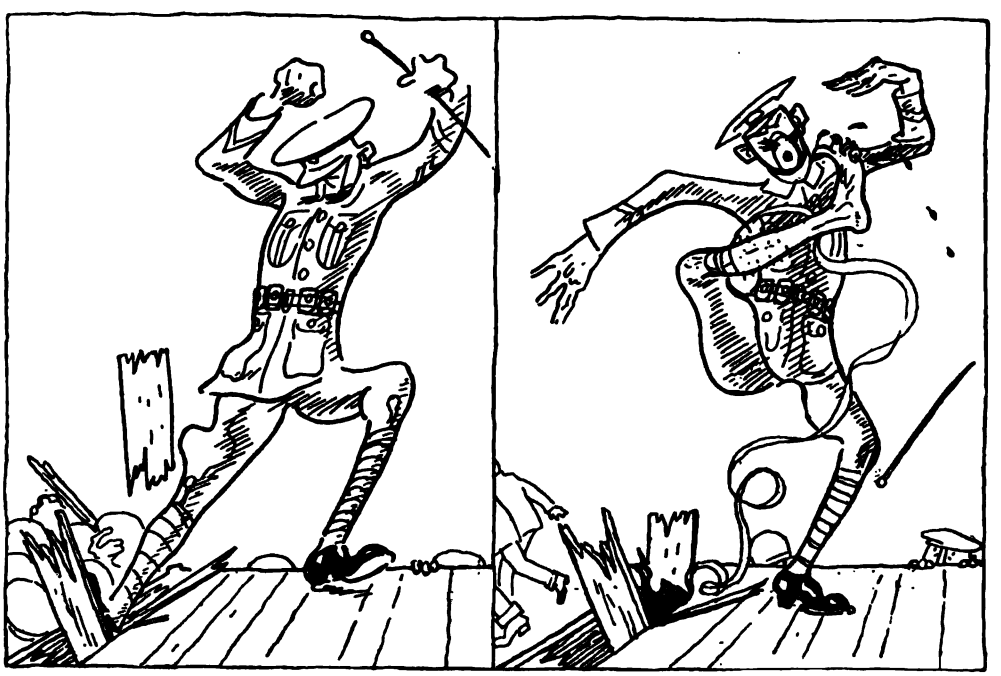


From Kladderadatsch, Berlin

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

"Don't worry, Ladies and Gentlemen—

I shall again—



Stamp 2,000,000 men—

Out of the Ground."

The "Best Seller" in England

And Why King George is Worried

THE most popular book in England today is William Dyson's "Kultur Cartoons," a pictorial attack upon Germany, some of whose illustrations are reproduced on this page, together with the introduction written for it by Mr. H. G. Wells, the famous English philosopher and novelist. Mr. Dyson is, obviously, English, and every one is very much pleased with his book except King George of England himself and his Queen.

Indeed, King George and Queen Mary are so angry about it that the censors have received orders to "put the soft pedal" on all war cartoons in the magazines and newspapers. Their majesties at first demanded absolute prohibition of any pictures "caricaturing and insulting" the German Emperor and the Crown Prince. At their request the War Office has made a ruling that the cartoons cannot be sent to the soldiers in the field, and the magazine and newspaper publishers have been forced to print statements to that effect.

The action of the King is entirely selfish and it is absolutely at odds with English public opinion. The English people are not bitter against the German people at all. They execrate the Emperor, the Crown Prince and the military heads who brought about the present war. For the German people they have some pity and sympathy. It is the very factors they do blame that their own royalty has picked out to protect. And for the simple reason that English royalty feels that such attacks are levelled against its "own caste." It fears that the attacks may tend to bring into disrepute or destroy that caste.

Never since the French Revolution was precipitated by the slanderous and satirical lampoons of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette has there been such a campaign of abuse as the London press has indulged in against the German royal family. King George and Queen Mary are both members of the same family, with hardly a drop of blood in their veins which is anything but German.

As a matter of fact, the latest tirade against the Emperor ended with "If there had not been a German King upon the

TOO AMBITIOUS

Cholera: "Presumptuous Mortals! Do they expect to be earth's sole surviving plague?"

Copyright by The Star Company, New York

British throne in 1776, the United States would be to-day a loyal colony and would be pouring in a million soldiers to fight under the British flag."

By H. G. Wells

IT is one of the curious facts one learns at the beginning of one's physiological studies, that when the optic nerve is pressed or injured it records not pain but visions, and that the auditory nerve protests by sounds and voices. So it is with Mr. Dyson, who responds to all the fearful pressure of this war in cartoons. He perceives in militaristic monarchy and national pride a threat to the world, to civilization and all that he holds dear, and straightway he sets about to slay it with his pencil, as I, if I could, would kill it with my pen. He turns his passionate gift against Berlin.

For some years now many of us have followed the inexhaustible comment of this extraordinary artist with increasing admiration; we have come to realize the consistency of his attitude and the peculiar conventions he has established for himself. He has an extreme distinction of personality, a simplicity and clearness of mind to a rare degree; he believes so in the good and generous things in life that he cannot realize anyone adhering to mean and squalid ways when once the truth of their meanness has been asserted.

Though his work has been published mostly in a daily popular paper, its direction and appeal have been steadfastly to the ruler, the employer, the responsible men. Don't you see, he has said in a thousand cartoons, how disgusting it is to be a "fat man" in a world of ignoble advantages? Can you really keep on as you are keeping on after I have drawn you like this?

And his rendering of the devil is intensely characteristic of him. None of your high-browed Satans for him. His devil is a gross beast, with a small brain-case and huge belly and loins—a disgusting beast of a devil.

DECORATING THE DEVIL OF MILITARISM
"Give him his due."

If it had a big brain then Mr. Dyson would be certain—very eagerly do I subscribe myself his adherent—that it would stop being a devil and regulate loins and hoof and belly into a tolerable seemliness. The enemy of mankind is lumpishness and foolishness sustained by the universal fool.

So in this issue of the war Mr. Dyson takes a figure based on the Kaiser, but essentially a symbol, on which to concentrate his hatred of the foolish assumptions, the cruel vanities, the vile waste of opportunity, the perversion and destruction, which is his case against militant monarchy. I could wish he were given the task of the Kaiser's court painter, for indeed he would make a record that would kill regal ambition to the very end of time.

And supporting the Dysonized Kaiser is a German figure of fat foolishness. You may argue that it libels the dignity and intelligence of the loyal and able staff at Berlin and the nature of German loyalty, but Mr. Dyson will never believe you. He has penetrated deeper. The folly and the dullness of spirit must be there; loyalty to

Circe

evil things is the revelation of a kindred evil. "What business had you Germans with loyalty and obedience?" he would say. "Your business under this stuff was revolution."

And as the work of this clumsy devil to whom Europe has given herself over, look at his caricature of apes in an aeroplane dropping bombs, or of Kultur being told to fetch the warrior's boots. Was there ever a completer and juster repudiation of the belligerent theory of life?

The General (dictating): "Two-thirds of our task of terrorizing the men, women, and children of Belgium is already completed. It remains only to include the men."

War Lord: "Illiterate fool of a Mussulman, why prayest thou turned in that direction? Potsdam is over here."

LET THE MUSIC PLAY!

According to "Eye-Witness," our soldiers at the front suffer greatly from a dearth of mouth-organs.

THERE'S no room in a funk-hole
For a regimental band;
The swankiest of trenches
Wouldn't take a "baby grand,"
But when one isn't potting
At the Huns across the way
It cheers a chap most wonderful
To hear the music play.

The giddy, gay mouth-organ
It fills the bill a treat;
It makes you stamp and shuffle
Which is good for frozen feet.
You couldn't call it classic,
When all is said and done,
But it's a potted orchestra
And chorus all in one.

A chap can breathe his feelings
Right into its inside;
It calls up pleasing pictures
Of a party's own fireside;
So, if you'd do a service
To us out Flanders way,
Just send us out a gross or two
And let the music play!

—London Daily Mail.

HOPE-SONG

This is Mr. Thomas Hardy's contribution to the soldiers' magazine, "Khaki."

SOME day! In sight of home again,
Of home again;
No more to range and roam again
As at that bygone time?
No more to go away from us
And stay from us?—
Dawn, hold not long that day from us,
But quicken it to prime!

Then all the town shall ring to them,
Shall ring to them,
And we who love them cling to them
And clasp them joyfully;
And cry, "O much we'll do for you
Anew for you,
Dear Loves!—aye, draw and brew for you,
Come back from oversea."

O you'll be nearing home again,
Dears, home again;
No more, maybe, to roam again
As at that bygone time,
Which took you far away from us
To stay from us;
Dawn, hold not long the day from us,
But quicken it to prime!

MODERN SCIENCE AND PREHISTORIC SAVAGERY

The Professor: "Together, my dear Herr Caveman, we should be irresistible."

Path of Neutrality is Beset by Thorns

WHAT with the sinking of the William P. Frye, the establishment of a "long-distance" blockade by the allies with its general demoralization of American commerce, the activities of the "Hyphenated Americans" at home, and the appeals on both sides for sympathy, the United States is finding it more and more difficult to carry out President Wilson's policy of absolute neutrality.

Nothing that we do pleases anybody. We allow arms to be exported to the allies, and Germany protests. We protest against the interference with our shipping, and are told that we are "dollar chasers." We are told to keep off the seas by England and the next moment asked to be her friend. Certainly President Wilson can avoid downright pessimism only by the exercise of a sense of humor.

Even the voices of Americans are raised against the course the chief executive is pursuing. The Los Angeles Tribune, citing an appeal made by the American club at Dresden that the United States prevent the shipment of arms to Europe, says:

"It is amazing that the inconsistency between our prayers and our conduct has not appealed to the president's admitted intelligence and conscience. It is inexplicable that he should have invoked, and that our people should have offered, prayers for the ending of the war among nations to whom we are selling arms and ammunition to maintain the war.

"No amount of profit can justify this inconsistency or tone down that hypocrisy. No balance of trade, however gratifying to our pride or helpful in our necessities, should reconcile us to a continuance of the situation. It may not be in our power to stop the war, but it is within our power to divest ourselves of any responsibility for its continuance."

Then, too, how we are loved in far-off Australia! Witness the following comment from a Sydney newspaper on the absence of the American colors at the Newcastle race track:

"The absence of the United States flag at the Newcastle race course was favorably commented on. It has been the custom for years past to fly the British and Commonwealth flags at the grand stand, St. Leger stand and other buildings at the course. The Stars and Stripes also have occupied an honored place, but recent happenings in the American States suggested to the race course authorities that it would be well to keep that country's flag in the box."

But what have we done, one might ask, to deserve being branded by the Hamburger Nachrichten as "the Judas of the neutrals?" It is thus that the Hamburg journal pays its compliments to Uncle Sam:

"As for that which the Americans are pleased to call neutrality, their attitude is such that it would be sheer waste of time, ink, and paper to revert to it.

"Such so-called neutrality as that of America is the neutrality of a Judas, nothing more nor less, and now that at length the German Government has decided to start on a real fight for

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

E. THOENY, in Simplicissimus

"WASHINGTON'S SUCCESSOR!"

"Gentlemen: To break neutrality for the benefit of England and with her permission is the only liberty of action we now have. We cannot possibly give up this last vestige of sovereign power."

The bitter tone of this cartoon was commented upon widely in England.

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

TH. HEINE, in Simplicissimus

Uncle Sam: "Well, Mr. Death, don't think that I am after the money. I sell you these things only because they will bring about peace sooner."

A German shaft at Uncle Sam's "commercialism."

MAY, in Cleveland Leader

"Watch your step, William!"

right and justice, no threat, no making of grinning faces, no puling pleas from Americans can restrain the German fleet from carrying out to the full the task it has been given to render British waters unnavigable."

DONAHEY, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Vossische Zeitung, which for the past seven months has been alternately cajoling and threatening America, now holds out the glittering hope of an Americo-German alliance:

"America is beginning to reap the fruits of the crass stupidity and selfishness which induced her to wink at the disgraceful traffic in arms and ammunition for the benefit of Germany's foes.

"While depleting her own stores of warlike material, she has played the game of England, who chuckles with glee at the thought of an American-Japanese war.

"Now that she has brought the threatening yellow peril measurably closer to her coasts, Americans are suddenly becoming alive to the fact that Germany still exists; that an alliance with her is a thing not to be despised.

"The yellow hordes are ready to overflow the American continent, and if America would assure her own salvation while there is yet time she should look towards Germany."

That the United States is not so black as she is painted by the foreigners may be gathered from the following reassuring editorial in the New York World:

"Among the duties of neutrality for many months, it has been the part of the United States to serve as universal diplomatic agent in the chief capitals of Europe. It has saved the Belgians from starvation. In their distress, Poland and Serbia turn to it for assistance. It has freely contributed money, food, clothing and other necessaries to help the war-sufferers of all the countries engaged in mutual destruction.

"From what other nation should come so naturally the proposal to shoulder more work for the sake of others? The offer of the United States to put into operation a comprehensive plan for the relief of prisoners of war held by the various belligerents is purely humanitarian. It involves an incalculable amount of labor."

"Both complaining; I must be about right."

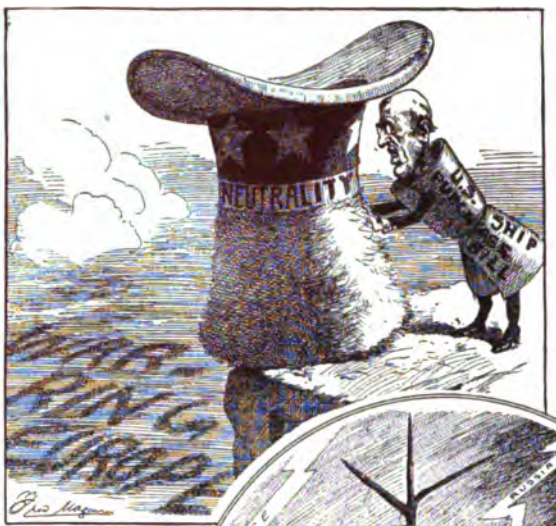
KIRBY, in New York World

The Sleepless Sentinel

RAVEN-HILL, in Punch

THE RESOURCEFUL LOVER

Teuton Troubadour (serenading the fair Columbia): "If she won't listen to my love-songs, I'll try her with a brick."



Trying to Put Your Uncle's Hat in the Ring

The World goes on to impose this highly difficult task upon America: "To act as the intermediary in securing the return of civilian prisoners and the exchange of wounded and other prisoners of war, to be the means of securing fair reports of the treatment and care of prisoners by the belligerents on both sides, and in every way possible to reduce the needless inhumanity and agony of the war, is a task not lightly to be assumed.

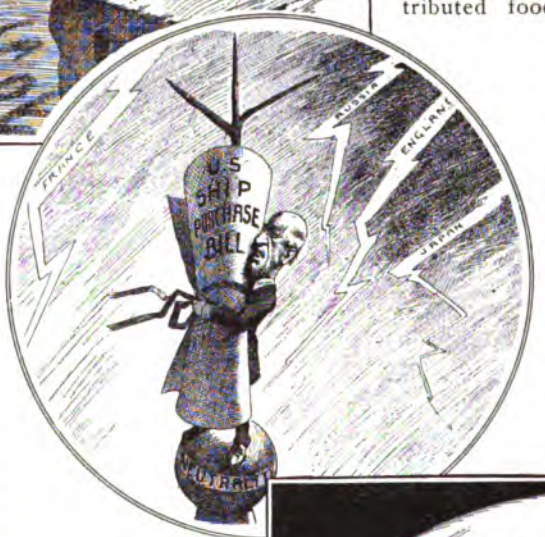
"The United States has gladly accepted the obligation of service to all the warring nations alike. In other matters its motives have been questioned and its purposes grossly misrepresented because its own national interests were firmly upheld. In volunteering to lessen the rigors of war and go to the relief of the innocent and the helpless, the prisoners of every nationality without distinction, it is engaged in an errand of mercy which presents no promise of reward except a sense of duty well performed."

The Wheeling Register also adds its protest against the general ...on of our attitude.

"It seems like ingratitude," declares the Register, "for any of the belligerent nations to attack the motives and misrepresent the purposes of the United States in taking steps to protect its national interests, when we consider what the United States has done, is doing, and is willing to continue doing for all the countries involved in the foreign war.

"From the very outset the United States took up the responsibility of universal diplomatic agent in the principal capitals of Europe, and it has served all the belligerents in that capacity. Americans have saved the Belgians from starvation, and contributed food and clothing to the Poles, Serbs and other sufferers. And now the United States offers to carry out a comprehensive plan for the relief of prisoners of war, by acting as the intermediary in exchanges, and in other ways lessening the agony of the terrible struggle.

"This service is not given to the warring nations for either glory or profit. It involves



MORGAN, in Philadelphia Inquirer

Defying the Lightning

Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

Better Shorten Sail, Woodrow

From Sucesos, Valparaiso, Chile

NEUTRALITY IN HEAVEN

"Now Peter, to whom do you think I should give victory? They all pray for it with a fervor never heard before in war."

"Eternal Father, I have declared myself absolutely neutral."

EVANS, in Baltimore American

"The International Rag"

hard work, heavy expense and considerable danger. The motive behind it is purely humanitarian; its reward is the consciousness of duty done."

The Pittsburgh Dispatch, which has used its influence to discourage jingoism in America, finds that its warnings have not been in vain, and reminds us that:

"What the Dispatch had to say recently of the mischievousness and peril of jingoism in the present world crisis has been endorsed by the members of the national administration who have to deal with our international problems. They reiterate the paramount necessity of Americans being absolutely neutral and calm, not for our own interests alone, but so that we may be in the better position to serve the interests of humanity when the opportunity offers.

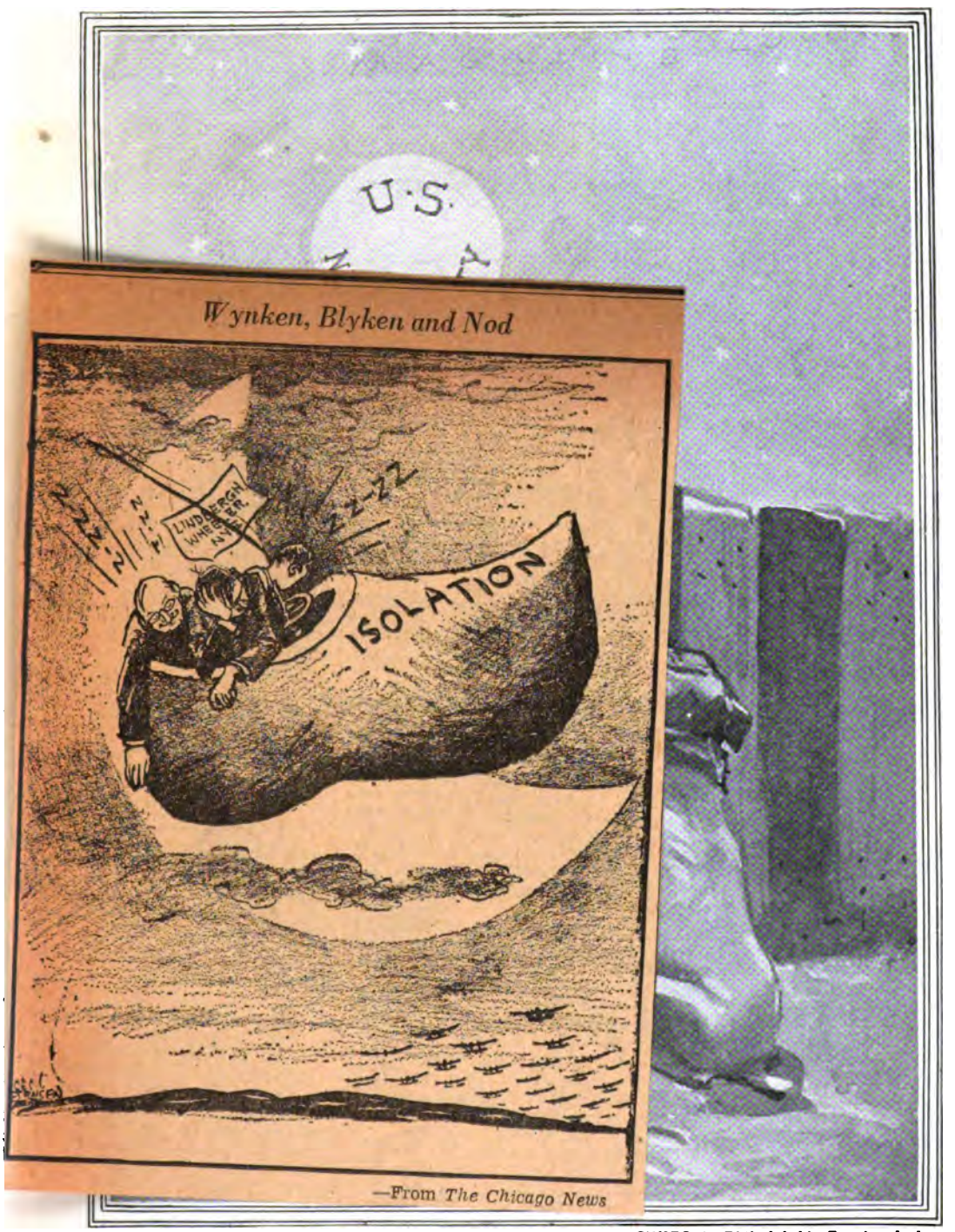
"With the increasing prospect of other nations now neutral being embroiled in the conflict the responsibility which will rest upon the United States will be the greater. Above and beyond all considerations of national irritation or resentment, Americans in this moment owe a duty to mankind to maintain self-poise and thus be able to extend a helping hand to our distressed brothers. It is the grandest opportunity ever offered any nation and under enlightened leadership the American people promise to rise equal to the emergency."

Perhaps the kindest words of all in the present crisis—words that cannot be misinterpreted as a sickly appeal for sympathy—come from Viscount Bryce, former British ambassador to the United States:

"I doubt whether we in England," says Viscount Bryce, "have yet fully realised either the magnitude of the service which the United States Government and its representatives abroad have rendered in the protection of British subjects in belligerent countries, or the noble spirit that has animated them in that service. Their embassies and legations have become enormous business offices, manned mainly by voluntary workers. The looking after our prisoners of war in Germany alone has become a gigantic task. We have officially expressed our thanks for what has been done by the Ambassadors in Berlin and Constantinople, as well as for the splendid work of Mr. Herrick in Paris for our nationals at the outbreak of the war. Ever since that moment the Berlin Embassy and Brussels Legation have been hard at work, and Mr. Morgenthau, in Turkey, has shown a zeal and friendliness in helping British subjects and other Christians there, for which we owe him the

EVANS, in Baltimore American

Keep Your Shirt On, Sam



SYKES, in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"Ow-oooooooo."

warmest gratitude. An immense labour has been thrown on the American Embassy here in London by having to carry on communications for the release of prisoners and the ascertainment of the condition of our subjects interned abroad, labour undertaken with ungrudging cheerfulness, and for which all the belligerents are deeply indebted to it.

"One thing more deserves to be noted. It is the wonderful zeal that has been shown in the efforts to relieve distress and suffering in Belgium, and indeed in every region where the war has caused suffering.

"The liberality shown by the people of the United States in their charitable efforts is beyond all praise."

The following complaint comes from the Amsterdam Telegraf:

"The menace of the Iron Fist is the only answer Germany thinks it suitable to give. 'Necessity knows no law.' The same principle which must justify the violation of Belgian neutrality is now applied to other neutral states. For the first time they feel how serious a mistake they made by not protesting immediately against an attack on a neutral country which wished only to remain outside the conflict. The eyes of the neutral states of Europe are now fixed on Washington. They await President Wilson's cue."

ORR, in Nashville Tennessean

Discord

ROGERS, in New York Herald

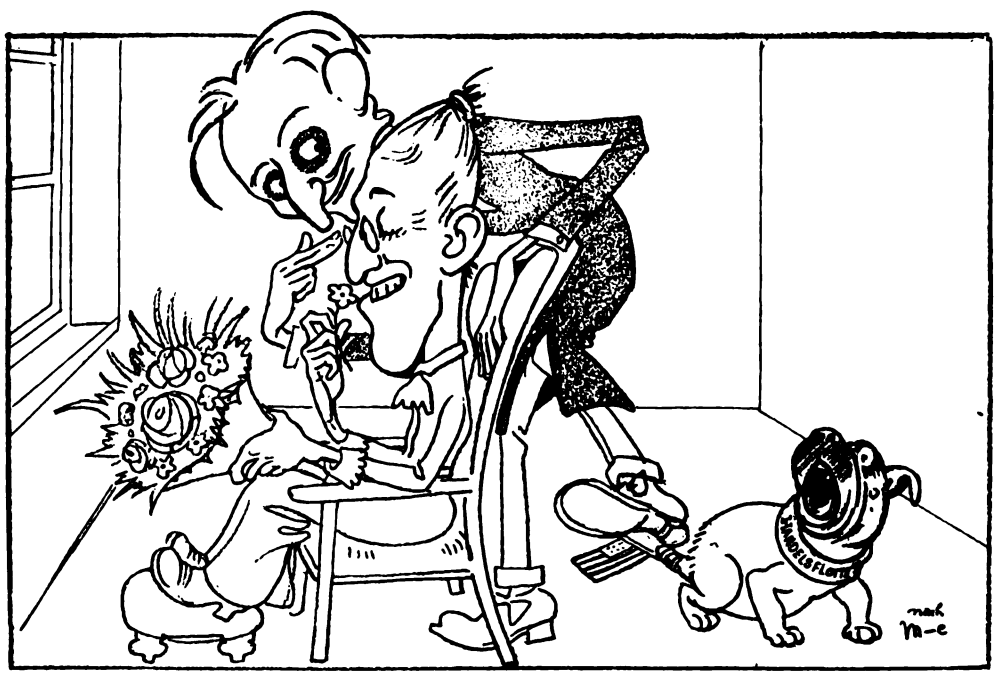
Watch Your Step!

ALFRED LEETE, in London Opinion

The Non-Combatant

DARLING, in Des Moines Register and Leader

Doin' His Darndest to Keep Cool



From Lustige Blaetter

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

THE INCONSTANT WOOER

Pug: "The old rascal! He flirts with her to her face and then gives me a kick."

ORR, in Nashville Tennessean

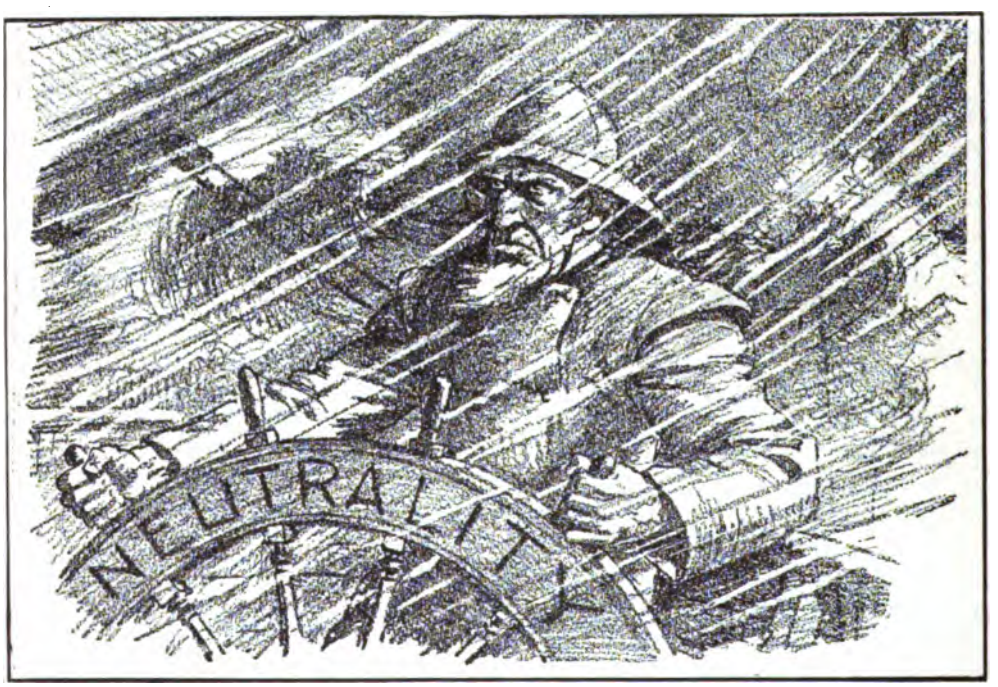
The Narrowing Trail

From Lustige Blaetter

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

MADE IN AMERICA

"The devil! You Americans are surely sentimentalists."
Inscription on shell reads, "Brave Germans, we pray for you! Jonathan's Gun Works, America."



SYKES, in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

A Man's Job

This and That

COUNT REVENTLOW declares that at the present moment friendly relations cannot be said to exist between Germany and the United States. This is rather frightful, but the Count is not content with generalities. American ships, he says, will not be "sufficiently legitimized" by the American flag or painted names, but only if convoyed by American warships. This explains, no doubt, why the Germans tried to sink a Norwegian ship recently. She was illegitimate enough to be sailing the seas without a Norwegian dreadnaught by her side to make an honest woman of her.—Westminster Gazette.

DONAHEY, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Stand by the Ship

Undoubtedly the English suffragists "point with pride" to the work of the Queen Elizabeth in the Dardanelles.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The German Military Governor of Belgium finds that the Belgians "work gladly, though without the German energy." Nevertheless, Belgium, before being smashed up and plundered, maintained a population of 652 to the square mile under a reasonably high standard of living for Europe, while Germany, with only 310 to the square mile, considered itself so crowded as to warrant claims to a larger "place in the sun."—New York World.

Along the Dardanelles they are pretty well persuaded that war is shell.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

The Sultan, canny, cautious chap,
For glory doesn't thirst;
"I want no cross, let Bill be boss,"
He whispers, "safety first."
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

And now a German prize court says Germany need not pay for non-contraband cargo purposely sunk by one of her ships. If this war keeps on, neutral nations will not only have no rights but will be lucky if they don't have to pay indemnities.—New York World.

It may be an abuse of Americanism to prepare for war, but it never was Americanism to run away from a fight.—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

It is to be hoped that the kaiser will not demand from Uncle Sam a formal explanation of the naming after him of a big orchid exhibited here in the Grand Central Palace flower show. It may be intended as an admiring suggestion that if England shuts off the food supply Germany can live on air. They can't blockade that.—New York Evening Sun.

Germany's problem is to build submarines faster than England can sink them. — Baltimore American.

The elections in Hungary have been postponed until the electors come home from the front. It would not be safe to be predicting what the elections will be for by then.—Baltimore American.

The czar proposes to have compulsory education after the war. Think of compelling children to learn to spell the names of those towns along the battle front!—Indianapolis Star.

If England will supplement her blockade of Germany with an embargo on the output of her own poets, much will be forgiven her by English-speaking neutrals.—New York Sun.

Whether she was sunk in neutral waters or not, it's all one to the Dresden as far as results are concerned.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

If the kaiser is not careful the public will be inclined to think that General Bernhardi has taken charge of the entire war.—Washington Star.

Just as soon as the British and German warships have sunk each other, the war will be waged on land, where it has always been waged.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hour of Fate Strikes for Italy

PRINCE von Buelow's mission to Rome appears to have been a complete failure, and it is doubtful now whether anything that Germany can offer will prevent Italy from joining the war on the side of the allies. With every preparation made, however, Italy still hesitates, and at the present writing remains neutral. The German ambassador hoped, and gave formal assurances up to a few weeks ago that Germany would be able in the end to induce Vienna to concede to Italy the territorial concessions demanded as her price of neutrality. Austria, it was suggested, could "save her face" by ceding in advance this territory to her ally, which then could be turned over to Italy.

Roughly speaking, Italy desires a sweep of territory to the north and east which would extend its boundary around the northern end of the Adriatic Sea as far south as Fiume on the eastern coast.

ROMANO, in Pasquino

A Dish Fit for a King

The cake is labeled Avlona.

This would include the Austrian naval base at Pola, as well as the provinces of Trent and Trieste, acquisition of which has been Italy's long cherished aspiration. The concessions which Austria is believed to be willing to make are insignificant as compared with the Italian demands.

It is regarded as probable that, under pressure from Germany, the negotiations may be extended and Austria may be induced to grant larger concessions than it now is willing to consider, but the belief is generally held in responsible quarters that the extreme Austrian concessions would be insufficient to satisfy Italy.

Meanwhile German residents in Italy are said to be leaving, and the government at Rome has been going forward with preparations which are unmistakable. The crisis has been reached, and it is probable that before these words are read Italy will have taken the plunge.

The American press for the most part, sees little inspiring in the attitude of that nation, and comments widely on the exorbitance of the Italian demands, which the Louisville Times, for one, designates as "Real dollar diplomacy." Says this newspaper:

"The time for trading is fast passing. Italy must, of necessity, soon make choice. That that choice will bring her to the side of the Entente may well be believed. National sentiment prompts it and self-interest would appear to recommend it. If that choice should be made the United States can never again be charged with being the home of dollar diplomacy. The palm will be Italy's."

"The price of Italy's continued neutrality," comments The Philadelphia Press, "is enormous, too enormous, it would seem, for Austria to pay. Trent and Trieste are demanded, the whole of the Austrian Tyrol south of the crest of the Alps, the eastern shore of the Adriatic and the islands of the Dalmatian coast. In yielding this territory Austria would not only be giving up her entire sea coast, but would be delivering over to Italian rule a number of communities in which the population is preponderatingly Teuton or Slav. She would also be signing her own death warrant as a first-class Power.

"Italy may get what she asks without fighting for it; but how to keep it will be a more difficult problem to solve. If the allies are victorious in this war they will have their own plans for the re-distribution of Europe, and it is not at all certain that they will ratify Austria's concessions to Italy. If Germany and her allies are victorious they are all the more certain to take revenge on 'faithless' Italy and restore to Austria her lost territory. By persisting in the policy of being neither an out and out neutral nor a belligerent, Italy will emerge from this war without a friend among the nations.

"It may be because of these considerations that Italy has asked what she knows is more than Austria can afford to give, and

CALCATINI, In Pasquino

THE PRISONER

"I can set her free—but I want my price."

Buelow (to Salandra: "This is what William sent you with his compliments. It isn't his at all."

Offering is labeled Trentino.

THE PAPAL PEACE MEDIATOR

"Go out with the olive branch, and report how the weather is."

counts on Austria's inevitable refusal as a pretext for intervention."

That Italy, like a clever bargainer, is demanding more than she expects to get, and will be satisfied with much less, is the belief of the Cleveland Plain Dealer in the following:

"The Italian demands on Austria, as indicated by the recent reports from Rome, are doubtless far greater than Italy's expectations. Even were the Italians to enter the war and come out indisputable victors the territorial rearrangements would scarcely give them all they are now claiming. Italy is merely following the common practice of diplomacy; making large demands at the beginning, so that subsequent recessions may assume the aspect of concessions.

"Meanwhile, whether she becomes a belligerent or remains neutral Italy is in a highly desirable position. Both sides must make their offers, and Italy, counting the cost of war and the profit of peace, and weighing the inducements to either decision, can act as caution and business sense seem to dictate."

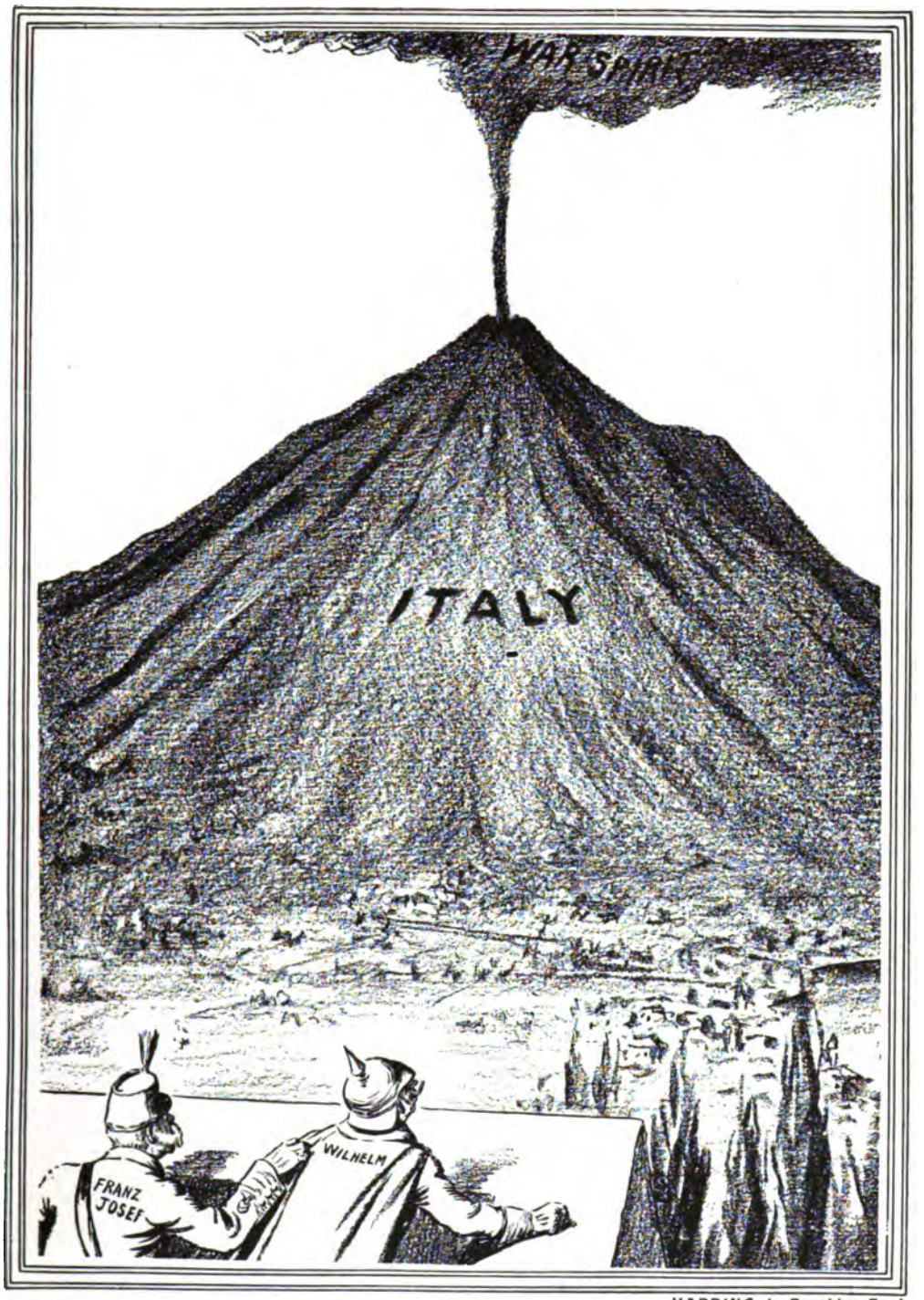
In the opinion of the Montreal Star, Italy realizes that the day is good for bargaining, and can not be blamed if she applies the pressure. "She has every right in the world to do this," says the Star, "and we have no right to complain." This newspaper points out that any territory she may get—or be promised—from Austria will not constitute a very permanent addition to her estate, and intimates that the Teutonic promises are more or less "scraps of paper."

"But we need draw no pessimistic conclusions if Italy decides to continue neutral," the Star concludes. "It is a game of 'heads, we win; tails, Austria loses,' in any case. There is not the smallest danger that Italy will decide to go to war against us. Her choice is between neutrality and war against our enemies. We have

THE NEUTRALITY SCARE-CROW

This Might be Enough—if the Belligerents don't Smash the Frame-work

From Pasquino, Turin



HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

Vesuvius

From Il Mondo Umoristico

Mars: "What are you waiting for?"
Victor Emmanuel: "The last act; they are only in the first act yet."

From Yorodzu, Tokyo

Italy: "Not easy to sit on."

thought it probable from the first that we would have to win this war without Italy. But as we show visible signs of early victory—such signs as the capture of Neuve Chapelle in which the Canadians took part—we push up the price which Italy can demand from Austria for a few more weeks of neutrality. In the end, that price must become—if Italy is as wise as we believe—commensurate to all the Austrian and Adriatic territory she thinks she could profitably take over. Unless Austria can win this war or at least reach a 'stalemate,' she might as well become reconciled to handing the map of the Adriatic world to Italy and inviting her to make such changes as she desires."

A concise setting forth of Italy's position is given by the Baltimore American. This newspaper believes that Italy may yet try

MORGAN, in Philadelphia Inquirer

Which Way does the Wind Blow?

to profit through Austria's exhaustion, and retain with her fresh troops any territory that she may have gained.

"After months of rumors that she would become involved in the strife of the European powers at war," says the American, "Italy now seems upon the verge of setting her war machine to work and throwing a million of men into the field, where millions now are in fierce conflict. The refusal of Austria to cede Trent and other territory outright to Italy has brought the issue of that country's participation to the most acute prominence.

"Italy claims that its participation in the war would not be because of Germany and Austria failing to agree as to territorial bribe for it to refrain from the conflict, but because the condition of aggressive warfare by these powers has freed it from all obligation to them and it is now in unfettered right to seek to obtain the territory that it claims by logic and history should be a part of the Italian domain.

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

From Le Rire

"Well, Buelow, can you put her to sleep?"
"Impossible, sire; you talk too much."

SYKES, in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Scrap of Paper No. 41144

"That nation, therefore, has refused to accept a promise of the territory upon the close of the war, seeing in such acceptance the recognition of the concession in terms of a bribe. The position of Italy is that of seeking to secure its spoil of the strife without taking any part in the fighting and without waiting the issue of the conquest, and then through its fresh army being in a position to retain its acquisitions in the peace conference, no matter which side might win. This is a policy of high politics and at present it does not seem likely to succeed.

Much is made of the massacres in Asia Minor, but what little things they are compared with the slaughter along the main lines of battle. No refinement of the rules of war can gild the horror of the heaps of the slain, and the lawlessness of the Mussulman troops is part and parcel of the lawlessness of the war nations that call themselves civilized. And they kill hundreds while the others slay tens of thousands.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

China has been making concessions to Japan with a liberality which indicates an earnest desire for peace and possibly a realizing sense of unpreparedness for war.—Washington Star.

Solicitude for the innocent bystander was never the dominant characteristic of a nation at war.—Chicago Daily News.

KIRBY, in New York World

Bargaining

What Holland's Neutrality Is Costing Her

HER sympathies divided racially between Germany and Belgium, herself the stronghold of world jurisprudence, called upon to shelter thousands of homeless Belgians driven to her arms by the violation of a "scrap of paper," witnessing the destruction of her trade and commerce through no fault of her own, the position of Holland in the world war is most difficult and delicate. Writing in The Open Court (Chicago), Albert Oosterheerdt sums up the difficulties of Holland, and thus outlines her situation:

"In the center almost of the conflict, related to the principal warring nations by ties of blood, commerce and trade, herself an exponent of international law, which it is charged from many sides has been rudely broken, suffering greatly from the effects of the war in her trade, industry and general condition, compelled in addition to relieve a multitude of refugees, Holland has, though neutral, a most unenviable position, incurring nearly all the evil results of war without experiencing at the same time that national exaltation which is often a complement of it. Officially, of course, the Netherlands are neutral, and, as far as the government is concerned, this neutrality has been admirably kept, nor have the people at large been committing overt acts of hostility toward any of the powers involved; but it would be idle to assume that the Dutch are wholly without sympathies in this war, or that they alone have attained that state of philosophic calm which seems an absolute requirement for a complete neutrality.

"The ties of blood and racial origin alone make the position of the Dutch peculiarly difficult. One of the purest Germanic nations, although not without a strong admixture of Roman blood, speaking an almost entirely Teutonic language, which is perhaps a better development of the ancient German than the modern German with its artificial constructions and ponderous word-formations, the Dutch have at all times been an outpost of das Deutschtum, of equal rank with the other nations of Teutonic extraction. Part and parcel of Germanic civilization, their relations with Belgium, and especially Brabant and Flanders, populated by the Flemish people, practically of the same stock, and using the same language, have been particularly close."

After discussing the history of the Netherlands from the union of the 17 provinces under Charles V to the period of Belgian independence, when bonds of sympathy still linked the two peoples, and the literatures

THURLBY, In Seattle Post-Intelligencer

What are the Wild Waves Saying?

KNOTT, in Dallas Evening Journal

Dutch Courage

of both countries became the common properties of each, the writer continues:

"Little wonder that Dutch sympathy with Belgium in this war is ardent and sincere, and that the manifestations of charity and esteem have been universal and full throughout the whole of Holland."

As indicative of the Dutch feeling toward Belgium, he cites the following editorial from Neerlandia, the official organ of the General Dutch Alliance:

"As Holland does not share the fighting, the Dutch people must, both in speech and writing, withhold itself from making attacks. But as far as Belgium is concerned —for the major part inhabited by a people of Dutch race and Dutch language, accordingly from the viewpoint of our Alliance and Neerlandia, inhabited by our race—we must in all calmness and sincerity, utter a word of protest against this invasion.

"In fact, Germany herself has, in the utterances of her chancellor, admitted that she was doing Belgium an injustice. . . . But we have confidence in the German people. They will, in case they are victorious, make amends and rectify what they have done to Belgium. And they will leave the country its freedom and independence. When the anger and the fever of war have passed they will have admiration and respect for the small nation which was too proud to allow invasion of its territory, and which in defense of its honor and independence, dared to fight with a powerful enemy. And they will understand that the Dutch nation, although it remains firmly neutral, sympathizes with the heroic Belgian nation, in part a related nation, and gives expression to its admiration and pity."

"In perfect agreement with the thought and sentiment of this noble protest," Mr. Oosterheerdt goes on, "has been the hospitality and treatment accorded to the hundreds of thousands of Belgian refugees in Holland. The government itself has done everything possible for these poor people, and besides the national fund for home charity another fund has been devoted exclusively to the Belgians. While greatly suffering herself, Holland has nobly responded to this additional burden, refusing to receive the proffered aid of Great Britain and America to help in caring for the thousands of destitute Belgians. A duty voluntarily undertaken would be fulfilled in the spirit in which it was begun; this and national patriotism urged the government to reject these otherwise welcome offers of aid.

"While bleeding Belgium is thus a recipient of Dutch (and American) bounty, the relations of Holland with the other combatant nations are no less close and essential. Germany, as might be expected, looms very large in the Dutch consciousness. From Germany their language and customs are derived, the royal house of Orange is of German descent, as are also many Dutch citizens whose forefathers fled to the Netherlands during the religious wars in Germany, or who themselves are of more recent immigration; much of their science, philosophy and arts is of German importation, while the phenomenal growth of their commerce, industry and trade within the last forty years has been in great part due to the equally remarkable development of Germany in the same period. In the great exodus of foreigners out of Germany at the beginning of the war the Dutch took little or no part; even more than the Americans they were honored and trusted by the Germans. While there was a fear in Holland at first that they would be drawn into the war, events have shown that Holland has nothing, for the present at least, to fear from Germany. The Germans have scrupulously respected Dutch neutrality, firmly as it has been kept. After the fall of Antwerp there was a great temptation to Germany to take possession of the mouth of the Scheldt, an undertaking which would certainly have resulted in war with the Dutch. But as England had refrained from sending her warships up the Scheldt, so Germany refrained from doing anything which would violate Dutch neutrality.

"The Netherlands have grievances enough, however, against both England and Germany. Dutch trade is well-nigh suspended, thanks to the ubiquitous use of mines by these great powers. As the English admiralty board has declared, the entire North Sea is dangerous to shipping, greatly to the detriment and loss of the Scandinavian countries and Holland, thus illustrating the direct loss and danger to neutral lands in this most sanguinary war. At Rotterdam, where sixty boats normally enter port daily, there are now only a few

BUSHNELL, in Cincinnati Times-Star

Pray the Dykes will Hold

steamers docking, and there is thus an almost total cessation of commerce and trade, making it difficult even to procure sufficient foodstuffs from abroad. Thanks to the energetic action of the Dutch goverment there is no famine in the land, all hoarding of grain being strictly forbidden, and in many communes it is being sold under the direct control of the government. While there is not, and cannot be, a comparison with conditions in Belgium, there is acute distress and a serious condition of affairs, which cannot be allowed to last indefinitely.

"That the Dutch are among the principal sufferers from the war may easily be inferred from the fact of their being, for their population, the greatest commercial and trading nation on earth. In actual exports and imports the Netherlands are only exceeded by Great Britain, France, Germany, and the United States. With one-seventh of the population, Holland has a total foreign commerce nearly equal to that of France, with one-tenth of Germany's millions, more than one-half her trade.

"It is indeed one of the tragic ironies of this war that the countries which have been among the foremost defenders of international law and justice have also been cruelly suffering because of their violation. Belgium, whose very existence depends on the inviolability of an international treaty, has seen her life-blood slowly ebbing away in defense of it; Holland, the home of world jurisprudence, . . . the seat of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague . . . has seen her trade and industry paralyzed in defiance of her neutrality; both countries victims, albeit not in the same degree, of a cruel war which they were powerless to prevent. The Netherlands certainly did not deserve the fate meted out to them, for no country has done more for international comity and justice than Holland."

It is said the Austrians want to invade Serbia again. Evidently they are willing to go more than half way to meet trouble and get the worst of it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Kaiser takes wine in a trench."—Evening News. And not in a trough, as we should have imagined.—London Opinion.

The old saying that the air is free no longer holds. It isn't free from bombs.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

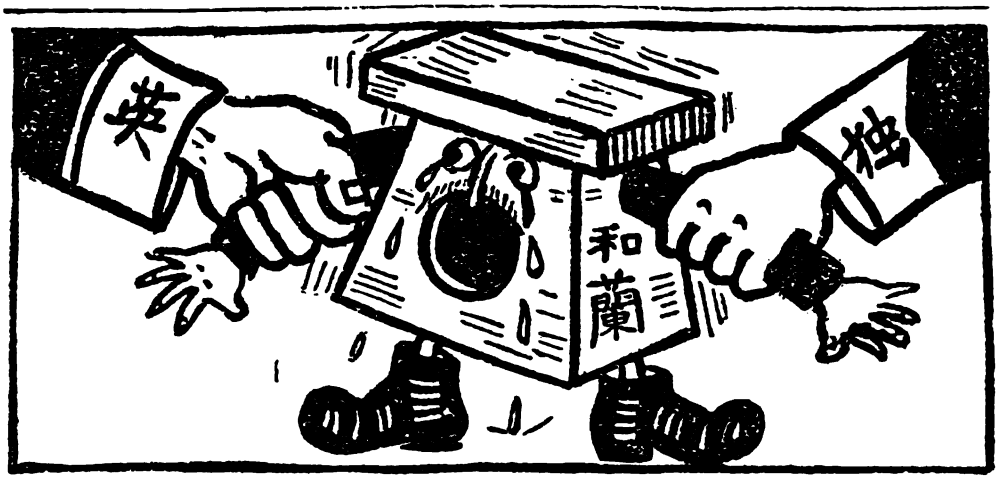
One of the Kaiser's sons only escaped capture through an aeroplane descending and picking him up. Our sympathy goes out to any airman who has to come down to the level of a member of the Imperial family.—London Opinion.

The German Government knows quite well that lies so gross as its comparison of Soissons with Gravelotte cannot impress the outside world. They are intended for home consumption.—London News and Leader.

Although the high official who is said to have precipitated the European war has resigned, the war goes on, thus showing that it is easier to start trouble than to stop it.—Chicago Daily News.

What's in a name? They call the number of Prussian losses, 1,050,029, a "grand" total!—Philadelphia North American.

Those official war bulletins show that nothing is so bad that some good can not be found in it.—Indianapolis Star.



From Yorodzu, Tokyo

Holland Torn between the Rival Powers

SATTERFIELD, in Satterfield Cartoon Service

No Trespassing!

Peace Rumors That Lead Nowhere

Uncompromising Attitude of the Leaders

FROM time to time rumors have spread abroad that one nation or another of those involved in the world conflict would be willing to consider individual peace. Austria, for instance, appears to be weakening, and indications are not lacking that she would be glad, if possible, to withdraw from a war which has brought her nothing but repeated losses. Should Constantinople fall, Russia, feeling that she had gained all that was possible, might take the opportunity to negotiate for peace. The decision of Italy may also hasten the end. France doubtless could gain favorable terms from Germany, leaving the struggle to narrow down to one between Germany and England. In neither Germany nor England is there any predisposition just now toward peace; both seem to be determined to protract the issue to its bitter end. Britain's uncompromising attitude is reflected somewhat in the following editorial from the London Daily Graphic:

From Caras y Caretas, Buenos Aires

AT THE SPEED OF THE TORTOISE
When will It Reach Its Goal?

"Starvation, whether in food or in munitions of war, will not withdraw Germany from one foot of Belgian soil, nor anywhere along the battle-front will it carry the war into her own territories. These are both essentials of the terms of peace we mean to impose, and they can be accomplished by force of arms alone. To put the point in another light, the purpose that Great Britain and her Allies intend to encompass cannot be secured by a peace founded on Germany's bowing to the inevitable—in the form of economic pressure—and living to fight another day. We are not playing for a draw, though Germany very shortly may be shaping her ideas to that end, if, indeed, she is not already beginning to do so. The Allies have drawn the sword for the purpose of crushing German militarism for ever, and they will not sheathe it until beyond all doubt and question Prussia has bowed the knee, not to economic pressure, which by itself would leave her unconvinced of her defeat, but to complete overthrow in the field. Every man and every effort will be wanted before that day can arrive, and no peace can be talked of until it is accomplished in fullest measure."

Another typically British opinion is set forth under the heading of "Peace Prattle" in the London Evening News. This editorial might well disillusion any reader of the idea that peace either is desirable or probable. To quote the News:

"There are signs that all is not going well in Germany, and certain optimistic people both here and in the United States seem bent upon taking these signs very seriously, telling us that they can unmistakably hear the first flutterings of the wings of the dove of peace.

"We are told that the Socialists in Germany are beginning to speak out, that the people are getting tired of war, that there is already a grave shortage of food in the country and so forth. These things may be true and they may not, but what is absolutely certain is that the Allies would be guilty of criminal folly if they were to allow such reports to influence their action in any way whatever.

"We have set out together along a certain path and we shall tread it to the end. If Germany wants peace tomorrow she can have it—on our terms; but the war can only end when German militarism is completely and finally smashed and when Germany has paid for her misdeeds to the uttermost farthing.

"To talk about peace now is to take our minds off the real essential, which is the unremitting prosecution of the war.

"Let us pay no heed to tales of want in Germany—tales which have a suspicious air of being prepared for neutral consumption in order to evoke sympathy—nor to accounts of internal quarrels or disaffection in the Fatherland.

CARTER, in New York Evening Sun

A Personally Conducted Dream

"We and our Allies have got a big task before us. Let us devote ourselves to the enemy's strength rather than to his weakness, for that way lies the quickest and surest, nay, the only road, to permanent peace."

Significant from the German viewpoint are the statements made by the King of Bavaria, who at a banquet given in his honor at Krupp's, spoke on the subject of peace, his remarks being quoted by the Cologne Gazette as follows:

"I have just come from the seat of war, and I can assure you that in spite of the long struggle the spirit of our troops is quite first-class. It is the same among those who are at the front as among those who are at home. The people throughout the German Empire are resolved not to conclude peace until the enemies have been thrown to the ground and sue us for peace, whereupon we shall be able to dictate such a peace as will again secure for us tranquillity for many decades to come."

"Saigner a blanc" evidently is to be the motto of the Germans, according to the sentiments of Herr von Wrochem, a retired general, who in Der Tag of Berlin directs an article against those who advocate mild terms of peace, and who, like Baron von Zedlitz, are opposed to territorial acquisitions in Europe.

"The danger for us Germans," he says, "will lie not in the harshness of our peace terms, but in the false assumption that our moderation would gain for us the forgiveness of our enemies. . . . On the contrary, when making peace, we must take care that from this tremendously costly war Germany shall emerge so overwhelmingly great and powerful as to render impossible or futile any coalition against us. This can only be achieved by an advantageous rectification of our frontiers which should protect us against an attack more effectively than before. . . . I agree with Baron von Zedlitz that the annexation of foreign populations endowed with German civil rights may easily prove a thorn in our flesh. But what need have we to endow these foreign populations prematurely with full citizenship? . . . Nor can I follow the Baron when he says that we shall not recover our economic position if the nations in the Triple Entente should be completely exhausted. On the contrary, I believe that in such a case our customers in the world's markets will be more numerous. . . . In short, when making peace we must act in the spirit of our Bismarck, who threatened our enemy to 'bleed him white.'"

BRADLEY, in Chicago Daily News

Spring in Europe—The Flat Hunter

The futility of peace talk in America just now is brought out in an editorial in the Cleveland Leader, entitled "The War Stoppers," from which we quote:

"That Americans deplore the war in Europe goes without saying. Their feeling on the subject does them credit, since, as need hardly be said, it arises not at all from selfish consideration of any untoward effect the war may have on American interests, but entirely from a humanitarian wish that the afflicted peoples of the warring continent may be spared further extremes of woe.

"Yet is there in the circumstances any reason why we of America should talk of

urging our government to undertake something toward stopping the war—why we should make restoration of Europe's peace the subject of petitions, resolutions, mass-meetings, conventions, memorials, and other such expressions as Americans delight in?

"Whether anything the United States could do would have the effect of bringing the war to an earlier close may be open to debate, but there can be no question of the utter futility in that respect of anything Americans can say. If American opinion had influence, there would have been no war. Since wars are much more easily avoided than ended, American sentiment in the premises is much more helpless now than it was last summer.

"Americans who talk grandiloquently about bringing influence to bear to stop the war are wasting their breath, except for such repute as they may get from their vacuous utterances. More than that, they come very close to committing an offensive impertinence in their seeming assumption that Europe's peoples do not know without being told that war is horrible and ought to be stopped."

BY WIRELESS FROM BERLIN

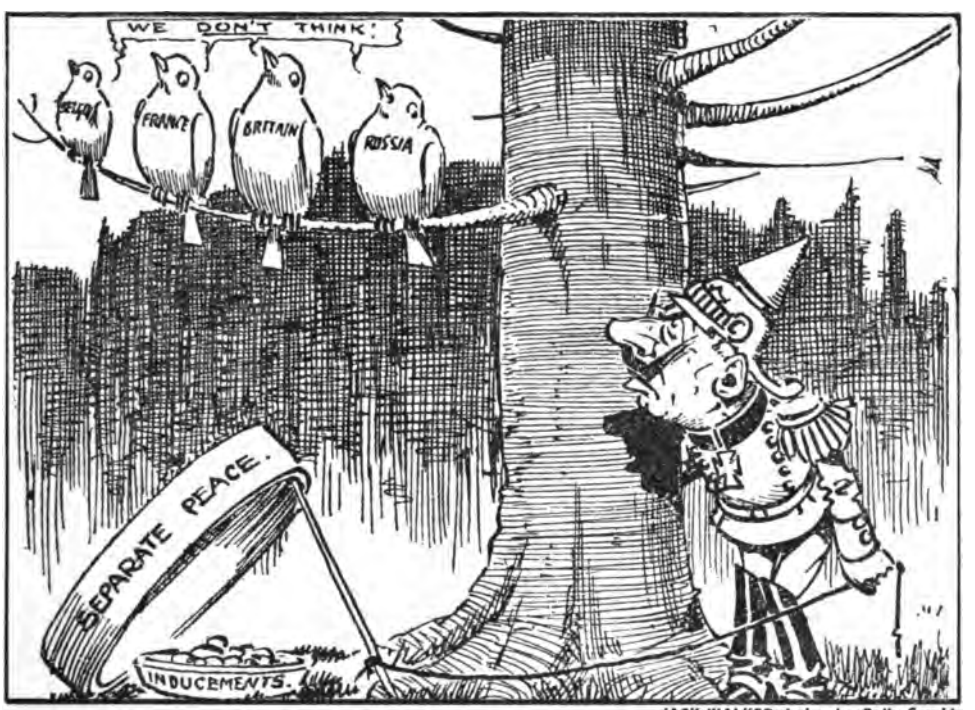
LITTLE I need, my wants are few,
No simpler soul has been;
Merely a continent or two,
With oceans in between.
Why grudge the mild and gentle Hun,
His right to gambol in the sun?

A statue in Trafalgar Square,
Where Nelson used to be;
If London needs a hero there,
They'll surely jump at me;
And wildly cheer me as they go,
Upon the 'bus to Pimlico.

A shooting-box to suit me could
Be found across the Tweed;
A country place in Norfolk would
Be very nice indeed.
I like Balmoral, truth to tell,
And Sandringham would do as well.

The English should be pleased to get
A kaiser for their king.
How insular to be upset,
About so small a thing!
It seems absurd to have to fight,
Because I want the Isle of Wight.

—R. Arkell, in London Opinion.



JACK WALKER, in London Daily Graphic

Too Obvious

Mr. Walker has cartooned the kaiser in a hundred and one different ways. Several collections of his cartoons in book form are meeting with a wide sale in London.

JACK WALKER, in London Daily Graphic

In a Warm Place

"POY," in London Evening News

Listening to the Message of the Wild Waves in the Sea Shells

Blowing on the Golden Horn

The Task of the Allied Warships in the Narrows
Evelyn Ross, in the London Daily Express

EVIDENTLY Constantinople is not going to prove an easy nut to crack. The allied fleets have made little progress through the Dardanelles, having met with a more stubborn resistance than was expected. Further delay has been caused by heavy weather. The mine sweeping has proceeded slowly under difficulties. The following article from the London Daily Express outlines the task ahead of the warships:

JUST before sunrise at the entrance to the Dardanelles there may be seen almost any morning, during times of peace, a long line of ships of all nations waiting to enter the Straits. Before that hour no vessel may enter, though those outward bound whose papers have been passed at Nagara Point may leave during the night.

From Kum Kaleh to Gallipoli, where the actual Straits end to all intents and purposes, is a distance of about thirty-three miles. Chanak, which stands on the Narrows, is nearly thirteen miles from the entrance, and it is here that the famous fortifications are the strongest and most thickly grouped.

ALFRED LEETE, in London Opinion

"March!"

Stand on the deck of a slow-going cargo boat and scan with powerful glass the coast as you pass, that on the Gallipoli Peninsula more especially, and how many guns can you find? Very few, so cleverly have they been mounted and masked.

We now know Forts Sedd-el Bahr and its confrère opposite at Kum Kaleh are destroyed. This is not surprising, for the latter has been in existence for years, and I very much doubt whether any cupolas existed, in spite of the feverish activity with which the Turco-German garrisons have been making ready. Sedd-el Bahr, now demolished, was somewhat similar to Kum Kaleh. Thus an entrance was forced.

The land on the north side now continues in an almost straight line, while that in Asia Minor curves inland at once. Not far from the village of Kum Kaleh the River Scamander empties into the bay, a favourite hiding-place of the Turkish fleet, exactly behind

RAVEN-HILL, in Punch

THE SULTAN "OVER THE WATER."

Mehmed V. (to Constantinople): "I don't want to leave you, but I think I ought to go."

MORGAN,
in Philadelphia Inquirer

A Moving Picture

the protection of the fort.

Here is historic ground. No region in the world has been more celebrated in ancient legend. It was the stage for Priam, Hector, and Paris, and later for Xerxes and Alexander.

The ruins of Troy may be seen from this point, a small, squarish, squat pile of stonework on a hill. Beyond this there is nothing to catch the eye on either side until passing the village of Ren Kuoi, high up on the Asiatic side. Fort Dardanus lies almost on the shore a slight distance beyond. In a diagonal line across is a fort, and from this point on high ground guns are dotted here and there all along until the Narrows are reached.

This is not the case on the Asia Minor side, for nothing of importance in the way of fortifications is found till one sees a lowlying mound of grass stretching some two to three hundred yards, commanding the approach. This is Hamidieh, a strong battery which always struck me as one of the strongest points of attack among many powerful batteries. Fort K.B. is exactly opposite. The current flows strongly downwards from the Marmora, and the distance across is almost half a mile: and ships are obliged for their own safety, to avoid stranding on the Asiatic side, to keep close in near the European shore.

Thus, while Hamidieh Fort meets approaching vessels, K.B. can also fire on them, but once past, a part of the former fort ceases fire, as the town comes into the line to a certain extent. K.B. continues bombarding, while Forts Chanak and Medjidieh continue the work of Fort Hamidieh.

The battleship, always supposing she lives, receives in addition the attention of Fort Kosse Kaleh on the Asiatic side coupled with that of Cham Kaleh opposite. This hail of steel can be further supplemented by that at Nagara at two points east of Maidos, and a final greeting comes from Sestos. And all the while a sharp look-

MORGAN,
in Philadelphia Inquirer

No Way to Treat a Sick Man

BUSHNELL, in Cincinnati Times-Star

"You ma-ade me what I am today—I ho-ope you're satisfied."

BERNARD PARTRIDGE, in Punch

William o' the Wisp

From Yorodzu, Tokyo

Severing His Claw

The severed claw is labeled "Dardanelles." The shears represent the allied fleet, while the crab is Turkey.

out must the captain keep so that he does not strand his vessel on the shoals abounding at Nagara Point, where is the actual Hellespont. It is an exciting journey this, up and through the Narrows, yet I venture to think all and every one of the allied warships will steam proudly into the Marmora, leaving every gun silent in that beehive of forts.

Beyond the Narrows the channel is apparently free of forts, but a following fire could be directed from some of the batteries already named. Bulair is fortified, and its lines are famous, and if the news from Athens that 100,000 Turks are on the Gallipoli Peninsula be true, then, following the terrific bombardment to which the land from the entrance onwards has been subjected, they must have retreated to these lines or crossed in advance of the fleet to the Asiatic side, though this latter course is not likely. All attention will doubtless be paid to the peninsula, while a simultaneous bombardment of Bulair from near Gallipoli and a point due north in the Gulf of Saros must tell its tale, and assuredly the storm of shell of the past few days will have had its effect.

It seems clear that the Turkish fleet has not come to grips with that of the Allies. Probably it is behind Nagara Point. At the present rate of progression, providing the mine-sweeping is going forward at the same rate as we have heard, there is no reason why the whole of the channel as far as the Marmora should not be entirely in our hands and the Turks driven into the mainland of European Turkey much sooner than we imagined possible when the first news came through of the systematic bombardment.

We must take into consideration also the enormous range of our guns. Those in the forts surrounding the passage of the Narrows can be, and perhaps are at this moment, silenced forever. This end will have been achieved from such a distance that our battleships will not have been exposed to any great extent to the enemy's fire.

Bisect a line drawn from Nagara Fort to the extreme west of Fort Kalid Bahr, and describe a circle within it, and you have the key to the Dardanelles.

Those forts scattered along the coast are more like snipers' posts, acting on their own account, irritating, no doubt, but incapable of striking hard in conjunction with others.

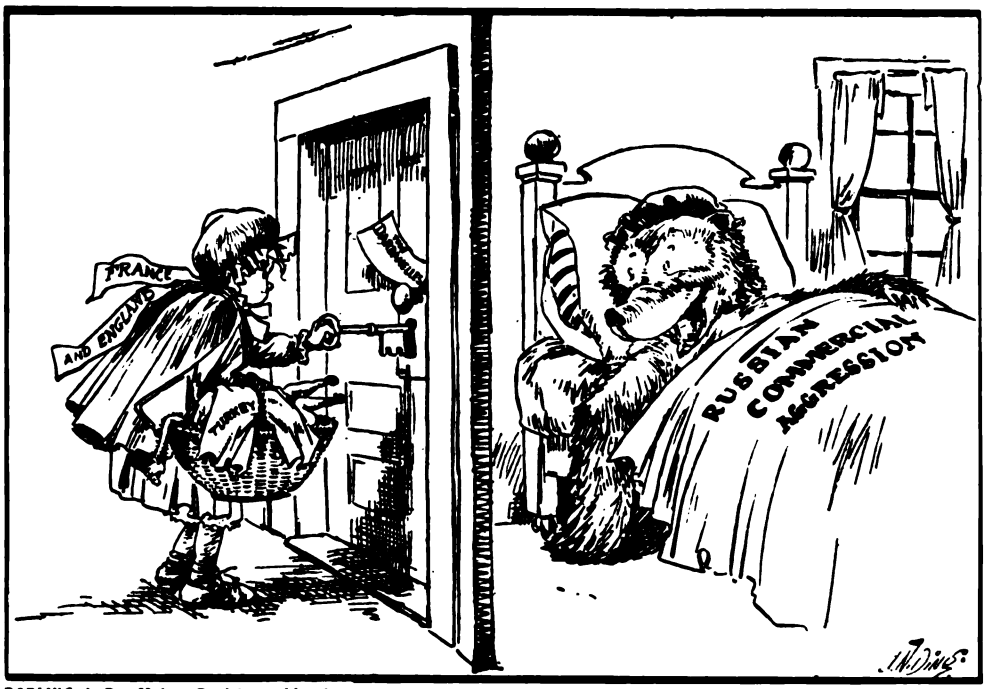
Granted that the Turkish fleet is officered by Germans, and that the crew of the Goeben are distributed among the native sailors, the question arises: Are these battleships of a certain age capable of holding the allied fleet in check, given the favourable position they hold behind Nagara? Surely the answer is in the negative?

From Grafico, Havana

Too Fast for Comfort

HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

Can't You Swim?



DARLING, in Des Moines Register and Leader

Ticklish Business for Little Red Ridinghood

RICHARDS, in Philadelphia North American

"What's your hurry; here's your fez."

"Take this medicine and be cured."
Japan is seen offering China a dose of medicine labeled "Japanese demands."

Japan Prescribes for China's Ailments

HAVING their hands full in Europe did not prevent both Russia and Great Britain from sending representations to Japan protesting against her proposed aggression in China. These, added to the American protest, should tend materially to discourage any designs Nippon may have had on her weaker neighbor. If Japan had counted on the preoccupation of the western powers, she is liable, therefore, to be disappointed, and to find that there is no royal road, after all, to the establishment of a "Monroe doctrine" in the far east. The secrecy with which Japan went about the work, withholding from the powers the more important demands, and modifying others so as to conceal, rather than reveal, the truth, has placed this nation in a bad light with the rest of the world.

That Japan thoroughly means business, and unless restrained, intends to force her demands on an unwilling China, may be seen both from the tenor of Baron Kato's declarations, and from the tone of the vernacular press. Tokyo Puck, for instance, publishes a cartoon showing China held in the grasp of a huge Japanese hand, with the caption "China needs a lesson. Don't get too fresh now. Remember what happened 20 years ago." Osaka Puck has a cartoon in which Japan is depicted drawing a long sword. "The sword has been sharpened," reads the text; "now to try it in Chinese soil."

From Osaka Puck

THE CHINAMAN'S UMBRELLA
He is Beginning to Feel Too Hot under the Rising Sun

Were Japan engaged on the continent helping the allies in their struggle against Germany, it is probable that she might have been allowed to carve out her own future in Asia. But with the German garrison ousted from Tsing-tao, her part on the programme seems to be over, and Japan thus far has shown no disposition to join the triple entente.

In London and Petrograd, as well as in the United States, the situation is viewed with anything but equanim-

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

C. O. PETERSEN, in Simplicissimus

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

"After this if anyone calls us the Britons of the orient, I shall commit hara-kiri."

ity. Nations do not forget, warns the Brooklyn Eagle in the following:

"Coming events cast their shadows before them. The tone of Baron Kato is significant. He wants it, he says, distinctly understood, that Japan has made no promise to China or to any other country to relinquish Tsing-tao. He resents the tendency on the part of Americans and Europeans to set up for Japan a standard by which they themselves do not want to be judged. Almost he speaks as one who would like to see the pot begin to boil; also as one who has no reason to fear the outcome. But the war will not last forever. Germany will always remember Tsing-tao and neither Russia nor Great Britain will forget that some 'impossible' demands were filed in time of trouble. Those who sow, usually reap."

The New York Tribune points out the fact that China lacks military resources, and is dependent on the European powers and on America for working out her political future while Japan expects a reward for her part of the program.

"Japan's interests as the great power of the Far East," adds the Tribune, "naturally commit her to a forward policy in China. For the help she has given Great Britain and Russia she expects some return after the war is over, and her compensation must be in the East, not in the West. China is in somewhat the same predicament as Turkey is in furnishing convenient material to be tossed into the grab bag at the next international conference. Japan evidently wants to put herself in a position to trade off some bad claims against China.

"If a Japanese army were now fighting in Europe the Allies would probably have to shut their eyes to Japanese aggression against China. Fortunately, that price does not have to be paid at present, and our own remonstrances, added to those of Great Britain and Russia, will probably be sufficient to stay Japan's hand. It would be most unfortunate for both Europe and America if the discords of the Great War should disturb the status quo in the Far East and shatter the guarantees of Chinese territorial integrity and freedom of commerce which have been the product of so much earnest and helpful diplomatic effort."

It was only to be expected, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, that Japan should take advantage of the present world

From Tokyo Puck

A PERTINENT QUESTION

Japan: "Want a loan of this arm, eh? You say it's good for something greater than Kiaochow? Ah, yes; but what do I get for its service?"

From Osaka Puck

The Big Knife Is Out. Its Edge will Soon be Tried in Chinese Soil

HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

"Just like honorable Europe"

crisis to extend her influence in Asia, but believes that she will listen to advice.

"Years of repression," says the Ledger, "have led Japan to ask for too much. Great Britain joins with Russia in counselling moderation, and the United States has taken a similar position on its own initiative. The integrity of China must be respected. However well founded the claims of Japan may be, they must not be pressed at the expense of the new republic. And Japan, although the youngest member of the family of great nations, is far too astute and intuitively wise to disregard the representations of the Powers that have most at stake in the East. The demands of Nippon will be modified and there is little danger of the outbreak of a Mongolian war."

Rather an alarmist view is taken by the San Francisco Chronicle, which is disposed to doubt whether the European nations, or even the United States, for that matter, can help themselves if Japan proceeds to carry out her policy.

"Neither Russia nor England," declares the Chronicle, "is in a position to stay Japan if the Mikado decides to take another slice of China or to demand any number of trade concessions from the Celestial empire.

"Japan is the only power in the Far East with a free hand, and she can do with China almost anything she pleases. That is as a matter of force and assuming that the United States is not likely to perpetrate the blunder of interfering before there is an explicit violation of her treaty rights.

"We may go on record as protesting against certain Japanese proposals, but, until we are injured, it would be unwise to say too much. It is extremely improbable that Japan, if she acquires control of China, would impose a tariff designed to shut out the United States from Oriental trade. She has no such tariff in operation against us

From Mancho, Tokyo

"Don't be naughty, or you will catch cold."

The baby represents China. The jacket that Japan is holding out is the Japanese "Monroe doctrine."

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

O. GULBRANSSON, in Simplicissimus

Marianne: "Say, little Jap. How would you like to be my friend? My former friend is too busy at Warsaw."

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

From Lustige Blaetter

France, a Beautiful Widow with a Glorious Past, Now Goes Down upon Her Knees, before This Yellow Scum of the East

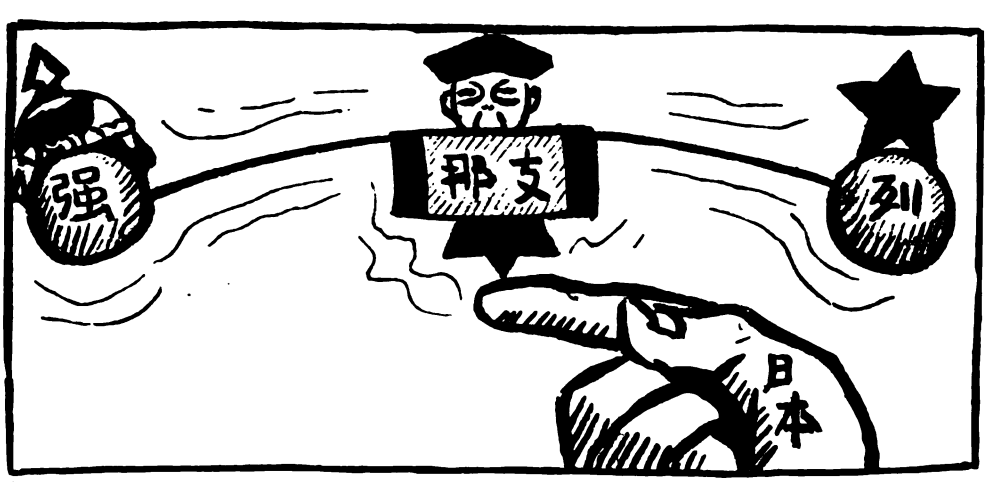
Joan of Arc, Condé and Napoleon are seen in the background.

today, because our mutual trade is mutually profitable. It would be so if Japan were enlarged so as to include the whole of China, and certainly there is no call for the United States to kick until she is actually injured.

"Europe will not fight against Japan, because the powers are too busy with the war on their own hands. Moreover, Russia, France and England, the three nations with the largest interests in China, are heavily indebted to Japan for her assistance in driving the Germans out of the Shantung peninsula, and in helping to clear the Pacific of the German cruisers."

That Japan has no intention of giving aid to the allies, despite the various conjectures on the part of Europe, may be gathered from the following editorial in the Japan Times:

"The suggestion to invite Japanese troops to fight in Europe has never been taken seriously in this country. Not that those who advocated it were thought themselves not to be in earnest; but whatever high position they may occupy, they were known to be parties not the best qualified to speak on this aspect of the situation, and seemed too intent on only one phase of the problem to weigh others that presented many difficulties. Meetings have been held here to arouse an echo of their clamor, but they have succeeded no further than in attracting the curious, their speakers lacking equally in authority and in force of convincing argument. To be candid, it has occurred to many minds that the call for Japanese participation, if allowed to grow to be a widespread demand, might lead to some undesirable consequences. For, let the public, say of France, be persuaded not only that it is easily practicable but that Japan is ready and willing to send over a large force, and then be told that Japan is not going to do anything of the kind. The result will not merely be a disappointment, but may lead to a host of misconceptions. The Germans may, for instance, scheme to produce the impression that Japan has



From Mancho, Tokyo

Beware of Falling Down

China is seen balanced on Japan's finger, while the weights of either side represent the belligerent powers.

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

From Guckkasten, Munich

Japan must Help!

changed her attitude and is lukewarm in the cause of the allies. Or, if the notion of Japanese assistance becomes popular, the opportunity may be seized by German agents to work a revulsion of feeling by representing that Japan may extort inordinate compensation for her service, and thus arouse suspicions against her in her existing relations. This latter mischief the Germans seem already to be working for all it is worth.

"The Germans and their friends may be said to be only a step now from poisoning the French mind against this country. We consider it very fortunate that the participation idea has not grown into anything like a popular movement.

"We should be doing a great injustice to French intelligence to think that the public of that country would be easily misled into believing these German insinuations. If the participation question has never been seriously considered here, owing to the source from which it has emanated, it has nevertheless been objected to for concrete reasons. In the first place the distance and lack of adequate means of conveyance—as a practical problem, not as a theory on paper—offer an almost insurmountable obstacle to the dispatch to Europe of a force of sufficient strength to make a change in the war situation. But a stronger ground of objection, principally held by the military element, is that the Imperial Army is not a mercenary institution and must not be brought into action but for the defense of the Empire. It is not an army for conquest but the guardian of the country's safety. As such it is out of the question that it should be hired out for battles in which the Empire's vital interests are not at stake. We emphasize that this is the ruling opinion and principle among army men. The plain and only possible conclusion is that military strength thus constituted cannot be a menace to anybody. Nor can there be any logical connection between the occupation of South Sea Islands as a consequence of war and the future of Java as a possession of friendly Holland. Still less is the possibility of Japan's making an unprovoked descent on continental territories. What may appear possible to eyes accustomed to German military imperialism must not be applied to a Power that does not strike except at the call of duty. We feel assured that this is perfectly well understood in France, and the move for an invitation to Japanese troops has been dropped because it can have no result but the furthering of mischievous German machinations."

The report that Germany is backing China is credible. But the backing is rather too far back at present to be effective.—New York World.

Another unsuccessful turning movement —Germany's efforts to turn Italy against the allies.—Philadelphia North American.

Russia says the war has been the best advertisement she ever had. She has also paid a pretty stiff price for it, but it does look as if it were cheap at space rates.—Dayton News.

BRADLEY, in Chicago Daily News

Now to See—Perhaps—How the Idea Works Out

FITZPATRICK, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"I don't want a place in the sun."

W. A. WELLNER, after Knackfuss, in Lustige Blaetter

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

He Drew It and Explained It, and Kept Grinding His Sword, and as the Morning of War Dawned, the World Understood Too Late

This cartoon is based on the celebrated design by Emperor Wilhelm of Germany, executed by Knackfuss. Here the Jap is shown in place of the original Buddha.

IRELAND, in Columbus Dispatch

There is Hard Sledding Ahead for the Missionaries

Hansi's Latest Cartoon

This "battle scene" by Hansi, the Alsatian cartoonist, who has been decorated for bravery at the front, recently sentenced him to prison. Here an old stove pipe is converted into a 42-

From L'Illustration, Paris

The Battle of the Marne

is in the same charming vein as his illustrations for "Mon Village" for which a German tribunal centimeter gun, while a coffee grinder serves the purposes of a machine gun.

SYKES, in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

A Strenuous Effort

INTERNATIONAL LAW AND THE BLOCKADE

How England is Making Rules of Her Own on the High Seas

"THE British fleet has instituted a blockade effectively controlling by cruiser cordon all passage to and from Germany by sea." This in a nutshell is the official British reply to President Wilson's note asking for additional information on the extraordinary interference with neutral shipping that the British navy is engaged in.

At least, as more than one editorial observer in America has noted, the word "blockade" has been used instead of any circumlocution. Whether such a "long-distance" blockade can be maintained—in defiance, it would appear, to all international law and usage—is for the future to determine. One thing seems certain, and that is that international law is rapidly being remade—with the rapidity and unexpectedness almost of the Alice-in-Wonderland laws in the court scene.

The United States, however, now knows what to expect, and with the effectiveness of the blockade, our loss in customs revenue alone will approximate $100,000 a day. It means practically a total abandonment of our trade with Germany, and America is not the only neutral nation that will suffer.

Still nobody is excited. The British press comments on the moderate tone of our protests, and calmly assures us that the high seas belong to the power that can control them.

Meanwhile between the allies and Germany honors are about even. The former have managed to sink several of the dreaded submarines, while these hidden terrors of the sea have sent to Davy Jones' locker a daily lengthening list of British ships and neutral carriers.

"It was perhaps inevitable, but it is none the less to be regretted," comments the London Daily Mail, "that opinion in the United States should view with some disfavor the counter-stroke to German piracy which the Allies have determined upon. That American trade must thereby suffer temporarily, both in exports to Germany and in imports from Germany, is a fact that cannot be gainsaid. We may deplore these losses but we cannot undertake to prevent them. We are, however, entitled to ask that Americans shall consider all the circumstances that justify the new departure and weigh the unavoidable interruption to their commerce against the vital interests that, for them as well as for the Allies, are at stake in this war.

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

E. NUNES, in Guckkasten

America's Protest

CARTER, in New York Evening Sun

The Lion's Maw

"We would invite our American friends to remember that matters have reached their present pass simply and solely because Germany has proclaimed her emancipation from the laws that have hitherto humanized warfare. We may fairly ask from them, at a crisis when all the social and political ideals of the English-speaking peoples are in jeopardy, the same measure of patience and forbearance that was shown to them in their hour of trial."

That Britannia rules the waves, and therefore can do what she likes, is the contention of the London Daily Express, which speaks as follows:

"The warships of France and Great Britain command the roads of the ocean. America knows quite well that we can carry out what we threaten. We do not for a moment believe that the United States is affected only by financial considerations. We are convinced that the great majority of its citizens realize that Great Britain and her Allies are fighting not only for themselves but for the cause of democratic liberty. Were Great Britain defeated it would not be long before America would have to fight for her life against German savagery. Her sympathy has been an invaluable asset, and we are confident that we may rely on her accepting inconvenience and even loss with undiminished friendliness, knowing that the ruthlessness of the enemy has compelled this country to drastic action, and that we cannot and dare not abandon any weapon that will hasten the enemy's final defeat.

"It is absurd, however, for us to expect that America should accept loss without protest while a minority of our own people are still unable to subjugate personal advantage to the common good."

Another utterance in the same tone comes from the News of the World, London:

"The isolation of Germany, an isolation which will be shared by Austria, will be real. Her idea in instituting her piratical policy was to frighten our merchant marine from the ocean, and to frighten away from our ports the shipping of neutrals. She gambled upon being able to starve us out by a policy of assassination and bluff. Her so-called blockade was but a word to mask lawless and indiscriminate violence. Like every calculation made by Germany's counsellors, it has failed utterly, having no other effect than to call down on her head disastrous reprisals. The measures now taken by Great Britain and France will be carried out by a Fleet which is entirely equal to the task. If either our enemies or neutrals have any doubt about our ability to translate our policy into action they have but to note what is going on in the Dardanelles."

The American position is thus outlined by the Philadelphia Press, which admits that international law adapts itself to circumstances, and points out the difference be-

MORGAN, in Philadelphia Inquirer Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

Old Nep Agrees with President Wilson; the Whole Thing Is "Most Displeasing"

HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

Red Ridinghood

KNECHT, in Evansville Courier

Old Stuff!

tween a blockade as generally accepted, and the kind the allies are trying to establish. To quote:

"The restrictions on neutral commerce imposed by the belligerents in this war are modified and reduced as the result of the American protests, but the intent of each enemy to stop all importations to the other, that it can, remains fixed. The word blockade which the official communications have hitherto avoided is used in the latest English note. A close blockade of ports such as is recognized and permitted by international law is not maintained or attempted by either Power. The submarine which has changed the conditions of maritime war in many respects make the old-fashioned close blockade impossible. A new kind of long distance blockade has been invented to take its place. The Germans call it a 'war zone' and the British term it 'a radius of activity,' and neutral vessels are warned to keep out of the waters so defined.

"As a concession to American hostility to this new kind of blockade which is without sanction in international usage Great Britain waives the blockader's right to confiscate ships and cargoes intercepted and announces that she proposes only to stop cargoes on their way to or from enemy's territory. The 'radius of activity' in which these stoppages take place is confined by the note somewhat vaguely to 'European waters' which we are told includes the Mediterranean Sea and how much besides our mariners are left to guess."

From the standpoint of our Canadian neighbors, the following observations from the Montreal Star are interesting:

"The attitude taken by the American press toward the new 'blockade' policy of the Allies, foreshadows a strong protest from the American Government.

"This is a perfectly understandable attitude. It may not be very progressive morally; and it undoubtedly has been a bitter disappointment to the many American citizens who thought of their Great Republic as a cut better than the war-shackled nations of Europe. But one nation cannot demand that another shall be a champion of right or a knight-errant of chivalry. If the United States decides to limit its protests to commerce, and to say nothing about Belgium or 'baby killing,' that is the business of the United States."

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

From Lustige Blaetter

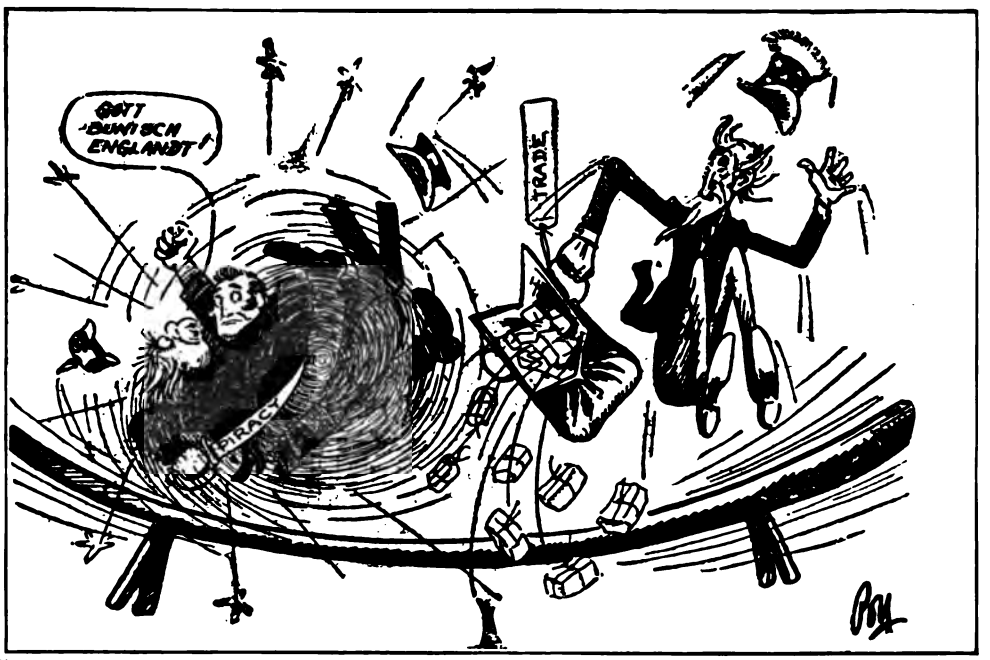
FAMINE

John Bull: "You here? You should have gone to Germany."

Famine: "I couldn't get in so I had to come back."

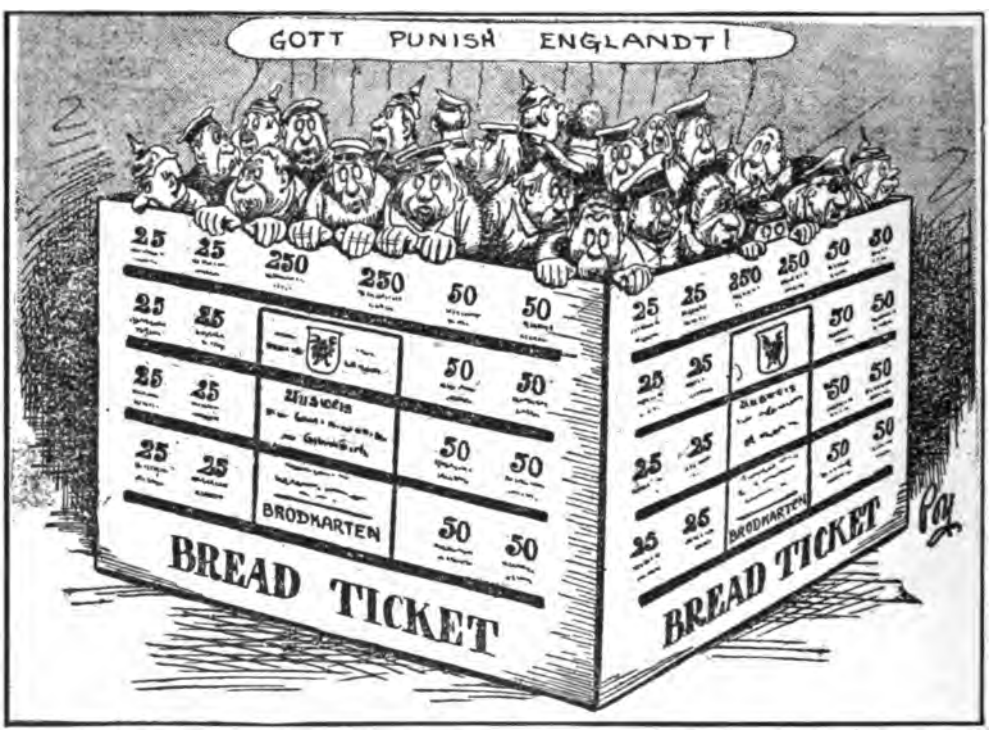
RAVEN-HILL, in Punch

The Bread-Winner



"POY," in London Evening News

John: "Sorry if it jars you, Sam, but you must remember you're living in the same world with a fight."



"POY," in London Evening News

The Cardboard Blockade

The artist has introduced into his design the newly issued bread ticket of Germany

MacKINNEY, in Cape Times, Cape Town

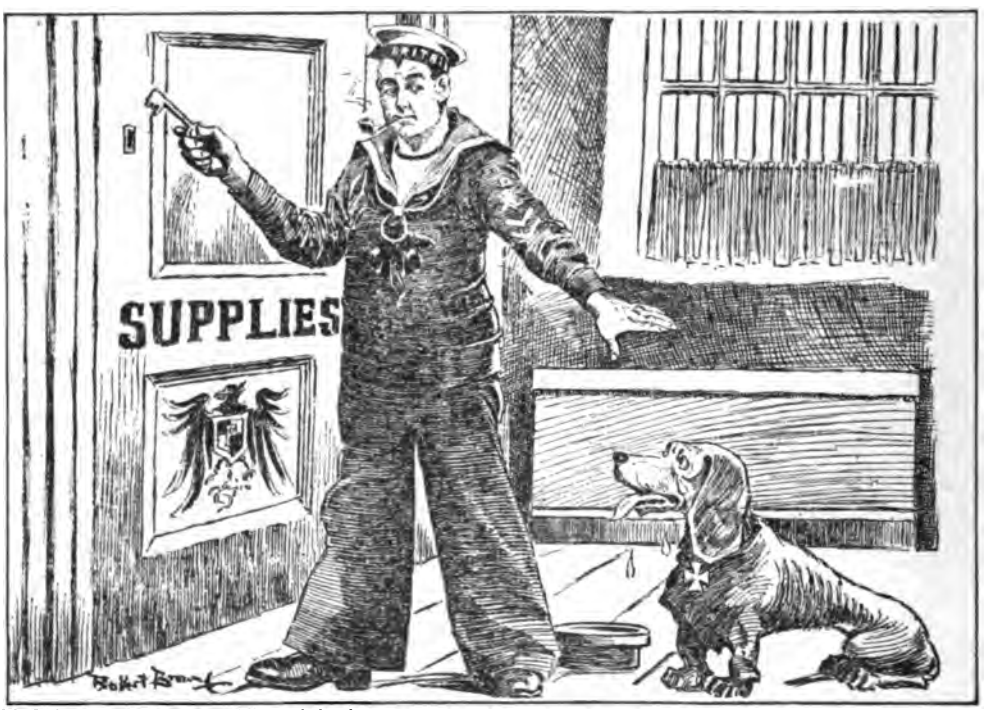
The Admiral of the "Mine"

Von Wilhelm was an Admiral bold,
The German's pride was he,
And he cried, "I'll reign on the rolling main,
As soon the world will see,"
And as he paced his quarter deck,
And look'd o'er the misty tide,
He saw Old England like a speck
And he shook his fist and cried.
"I've a MINE at the mast!" said he.
"For a MINE is the sign for me.
That the world may know
I'll send below
All ships on the mighty sea."
—"The Admiral's Broom," adapted.

FRANK HOLLAND, in Reynolds's Newspaper, London

PLAIN WORDS FOR PIRATES

Uncle Sam: "I don't want any explanations; you must put an end to this sinking of my ships, or I shall put an end to my neutrality—darned quick."



ROBERT BROWNE, in News of the World, London

And So the Poor Dog Had None

THOMAS, in Detroit News

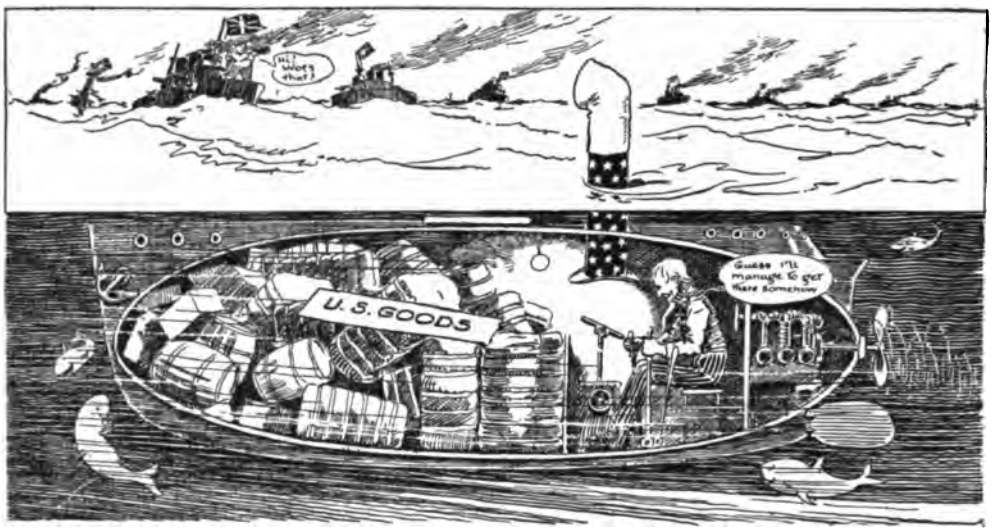
Only a Bluff

JACK WALKER, in London Daily Graphic

ANOTHER "CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE ARMY"

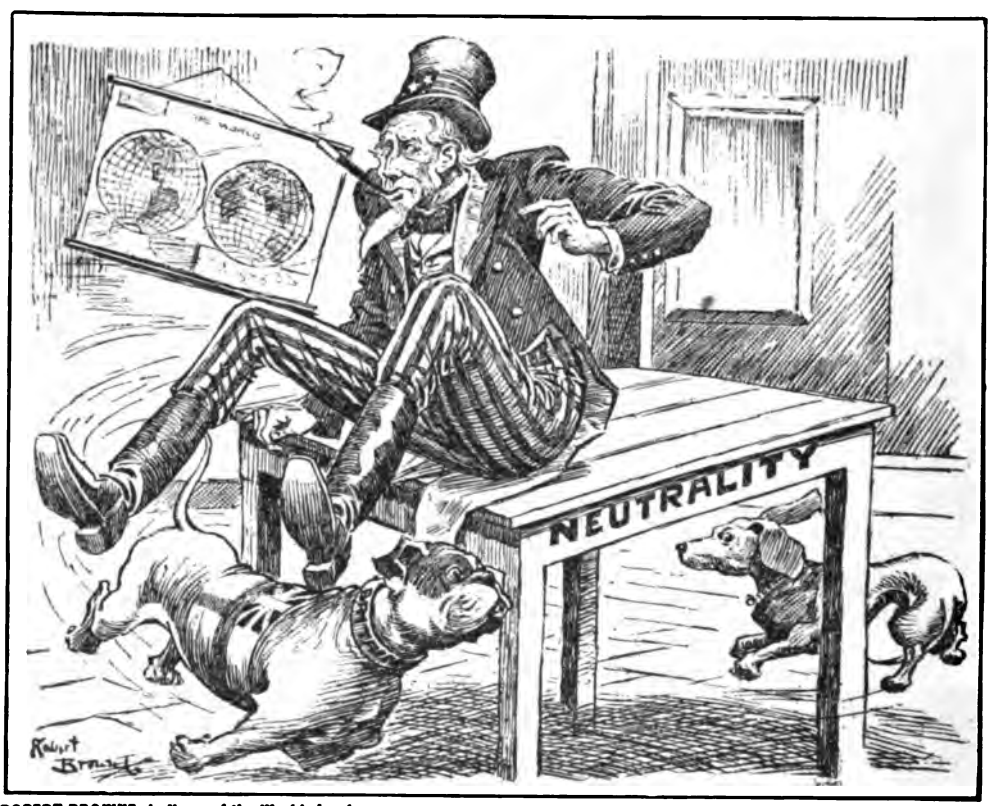
Irate Hun: "Bah! You haf no armies, therefore I schnaps mine fingers at you!"

Jonathan (significantly): "Guess that's what you thought about John Bull last summer."



BRADLEY, in Chicago Daily News

Must He Have a Submarine Merchant Service?



ROBERT BROWNE, in News of the World, London

Awkward

THE FIRST POLITICAL CARTOON USED TO WIN VOTES

Wordless Journalism in America

By Jas. Melvin Lee
Director, Department of Journalism, New York University

II—Period of the Early Republic

AMERICAN newspapers published in the early days of the Republic were produced under great difficulties. Publishers had little money and evidently subscribers had still less. Both ink and paper were hard to procure. Home industry had to be patronized. Ink was taken from the factory before it was properly mixed and paper was shipped from the mill before it had a chance to dry. Only the most urgent appeals to readers to save rags for the mill prevented a paper famine. Under these conditions it is not strange that often publishers of newspapers had not the means to pay for the designing and the engraving of cartoons for their sheets. Yet every great storm through which the new Ship of State passed as it sailed over uncharted seas has been recorded in wordless journalism.

Benjamin Russell of The Massachusetts Sentinel, more than any other editor of this period, recognized the influence of the cartoon. His device of "The Federal Pillars" attracted much attention. Whenever a new state adopted the Constitution he added another pillar to the "Federal Edifice." In the early part of August, 1788, when eleven states had approved the Constitution he ran in his paper the device reproduced in the illustration. The eleven states were represented by the corresponding number of perpendicular pillars. North Carolina's pillar was raised to an angle of forty-five degrees, while the one for Rhode Island appeared broken above its base. Hope was held out in the inscription at the capital: "The foundation good—it may yet be saved." Evidently Russell had no doubt about the final action of North Carolina, for over the pillar

JAMES MELVIN LEE
Director Department of Journalism, New York University. Cartoon by "Zim"

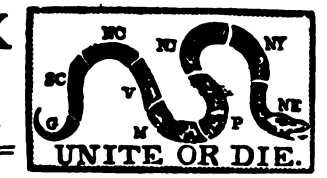
[THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1774. THE [NUMBER 1642.]

NEW-YORK GENERAL JOURNAL ADVERTISER.

OR THE

Containing the freshest ADVICES, both FOREIGN and DOMESTIC.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN HOLT, NEAR THE COFFEE-HOUSE.



The Snake Cartoon, Revolutionary Period

Of the great influence wielded by this popular device Mr. Lee wrote in his first installment

which represented that state was the encouraging news: "Rise it will." Written testimony shows how eagerly readers of The Massachusetts Sentinel watched the rise of columns in the "National Dome."

It was this same Russell who gave us the Gerrymander cartoon, though it was drawn by Gilbert Stuart, who is best remembered by his portrait of Washington. The struggle between the Democrats and the Federalists for the control of the state of Massachusetts was extremely bitter. In 1811 the former had not only elected Elbridge Gerry governor but also carried both houses of the Legislature. To retain this supremacy in the future, that there might be no doubt about the election of a United States Senator, the Democrats remapped the senatorial districts and divided the power of their political opponents by paying no attention to county boundaries. In Essex County the arrangement of the district in relation to the town was most singular and absurd. Russell had opposed such a political move and after it had become a law he had taken a map of Essex County and colored the towns according to senatorial districts. The strange map hung on the walls of his editorial sanctum.

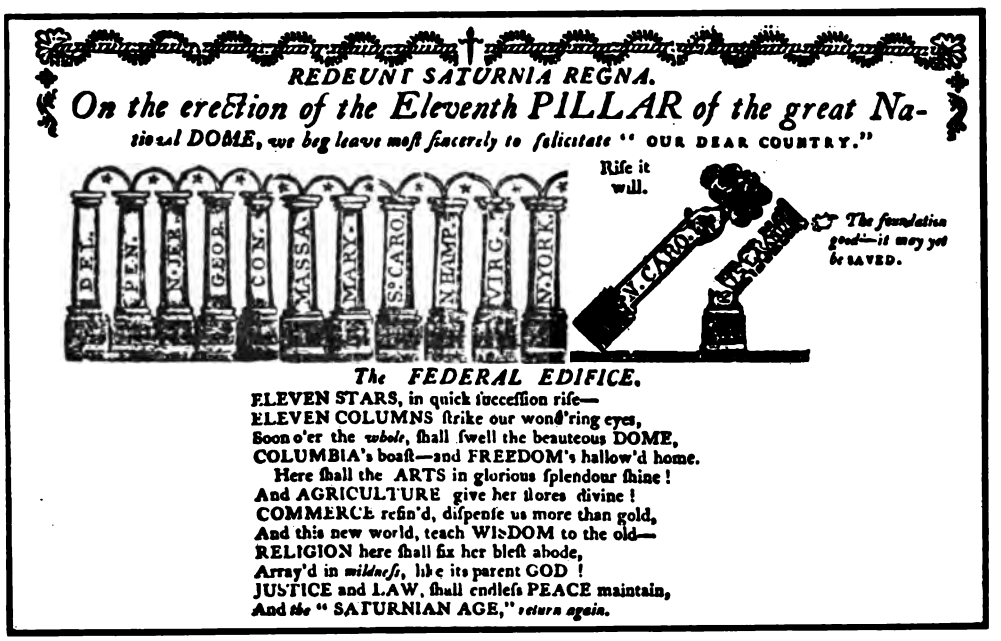
One day as Stuart gazed at the map he remarked to Russell that the towns as they had been colored resembled some monstrous animal. A few touches of his pencil added a head, wings, and claws. "There," said Stuart, according to the report, "that will do for a salamander." Editor Russell looked at the revised map only a minute and then exclaimed, "Salamander? Better call it Gerrymander."

In describing this incident in his "Reminiscences," Joseph T. Buckingham says: "The word became a proverb, and, for many years, was in popular use among the Federalists as a term of reproach to the Democratic Legislature, which had distinguished itself by this act of political turpitude. An engraving of the Gerrymander was made, and hawked about the State, which had some effect in annoying the Democratic Party."

In justice to Governor Gerry it should be said that while he signed the bill he probably had nothing else to do with the measure. Yet his name is forever linked with a word that carries a stigma. The illustration used in this article is from a broadside in the possession of the New York Public Library. A lead pencil memorandum says that the cartoon was reproduced in the Boston Gazette.

A New Species of Monster which appeared in Essex South District, January, 1812—the Gerrymander—By Gilbert Stuart

During the War of 1812 the cartoon often appeared in a broadside — or newspaper extra, as it would be today. The Embargo Acts, as might be expected, frequently furnished the subject matter. A snake cartoon —quite differ-


REDEUNT SATURNIA REGNA.
On the erection of the Eleventh PILLAR of the great National DOME, we beg leave moſt ſincerely to ſolicitate "OUR DEAR COUNTRY."
DEL.
PEN.
N.JER.
GEO.A.
CON.
MASSA.
MARY.
S.CARO.
N.HAMP.
VIR.G.
N.YORK
Riſe it will.
N.CARO.
The foundation good—it may yet be SAVED.
The FEDERAL EDIFICE.
ELEVEN STARS, in quick ſucceſſion riſe—
ELEVEN COLUMNS ſtrike our wond'ring eyes,
Soon o'er the whole, ſhall ſwell the beauteous DOME,
COLUMBIA's boaſt—and FREEDOM's hallow'd home.
Here ſhall the ARTS in glorious ſplendour ſhine!
And AGRICULTURE give her ſtores divine!
COMMERCE refin'd, diſpenſe us more than gold,
And this new world, teach WISDOM to the old—
RELIGION here ſhall fix her bleſt abode,
Array'd in meekneſs, like its parent GOD!
JUSTICE and LAW, ſhall endleſs PEACE maintain,
And the "SATURNIAN AGE," return again.

The Federal Pillars Cartoon—Massachusetts Sentinel, 1788

The Hartford Convention, or Leap no Leap—By William Charles

ent from the one mentioned so frequently last month—circulated rather extensively, especially in New England. The serpent represented the land trade with Canada which had been practically stopped by the Land Embargo. The snake was caught in the middle between the two trees, labeled "Embargo" and "Non Importation Act." A cock, representing France, was crowing lustily. The caption was this bit of dialogue:

Head: "What is the matter, tail?"
Tail: "I can't get out."

The real cartoonist of the War of 1812 was William Charles. Born in Edinburgh, he came to this country at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The evidence seems to show that he had to leave the mother country because of his caricatures of some of her magistrates. He published his own cartoons and had a print shop first at New York and later at Philadelphia. He died in 1821. More than any other man, till the time of Nast, he recognized cartoon material when the label was absent. His "A Wasp on a Frolic or a Sting for John Bull" probably had the largest sale, though it was by no means his best work. This cartoon grew out of the victory of the American ship, Wasp, over the British one, Frolic. This bit of verse, which appeared under the drawing, gives a description of how Charles dramatized the facts:

A WASP took a FROLIC, and met Johnny Bull,
Who always fights best, when his belly is full.
The WASP thought him hungry by his mouth open wide,
So, his belly to fill, put a sting in his side.

Another popular cartoon by Charles commemorated Perry's naval victory on Lake Erie. Entitled, "Queen Charlotte and Johnny Bull Got Their Dose of Perry," it showed the queen offering John Bull a bottle of medicine labeled "Perry." In the foam coming out of the uncorked bottle appeared the names of the vessels in the American squadron.

Oh! poor Sailors! poor blue Jackets!
dont go to war with the mother country!
dont go to war with good old England!
you will get hard knocks on the Sea!—
you will spend your years in English
prisons and prison ships! dont submit
to the War! — you will beg in the
streets or rot in the alms house!—
oh! poor sailors!—oh! poor
blue Jackets!—
Here's a flock of mother
Cary's chickens —
What think you my hearties
to all this Bead!—
Why 'tis all my eye Jack. Shiver
my timbs but this fellow is an
English disclosed — so let's have
no more of your blarney —
An American tar knows his
duty — and if he gets into
prison d'ye see he'll get out
ag'n and as for a hard knock
— let 'em fly an' they will.
— when head's Harvest.
That's right my honest soul!— We'll stick
to our quarters, boys, like true hearted
sailors, and may the lubber be slash'd
home to the graygard, and scrapid with
a sharks tooth, who would mutiny gainst
commander and desert his native
hard gale and a tough passage brings
him to short allowance
So three cheers boys — Huzza! — ! — !
for Yankey doodle —
TORY CAVE

The Tory Editor and His Apes Giving Their Pitiful Advice to the American Sailors—By William Charles

The Hartford Convention called forth several cartoons. The one by Charles, "Leap No Leap," is shown in the illustration. In a way it reflected the spirit of the British press, which on the whole was not extremely bitter toward America but regarded the new Republic as a wayward child. In this cartoon, John Bull addressed Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut as follows: "Oh, 'tis my Yankee boys: Jump in, my fine fellows, plenty of molasses and codfish; plenty of goods to smuggle. Honors, titles, and nobility into the bargain." Massachusetts seemed to be the only one of the three states willing to make the leap. In some of the cartoons of the Hartford Convention may be found the precursors of the modern political variety.

To prevent certain unprincipled men, especially in New England, from furnishing supplies to the enemy from American ports a new Embargo Act was passed in 1813. Dr. Alexander Anderson personified the Embargo Act of 1813 by a huge terrapin in a series of cartoons which he designed and engraved for David Longworth, the New York publisher. The best of these was the one commonly known as "O-grab-me" (embargo spelt backward). In it the terrapin, in charge of a government official, had seized by the seat of the breeches a violator of the law who was about to carry supplies to a British ship. From the mouth of the violator of the Embargo Act came the words, "Oh, this cursed o-grab-me." This cartoon was one of those many wordless editorials which have aroused public sentiment at a pivotal point in American history.

Coming back once again to William Charles, I must not omit in this article some mention of his rebuke to a certain section of the press. The cartoon had two or three titles, but the one finally used by Charles was "The Tory Editor and His Apes Giving Their Pitiful Advice to the American Sailors." From the Tory cave came the editor of The Boston Gazette, who was the chief spokesman for the Tory press. His advice to the sailors was—according to the cartoon—as follows: "Oh! Poor Sailors! Poor Blue Jackets! Don't go to war with the mother country: Don't go to war with good old England: You will get hard knocks on the pate. You will spend your years in English prisons and prison ships. Don't submit to the war! You will beg in the streets or rot in the almshouse. Oh! Poor Sailors: Oh! Poor Blue Jackets!" Some of the papers which Charles made to "ape" The Boston Gazette were The New York Gazette, The United States Gazette, The Norfolk Ledger, The Washington Federalist, The Evening Post, etc. One of the replies from the sailors was: "We'll stick to our quarters, boys, like true hearted sailors, and may the lubber be slushed home to the gizzard, and scrap'd with a shark's tooth, who would mutiny 'gainst commander and desert ship 'cause a hard gale and a tough passage brings him to short allowance. Three cheers for Yankee doodle." Though this cartoon was crudely drawn, yet what it lacked in craftsmanship it made up in its blunt appeal to the patriotism of the American tars.

Even more than in the War of the Revolution the cartoon was used during the second war with England to arouse our country to action. Its use to rebuke newspapers faltering in their support to the National Government was even more remarkable. Its employment to win votes for political parties (as may be seen from one of the illustrations) first showed itself at this period. Yet from this small beginning came those political cartoons of later years that helped to "make and unmake" our presidents.

THOMAS, In Detroit News

"My noble troops, I am with you in spirit."

TH. HEINE, in Simplicissimus

THE ENGLISHMAN IN HELL

"No Zeppelins here! No Krupps! No submarines! I am in Heaven."

MADE BY CARTOONISTS

From Sydney Bulletin

A MEETING IN SHEOL

Beelzebub: "Bill—Abdul: Abdul—Bill."
Abdul the Damned (turning away): "No, thanks. I must draw the line somewhere."

Heavy Trade Balance Brings Encouragement

AN UNUSUALLY large bundle of press clippings in our "Business and Prosperity" pigeon-hole this month seems to lend evidence, from an editorial standpoint, at least, of gradually returning good times. Despite the war, business in America is going on "as usual," and with the advancing spring there are many signs of brightening financial skies.

The Department of Commerce in a recently issued report reviews the foreign commerce of the United States since the beginning of the war. Even under the present unprecedented conditions the trade balance in our favor has been enormous. American exports for February were larger by nearly a hundred millions of dollars than the exports of any previous February in the history of the country. Exports exceeded imports during this month by $173,604,366. The total balance of trade in our favor during the first eight months of the war amounts to more than half a billion dollars.

SYKES, in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Get Up and Get It

As the Cincinnati Times-Star observes, "it is not too much to say that the great war has imposed a kind of informal and unscientific high tariff on this country." Thus, as this newspaper points out, while the war has limited our imports, it has provided us with a forced and eager market abroad.

Basing its prediction on the reports already in, the New York Sun believes that by the end of the fiscal year in June the trade balance will foot up to a billion and a quarter dollars, or about twice any trade balance in history.

"There is nothing in all this," counsels the Sun, "to cause men of affairs to cast caution to the wind and press recklessly forward into the unknown and unknowable future when the world's greatest war is waging. There is, nevertheless, warrant in it for expecting general business to do better in the coming months.

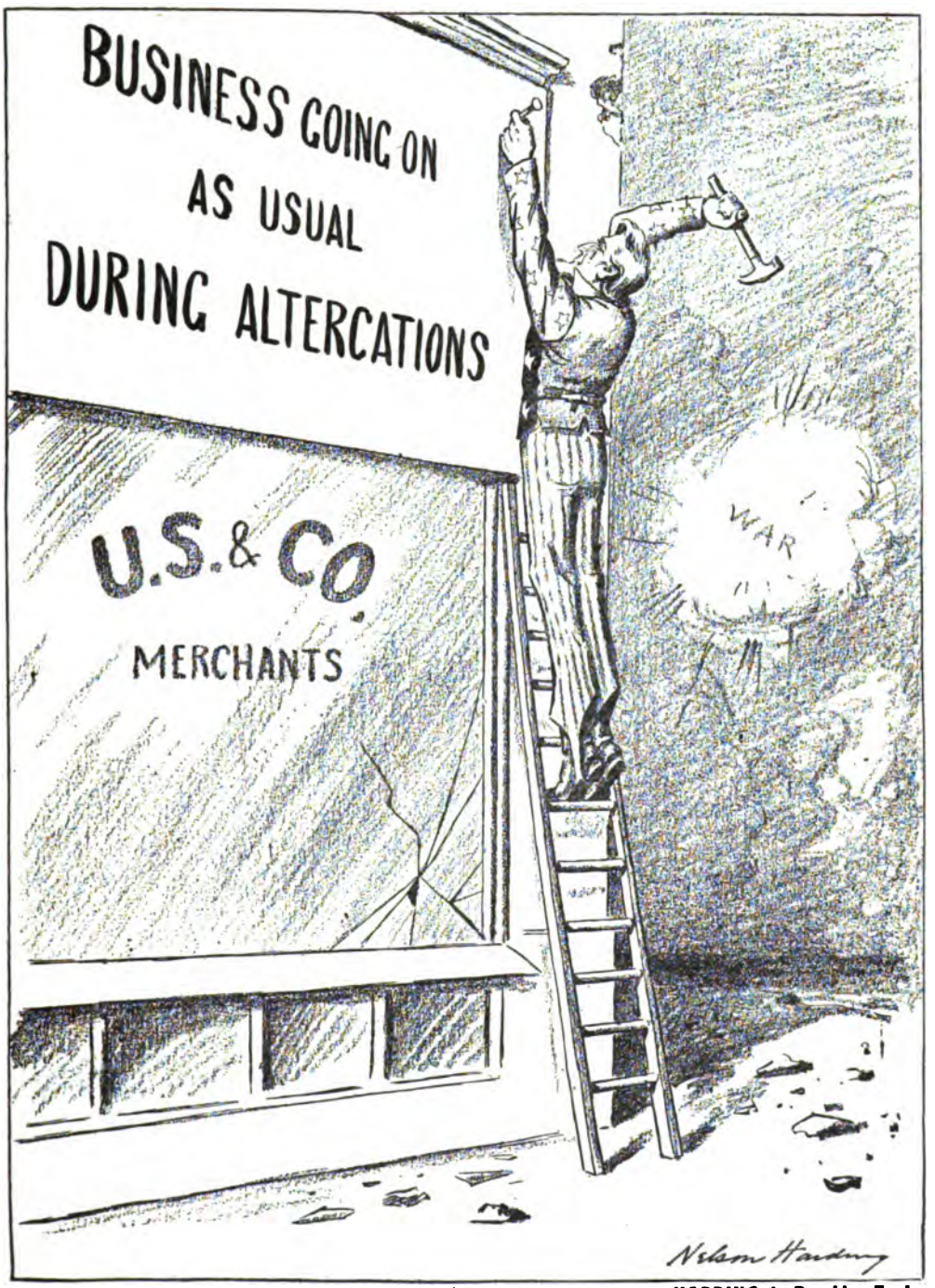
"Already, indeed, the effects of the direct advantages which the war has brought to many lines are being communicated to others. Apart from that the seasonal influences of spring are operating for improvement, and agricultural prospects, which are indispensable in any reckoning of the business outlook, are excellent. The largest acreage of winter wheat ever planted has come along well, and a record breaking area of spring wheat will come under cultivation."

Commenting on the favorable trade balance as set forth by the official figures, the Brooklyn Citizen says:

"For any who may be pessimistic about the future of trade and commerce these statistics should act as a tonic. Heavy exports mean that the mills and factories of the country are running full time, or if the exports have been taken from accumulated stock big exports mean that the mills and factories must immediately open up wide to catch up with the drain on the stocks. The figures mean also that the nations abroad are spending their money in this country buying from our manufacturers. And with easy money here every line of business is bound to feel the benefit. As a matter of fact the mills and workshops of the country have already very largely opened up and are running on full time, as is known from reports received recently from hundreds of business men all over America, and business of all kinds is now, or will be shortly, in a normal condition, with splendid prospects."

"War is filling the American purse," declares the Philadelphia Public Ledger, which has the following:

"No broker can remember when foreign exchange was so favorable to America as it is today. A little less than eight months ago no broker could recall when foreign exchange had been so unfavorable to America. In these intervening months Europe has sold to the United States scores of millions of securities. It is estimated that in recent weeks these sales have reached $1,000,000 a day in bonds alone. We have loaned to the warring countries many millions in addition, and still the tide of gold is flowing heavily toward our shores.



HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

A Good Sign

KIRBY, in New York World

Needing the Dough

"What is happening is this: The United States is paying off debts that are from 10 to 30 years old by repurchasing our own stocks and bonds from Europe with money derived from the enormous sales of war materials. The excess of our sales over our purchases have been running as high as $5,000,000 a day, which shows why the tide of gold is westward and why America can repay these ancient debts without feeling a tremor in its pocket.

"Selling commodities at prices made fictitiously high by war and purchasing back our securities at prices made fictitiously low by war is the most profitable ocean trade in which the American people have ever been engaged."

Another record-breaking balance for March in our favor, continued imports on an unheard-of scale, and further gold shipments from Canada, China, and elsewhere, explain satisfactorily, according to the Chicago Tribune, the growing strength and independence of America financially.

"Furthermore," adds the Tribune, "the financial centers of America and Europe are 'sensing' the early return of peace. No definite reason is assigned for the faith that's in them, but the exchange operators and bankers claim a special instinct that tells them months ahead of the coming of storms and of their subsidence as well. The fall of Przemysl, the failure of the German submarine blockade to provide fresh alarms and tragedies, the general feeling that the United States will contrive to avoid serious friction with the belligerents over their departure from the law of nations and their violation of neutral rights—all these factors have contributed to the notable developments in the security markets. Spring, too, is in the air, and this spells construction and reemployment of idle men. If the building trades will but have the good sense to settle their disputes without strikes and lockouts, strife and waste! The next several months should bring us activity and prosperity."

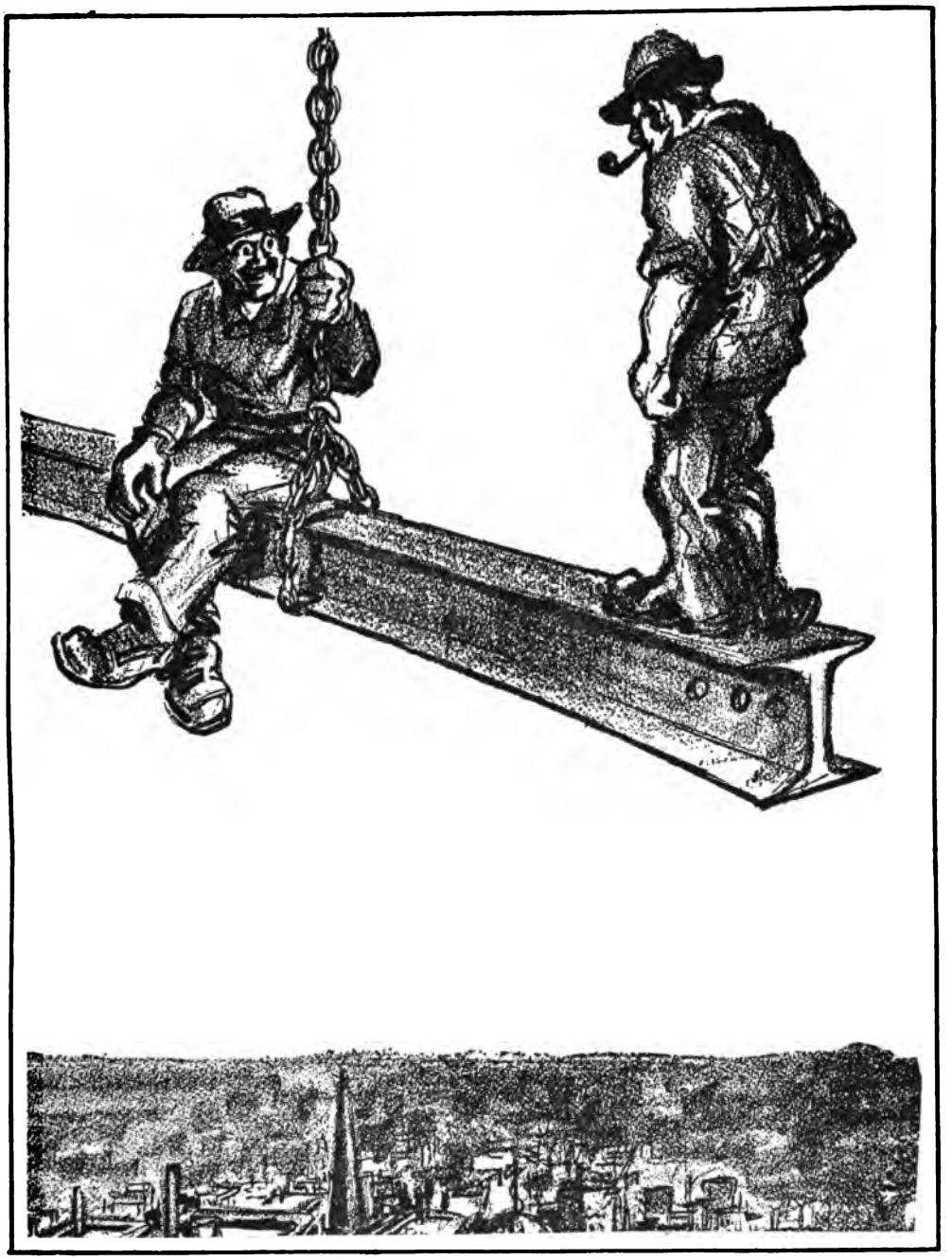
From the South, too, which was hard hit by the slump in cotton prices, comes the same glad note of optimism. The following is from the Birmingham Age-Herald:

"All but chronic pessimists expect to see the beginning of an era of unparalleled prosperity immediately after the close of the European war.

"When hostilities will cease, no one can predict just now with any degree of confidence. But it is a safe guess that peace negotiations will be under way before

KIRBY, in New York World

Too Hot to Handle



FITZPATRICK, In St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Aren't you glad you're not in Europe, Bill?"

DARLING, in Des Moines Register and Leader

Insists on Hanging 'round His Door

December; and a reasonably good guess that the war will not last until autumn.

"When peace is concluded there will be a phenomenal demand for all commodities produced in America. It had been suggested that Europe would be too impoverished to buy anything for a long time to come. But there is nothing in such a notion. Austria is threatened with famine and there is talk of a scarcity of food in Germany, but it is not very serious talk. No matter how greatly prostrated the warring nations may be, they will recover from their desolation—some of them in a surprisingly short time. They will all begin the work of rehabilitation with energy and hopefulness.

"This country is ripe for a great, solid boom. With the war in the past there will be no such problem as 'unemployment.' There will be work for everybody and prosperity will be here to stay for an indefinite period."

The recent rise of $2 a bale in the price of cotton puts the staple on a level that unmistakably yields a profit to producers. Says the New York Herald:

"The 'buy a bale' movement looks foolish in the light of the advance that has occurred since it was initiated. There will now be fewer appeals by Southern newspapers to planters to reduce the area planted with the staple. The reopening of the Russian markets one of these days will give further stimulus to exports with resulting improvement in prices.

"King Cotton is getting back on his throne."

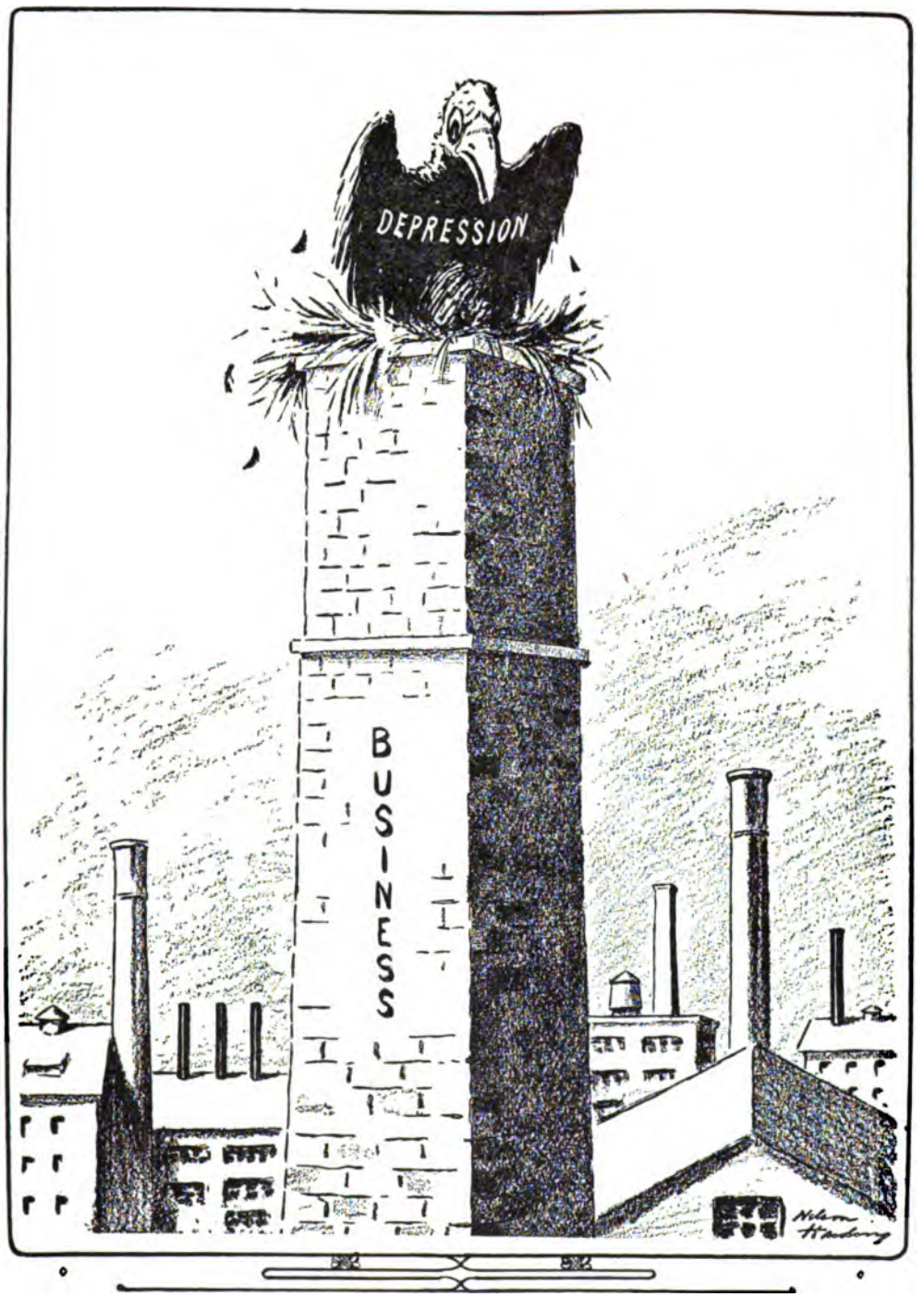
Rather a pessimistic note is struck by the Philadelphia Press in the following analysis of business conditions:

"Business is good in streaks, but so bad in other spots that the average condition is still held down below normal. To mention two extremes, attention may be directed to the powder industry on one side, which is booming at prices named by the manufacturers, and to the worsted industry on the other. Manufacturers say that 85 per cent of the machinery in this line is idle and they deplore the lack of a protective tariff which will keep out the cheaply-made products of Europe after the war is ended. The logic of this is that it will be impossible to restore Republicans to power before 1917, and in the meantime with the war ended and an absence of adequate protection, European goods will flood America. This, the manufacturers point out, deters merchants from stocking up as they otherwise would, and it influences manufacturers who fear to accumulate a manufactured product lest they may have to sell it at a loss.

"The steel industry continues to feel the benefits of the foreign demand. The copper situation appears to be kept well in hand by the producers by a restriction of output and a maintenance of prices in anticipation of a strong demand when the time comes for a reconstruction of the devastated towns of war-stricken Europe. Winter wheat is reported to have come through the period of thawing and freezing in good condition, with the prospect of a big yield. This will benefit the entire country, whether the foreign demand keeps abnormal or not.

"Gold continues to come to this country from Canada and more must follow to pay for the great quantities of materials bought here for European account. Money is easy at the great centers. All worthy bond offerings are easily absorbed by investors and apparently there will be more negotiations for the floating of foreign loans in this country. No one is able to foretell when the strife abroad will end, but the public anticipates some active operations now that Spring is here, accompanied by decisive results which will hasten the end of the deadly struggle. A sense of commercial freedom which will follow a declaration of peace may, for a time at least, spur business men on to great activity, during which they will be disposed to regard less seriously economic disadvantages which must assert themselves later."

The Rev. Alexander Allison, Jr., of the Hyde Park Presbyterian church, Chicago, is using a cartoon by John T. McCutcheon as an invitation for parents to bring their children to church on Sundays. The cartoon was enlarged and posted on billboards, attracting considerable attention.



HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

Smoke Him Out

Rifts in the War Clouds

AMONG the British artists who refuse to be down-hearted on account of the war are Alfred Leete, Starr Wood, W. Heath Robinson, G. F. Studdy, Dudley Buxton, Harry Rowntree, and Edwin Morrow, samples of whose recent work appear on these pages. Current numbers of the Sketch, the Tatler, and London Opinion contain much from their pens to alleviate the blacker side of war, and add to the gaiety of nations. Abundant material for the eternal comedy may be found in the bourgeoisie of London from which Lord Kitchener's new army is being recruited. The recruits, coming fresh from their shop keeping, unaccustomed to arms and accoutrement, offer an endless source of delight. Everyone, of course, is talking war and hunting for spies. One young lady, as you notice, has dis-

IN THE HALL OF THE NATIONS

Getting the Bird

The Uhlan's Dinner

"Your Kaiser needs you."

Compliments of the Season

EXCHANGING BROADSIDES

"'Ulloah, old Submarine!"
"Wot cheer, me old Hydroplane!"

Made by London Artists

covered a spy at her luncheon in the shape of a familiar "wiener." The picture somehow reminds one of Miss Muffet.

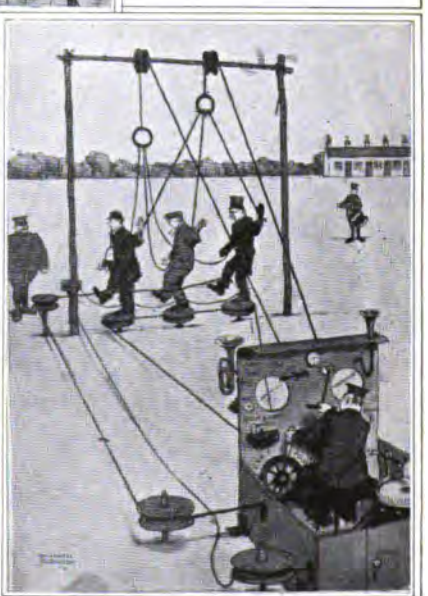
Casual conversations caught amid the passing crowd, at the markets, the fish stalls, or the movies, sometimes throw an interesting light on popular misapprehensions. There are the "Ham" actors, for instance, who object to the revival of "Baby Mine" "with all them blinkin' German airships 'overin' abaht." Now and then the artists cannot resist the temptation to satirize their favorite enemy, the kaiser, although that long-suffering monarch has been "done to death" by the more serious cartoonists. The curious mechanical contrivances designed by Mr. Robinson for use in war would be most remarkable if they could be made practical.

LIGHTS OUT!
A Gentleman Endeavoring to Comply with the Police Regulations

"Spy!"

"If I can't turn 'er round 'ere, 'ow am I going to do it in the trenches?"

The New Reconnoitering Mortar



KULTUR
The Drilling Machine for Beginners

Fall of Przemysl Turns Key of Galicia

THE fall of the Austrian fortress of Przemysl after a siege of 187 days marks the most significant victory gained thus far by the allies. The capitulation of the stronghold releases a Russian army estimated at 200,000 for immediate service in the Carpathians, where severe fighting has been in progress. Morally the victory will have a great effect in Petrograd. "Cracow next, and then Berlin" is the Russian programme, and it remains to be seen whether the advance of the great "road roller" will be as steady as predicted.

Przemysl, which was considered as impregnable as its name is unpronounceable, was literally starved out. The defense was as heroic as anything in history. Not a day's rations were left when the end came, and the 50,000 beleaguered soldiers who fell into the hands of the enemy gave evidence enough of the desperation of their struggle.

It is pointed out by military observers that the besiegers evidently were lacking in the kind of heavy artillery that enabled the Germans to batter down the equally strong fortresses of Liege and Namur. Another disadvantage the Russians have had to contend with is the lack of railroads, the possession of which has been of such inestimable value to the Germans. It may be yet a long way to Berlin.

"In taking Przemysl," observes the New York Tribune, "the Russians have achieved by far the greatest allied triumph on the offensive side since the war began. It may easily turn out one of the really decisive victories of the whole conflict, coming as it does at a moment when Austrian fortunes are fast waning and Austrian neighbors are partitioning Hapsburg provinces as a preliminary to joining the fray.

"But whatever the military consequences, the moral effect of the Russian success cannot be exaggerated. It is sweet solace to the nation which was defeated at Lodz and the Masurian Lake. It gives additional emphasis to the sound of the Anglo-French artillery before the Dardanelles. It will awaken new and uncomfortable echoes alike in Ballplatz and Wilhelmsstrasse. Not less momentous will be its influence in Rome, in Bucharest, in Athens.

"A few weeks ago German press bureaus announced that Russia had been beaten to her knees, her strength exhausted, and was ready to abandon the struggle. The Russian answer comes as a rude demonstration of the futility of such claims. Przemysl will be in Russian history a fair counterpoise to Port Arthur; the most considerable Russian success in Europe since Plevna.

"In estimating the importance of the victory, the world audience will forget the gallantry of the defense. Yet the little known now of the siege points toward a devotion, a gallantry, a popular determination which may be long mentioned in history."

The Russian success, according to the New York Sun, will count as more than an empty feat of arms or hollow inspiration for future messroom epics:

"To begin with, the key of the fortress of Przemysl is likewise the key to the former Austro-Hungarian realm of Galicia. When, after their reverses of last August and September, the troops of Franz Josef withdrew from that territory, they took with them the key of the abandoned house; the Russians might enter Galicia, but they could never be secure there as long as Przemysl, the key, gave to the former occupants an opportunity of reentry. Nor could the Russian occupants hope, moving onward from Galicia, to lock it up behind them.

D'OSTOYA, in Le Rire, Paris — Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

"Fine cavalry, my general, that Austrian cavalry! I have never seen any so rapid in flight."
"A mere matter of practice. They have been doing it for the past sixty years."

RACEY, in Montreal Star

Two Steps Nearer Berlin

"Until Przemysl fell, therefore, there could be no safe Russian advance southward into the Carpathians for fear of an advance on the fortress at their rear from Cracow, eighty miles to the west. Likewise, any Russian plan to move on Cracow was checked by the fear of an Austrian advance over the Carpathian passes. Przemysl taken, the Russian point of weakness is turned into a point of strength, from which the Czar's armies can move safely west against the Germans and south against Hungary.

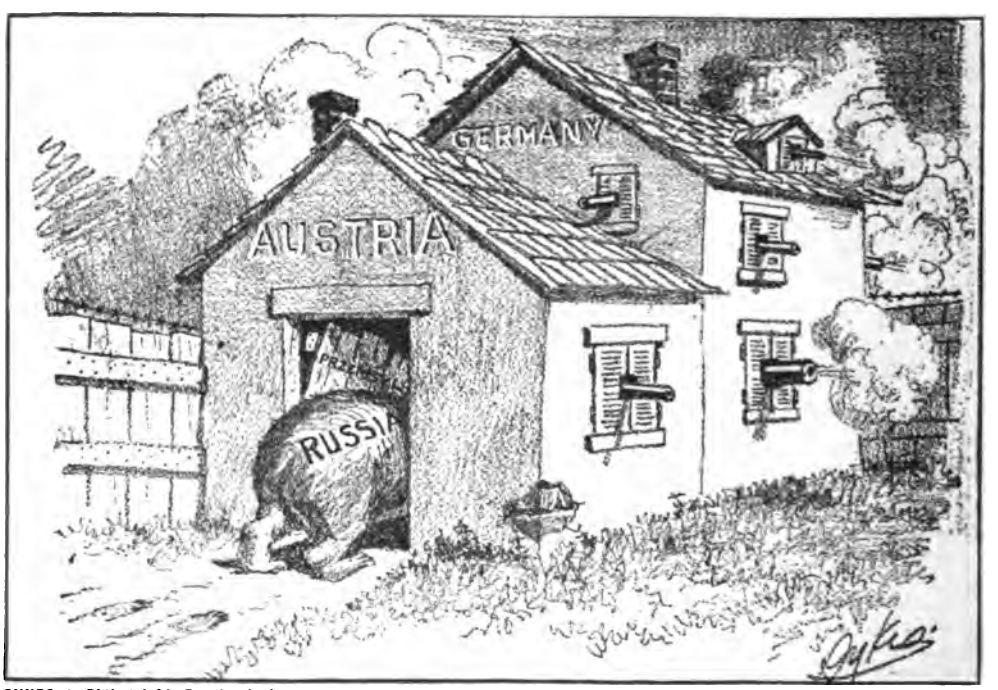
"The fall of Przemysl much reduces the chances that an Austrian will ever again rule in Galicia. It much increases the chances that the Russians will take the next and greater prize, Cracow, which is also a key, the key to Silesia."

That the importance of the victory has been greatly diminished by its delay is the contention of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, which says:

"This Galician fortress has made a resolute defense, honorable to the Austrians, and its prolonged resistance was an undoubted factor in checking the forward movement of the Czar's forces in the lower theatre of war in the East. But it is equally certain that the fall of Przemysl is far less significant in its bearing on the general military situation than would have been the case had it come earlier in the campaign. Austria and Germany are in a better position today to resist a sweeping Russian advance in the direction of Berlin or Vienna than they were when Przemysl was originally invested."

Some of the political results of Przemysl's fall are pointed out by the Philadelphia Inquirer in the following:

"At Petrograd the opinion is expressed that the Austrian Government in its extreme discouragement at this grave reverse will be strongly inclined to sue for peace in the hope of saving the dual monarchy on the best terms obtainable, but perhaps any such speculations as these are premature. It is, however, entirely reasonable to assume that the fall of Przemysl will exercise a moral influence of a far-reaching character, not only at Vienna but at Bucharest, and that it may lead to other developments of a momentous gravity. Rumania, which has so long been hesitating upon the brink, may decide that the psychological moment for its entering the arena has arrived and that if it wants, when the time comes, to claim a share in the spoils of victory, it must no longer shrink from assuming the risks of war. At Rome, too, the news will be received with the greatest interest, and if any uncertainty remains, it may suffice to turn the trembling scale in favor of intervention."



SYKES, in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

What Now?

CESARE, in New York Sun

In the Nest

NORMAN LINDSAY, in Sydney Bulletin

First Flying Blutwurst: "Ach! Ve vos beaten! Dey vos after us!"
Second Flying Blutwurst (hysterically): "Not o-fficially! Ve vos after dem in the Berlin papers!"

From Liverpool Courier

A GENERAL ROLL-UP

"The Russian army has completely rolled up the Austro-German forces in the eastern battlefield."—News Item.

STARRETT, in New York Tribune

The Bear that Walks like a Man

G. VON FINETTI, in Lustige Blaetter

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

The Last Play of the Old Habitue at Monte Carlo

TAKING THEIR WORD FOR IT

Recent Notable Sayings from Olympus

THERE never was a time when the navy was so powerful, so ready, so efficient as now. Nor has there been a year when the fleet has given so much time to target practice, maneuvers, war games and practices as the present year.—Secretary Daniels.

A lasting peace could only be concluded after destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Army and the German Army. The belligerents alone would take part in the Peace Congress, to the exclusion of neutral countries.—M. Guyot, formerly French Minister of Public Works.

The Germanic torrent is checked. Germany is beaten on the field, an implacable blockade is drawing ever more tightly about her and, despite all the precautions taken by her to conceal the truth, I can assure you that her financial and economic rout is complete.—M. Viviani, French Premier.

BRONSTRUP, in San Francisco Chronicle

Will They Drag Him In?

Germany will sink no American ship—unless by design. Any German torpedo finding its mark in the hull of an American vessel will have been aimed and fired from Berlin. If an American merchantman is sunk it will be for the express purpose of dragging the United States into the war.—Lord Charles Beresford, of England.

As for Belgium, it is the contributions and the work of Americans that are saving her people from starvation and are recalling the invaders to some slight regard for the elementary duties of humanity.—Viscount Bryce, former British Ambassador to the United States.

The greater obstacle to the pacification of the world is not the war-seeker, but the vast masses of people who for the most various motives support and maintain all kinds of institutions and preparations that make for war. They do not want war; they do not like war. But they will not make sacrifices; they will not exert themselves in any way to make war difficult or impossible. It is they who give the war maniac his opportunity.—H. G. Wells.

I hear sometimes whispers—they are hardly more than whispers—of possible terms of peace. Peace is the greatest of all human blessings. But this is not the time to talk of peace. Those who do so, however excellent their intentions, are, in my judgment, the victims; I will not say of a wanton but of a grievous self-delusion.—Premier Asquith of Great Britain.

That the all-powerful hand of God may protect and preserve Austria-Hungary, may give her victory over her numerous enemies, and may strengthen her in triumph, to the glory and honor of God—this is the only wish which still remains to me after a life so rich in suffering.—Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary.

Drink is doing us more damage in the war than all the German submarines put together. I fear the potato-bread spirit in Germany more than Hindenburg.—David Lloyd-George, British Chancellor of the Exchequer.

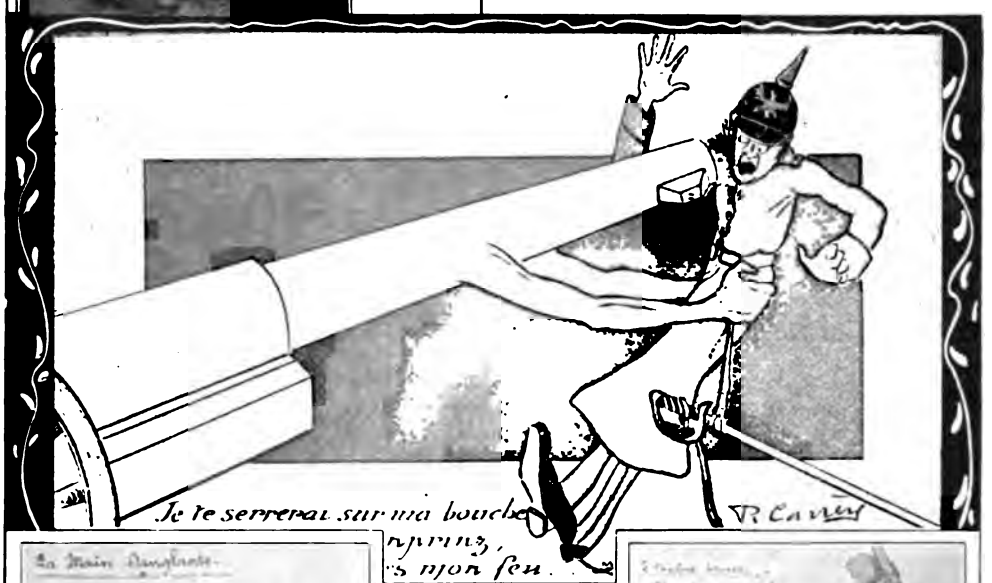
I am surprised to learn that my phrase, "a scrap of paper," which I used in my last conversation with the British Ambassador in reference to the Belgian neutrality treaty, should have caused such an unfavorable impression in the United States. The expression was used in quite another connection and meaning from that implied in Sir Edward Goschen's report, and the turn given to it in the biased comment of our enemies is undoubtedly responsible for this impression. — Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg of Germany.

French Post Cards That

What Germany will Get from Europe

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Newell B. Woodworth, of Syracuse, N. Y., who has one of the most complete collections of war cartoons in existence, we are enabled to reproduce this interesting group of French post cards. While they are not exactly cartoon masterpieces, they reflect the feelings of the average Parisian, and are immensely popular just now in France.

These cards are being issued in great numbers, and most of them ridicule the "Boches." In one a German is pictured crawling along the map of Europe, and reaching out a hand toward Paris. The hand has been transfixed by a French sword,



French Gun: "I'll press you to my lips, little Crown Prince, and you will know my ardor."

At Left: THE BLOODY HAND

General Pau: "Now, maybe that is mine."

General Pau lost an arm in the Franco-German war.

At Right: Shade of Nalopeon: "Beat it."

Stir Patriotic Souls

while a cord, held by Russia, holds back the feet of the monster. Another, entitled "The Nightmare" shows Wilhelm II sitting on a coffin under a cross inscribed "Here lies my Empire." In a cloud above the figure may be seen a victorious French army. Another represents a "professor" exhibiting a bust of the German emperor under a glass case. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announces, "the specimen under this jar belongs to the same category as Attila and Abdul-Hamid. He was particularly fond of the flesh of children. He died miserably, strangled by a northern bear."

Teutonic Bravery

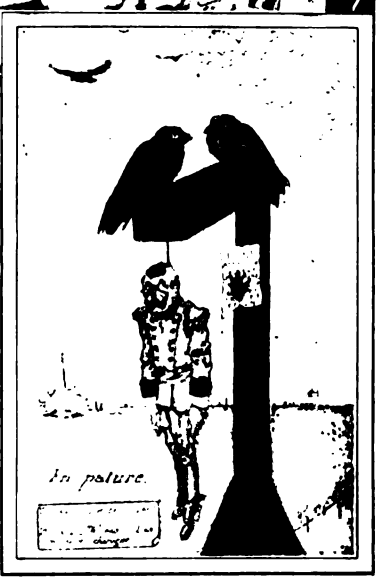
"Just a minute, gentlemen. Wait for us before you clink your glasses."

At Left:

"Well done, my son! You serve your country well."

At Right:

First Raven: "Good eating, eh?"
Second Raven: "No; rather bad."



A Group of Mrs. Dayton's Marionettes

Caricature Art in Clay

Something about Mrs. Helena Smith-Dayton and Her Interesting Group of New York "Types"

SEM and Steinlen have preserved for us the various Parisian types—the boulevardier, the midinette, the politician, the flower girl, the grisette. George Belcher, Will Owen, Tony Sarg, and other London artists have pointed out the human foibles in the passing show under "Big Ben." And now the New York types, ranging from the forlorn "moocher" to the Broadway fop; from the millionaire champagne opener to the sailor spooning with his lass in Battery Park, are caught, not by the crayon or pencil, but by the skill of Mrs. Helena Smith-Dayton in her caricatures in clay.

The laurel wreath crowned Mrs. Dayton with a suddenness that takes the breath away. Heralded as one of the cleverest of sculptresses in the big city, she has never taken a lesson in her life. One day about a year ago her fingers began itching. She had been a newspaper woman and a magazine writer, had married out of her profession, and longed to have something to do.

Accordingly she purchased a clay modeling outfit and set to work. The tools, however, she found of no use to her; so with truly feminine ingenuity she selected instead—not a hairpin, but a wooden toothpick. Her newspaper career naturally had made her a keen observer, and it was this faculty of observation that came to her assistance as the tiny clay caricatures sprang into life from her fingers.

At first she selected for her subjects some of the leaders of the beau monde, and soon the fashionable Newport colony found itself laughing at these little replicas of the social lights. The artist had caught them at their polo, their dancing, their golf, their yachting, seizing upon their characteristic attitudes with the quaintest mixture of realism and fancy. One statuette, for instance, showed Mrs. Hal C. Phipps, one of Newport's best golfers, driving a long ball from the tee, while a little devil of victory sat perched up on the sand box watching the imaginary ball soar away in the distance. Another showed Vincent Astor scorching over the ocean in his high-power motor boat, the craft half out of water, and the exhaust pipes savagely puffing wisps of cotton.

Of late Mrs. Dayton has enlarged her field. She shows us scrubwomen down on their knees and squabbling over the soapsuds, friendless women on park benches, shop girls at the dancing pavilion—the thousand and one phases of life as lived by the four million. Her "Tango Party," consisting of half a dozen couples done in clay, won her the $250 prize offered by Puck recently for the best cover design.

Writing in the New York Tribune of Mrs. Dayton and her work, Marguerite Baird Johns says:

"These art-children from Mrs. Smith-Dayton's deft fingers are for the most part humorous, even satirical delineations of the foibles of men and women. But in spite of the grotesque air they present there is always a human quality, as if real feeling animated their clay bodies. Their creator has lived much, and the result of her experience is a kindly, sympathetic, yet keen understanding of her fellow men. One feels that she loves people, even those she pokes fun at by modeling them in queer little statuettes."

Full of kindness, the writer says, is her treatment of these types, whether dealing with rich or poor, foolish or wise. Vividly realistic are her lame duck and hesitation waltz dancers, for:

"One meets in them the girl who would rather dance than eat and the young man who spends his time growing a mustache and winning amateur cups for dancing. The rich young trifler is there, too, the young man spending his father's money at a roof garden dancing place, and his little partner, whose name he never knows. The Man Who Hasn't Danced for Years is among the immortals of her Dance Hall of Fame,

The Dance-Hall of Fame

Mrs. Dayton's $250 Prize Cover for Puck

and so is the young girl who brings youth and cheer to lonely old hearts by teaching the maxixe at the cabarets. Mrs. Smith-Dayton strikes a somber note, however, in her two women 'vags,' who sit in abject hopelessness on a park bench. The old one is asking, 'What's a young gal like you got to be discouraged about?' But to offset this there is the merry little flower peddler, with his broad grin and his pots of blooming flowers."

The home of this interesting family, we are told, is in the studio in the attic of Mrs. Dayton's residence, where they are arranged in bookcases that line the studio walls. The home of this unusual young woman is, by the way, a reflection of her personality.

"It is here," says the writer, "that she holds her 'salon' on Sunday evenings of each week. Artist, litterateur, and even the ordinarily clever human being is welcomed here, and is free to discuss any topic he chooses, whether it is a new exhibit, a new novel, or a new dance step. The mistress of the salon is particularly interested in this last subject. She is an enthusiastic dancer, and masters each modern variation as quickly as it appears. Her knowledge of the fox trot, the one-step and the maxixe is displayed in her droll little figures as well as in her own dancing.

"And her art, like her dancing, she considers as a pastime. While it has brought her fame and financial success, she has not ceased to regard it as a diversion. Her work, however, has an acknowledged, and perhaps lasting, value. One would imagine that she was entirely unconscious of this, so well does she conceal her undoubted sense of achievement. She has much to be proud of, this unusual young woman, yet, like all sincere workers who have penetrated to the core of the subject—humanity—she has less egotism than the most commonplace of human creatures. It is this quality which gives to Mrs. Smith-Dayton's individual materpieces, smiling and gay, sad and grotesque, alike, a soaring inspiration and an air of truth."

Originally the artist was a reporter for the Hartford Post. "In one day," she says, "I did everything there from writing up the latest society scandal to the death of a whole family by gas, with eight hours of ordinary work thrown in. From reporting I went to writing for magazines, and a year ago I was sitting at my typewriter, when my fingers began to itch for something to mould, though I didn't even know what artists' clay was, and had never seen an artist or sculptor at work.

"The next day I happened to pass a small art store, and in the window there was an advertisement of art clay. I immediately went in and bought some and also a few tools to work with. You see, my first impulse, which is still so vivid with me, could not be allayed.

"From then on I worked and tried to fashion people as I saw them, the humorous always being uppermost in my thoughts. The tools I bought to work with are still as new as they were the day I brought them home from the art store. I have never been able to use anything to work with except a toothpick, and the reverse end of a water-color brush. All my figures are done absolutely on impulse, just as it was impulse that sent me into the art store a year ago to buy the clay.

The War Line

"I think these clay cartoons reflect the spirit of the day. Back in the seventies every American home that went in for ornament at all used to have one or more of the Rogers groups of statuary. Their stodgy sentimental style was typical of the simple, earnest spirit of those times. These gigglesome bits of statuary that I have designed are equally typical of today. I hope no American home will be without one.

"I have not yet made up my mind what to call them. Every one who sees them has a new family name for them. What do you think of the 'U and I's'? I have quite a list of names—'The Kiddybodies,' 'the Noodlekins,' 'the Folderols' and 'the Dollykins.' Their names are endless, and so is their field.

"I find that no one takes offense at them. How could one be affronted by such jolly little figures? They show us how we would look if we were toys—not how any one thinks we actually look—and sometimes I think that that is all we humans really are —just somebody's toys."

Mrs. Dayton is now a regular contributor to Puck, and is weaving stories around the various members of her interesting family that are a distinct addition to the light literature of the day. A particularly appealing group is that which gathers nightly around "Mrs. Canary's" excellent table. Here you will meet Dave Hemisphere, Gertie Golightly, Mrs. Cribbage, Mrs. Binney, May Wizzley, and other New York types, taken from real life. It is remarkable what a boarding house atmosphere these little images of clay can create when they want to.

PAT'S INSURANCE

Mike Decides to Make a Call on the Widow

"Chicken Night" at Mrs. Canary's

A Stray Sea Rover and Its Victim

Hello! Why don't Americans show more sympathy for our side?
LOUDER, please! There's a NOISE here!
GERMANY
BANG!!
NEUTRALITY PROBLEM
LAW PERTAINING TO CONTRABAND

BRADLEY, in Chicago Daily News

An Interruption

THE United States with commendable level-headedness has refused to become excited over the sinking of the Bath sailing ship William P. Frye by the commander of the German commerce destroyer Prinz Eitel Friedrich. To the lay mind it seems a nervy thing that the Prinz Eitel should have limped into an American port for shelter, carrying on board the captain and crew of the sunken American vessel, thereby pleading guilty, and throwing herself on the mercy of the court. As one cartoonist pictured the situation, it was as if Uncle Sam had luckily managed to capture a savage dog that still held a fragment of star-spangled trouser in its teeth. While a few newspapers, notably the New York World, attempted to magnify the offense of the German cruiser and incite the public against such high-handed action, the administration with the steady calmness that the war crisis has developed, proceeded to investigate the case, keeping an open mind and a judicial attitude. Full indemnity, no doubt, will be demanded from the German government, and there would seem to be nothing in the situation as it stands to menace our well-guarded neutrality. One cannot help thinking, however, how America would have acted had the incident occurred in other days, remembering how the explosion of a battleship once plunged us into war with Spain.

At the present writing the offending cruiser, having been given time to make repairs, is looking for a favorable opportunity to make a dash for the high seas, where a cordon of hostile battleships is prepared to welcome her. Precautions have been taken by this government to prevent her leaving without due formality.

Branding the destruction of the Frye as an insult to the American flag, and an outrage to our neutrality, the New York Sun still counsels restraint.

"The destruction of American property, the captivity and peril of American mariners and an American woman, the insult to the national flag," it says, "must fill with indignation every citizen worthy of the name. If the people as a whole do not lose their heads and force the Government into some act of violent retaliation, it is because we are essentially a peace loving nation and value redress for wrong the more when it is secured by lawful and orderly means.

"Of course the triangular controversy over the paper blockade enterprises of Germany and England, in which our Government stands at the apex, had not begun at the time of the sinking of the William P. Frye and the commander of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich could not know of the embarrassment which the precedent he created might prove to his Government, whose present position it absolutely stultifies. But he was quite aware of the generally indefensible character of the act which he was committing. His business upon the seas was to injure England in any and all ways that he could. He did not propose to stop for any mere scruples of law or international usage. But with that curious faculty for self-delusion of which this war has shown so many instances, he thought it worth while to fabricate a tissue of fallacies to cover his

HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

Stray Dog

WEED, in Philadelphia Public Ledger

Why?

MORRIS, in New York Tribune

Why!

act. The Sun proceeds to elaborate on the audacity of the German captain, thus:

"Finding nothing in the general principles of international law to justify his course, he fell back on the Declaration of London and certain assumptions of his own, forgetting or ignoring the fact that the Declaration has no force or effect in the present war and that his Government has proceeded both on land and sea in total disregard of its provisions.

"There is a certain sublimity of impudence in this vessel sailing into an American port with his American captives on board to tell more or less boastfully how he has sent our flag to the bottom and to unload his encumbering prisoners of war upon our charity. We cannot too much admire his expectation that he will refit in our dock yards and go off to sea again, perhaps to sink more American ships.

"The situation is one to try the national temper sorely. No doubt the American Government will make representations at Berlin—strong ones even. Very likely some redress may be secured for the owners of the Frye some time in the dim future. In the meantime the duty of the public is to exercise restraint and rely on orderly processes for the righting of the grievance."

"Putting the mailed fist through the American flag" is the caption of a Knickerbocker Press editorial, which pays a tribute to the gallantry (?) of Captain Thierichens, thus:

"In sinking the Frye a captain of the German navy has shot to pieces the whole German defense of the Kaiser's 'war zone' decree. On the same day the German admiralty and the foreign office were denouncing Great Britain for scrutinizing food cargoes to ascertain whether or not they were destined for military or government use a German commander at sea took the position that wheat for Liverpool was contraband and that he was warranted in blowing up a neutral vessel carrying such a cargo.

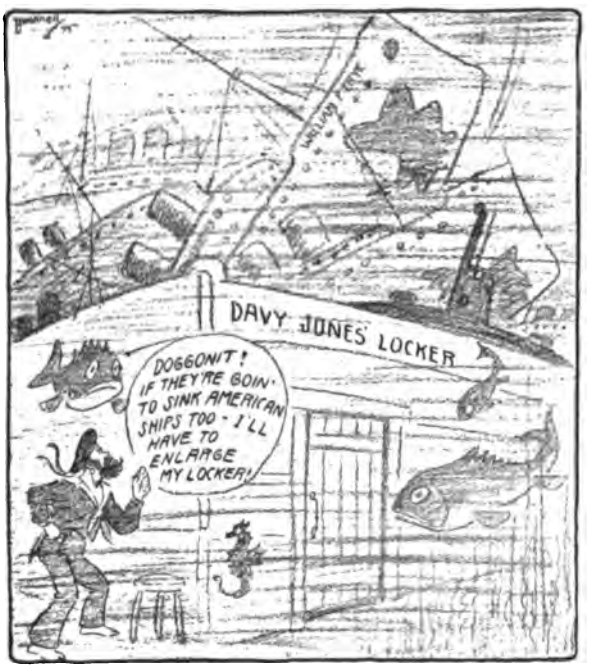
"While the captain of the Eitel Friedrich may be a lunkhead, as far as his knowledge and interpretation of international law is concerned, he is a brave sailor. The cruise of his ship was a most remark-

KIRBY, in New York World

What about It?

PEASE, in Newark News

Time to Explain



BUSHNELL, in Cincinnati Times-Star

Those Busy Germans

able naval performance. He kept at sea for seven months in a converted passenger steamship; kept his ship coaled and provisioned all that time with only one day in port, at Valparaiso. The Eitel Friedrich passed through waters patrolled by the vigilant warships of Britain, France and Japan which were constantly on the lookout for the German.

"There is no doubting Captain Thierichens is a fine sailor. Likewise, he is a sublimely impudent sailor, else he would not have had the nerve to bring his vessel into an American port with his American captives on board and boastingly tell the Government and the people of the United States how he had put the mailed fist through the American flag on the high seas, meanwhile unloading his prisoners of war upon American charity and asking permission to put into drydock and repair his barnacled ship, provision it, and again put to sea, perhaps again to hold up and sink an American vessel.

"The outraging of the American flag by this German commander, in another period of the world's history, might have plunged the American nation into war on short notice. The incident, as it is viewed by official Washington, is likely to prove only a seven days' wonder. Uncle Sam is becoming accustomed to keeping his head, although he might lose it if someone actually spat in his eye."

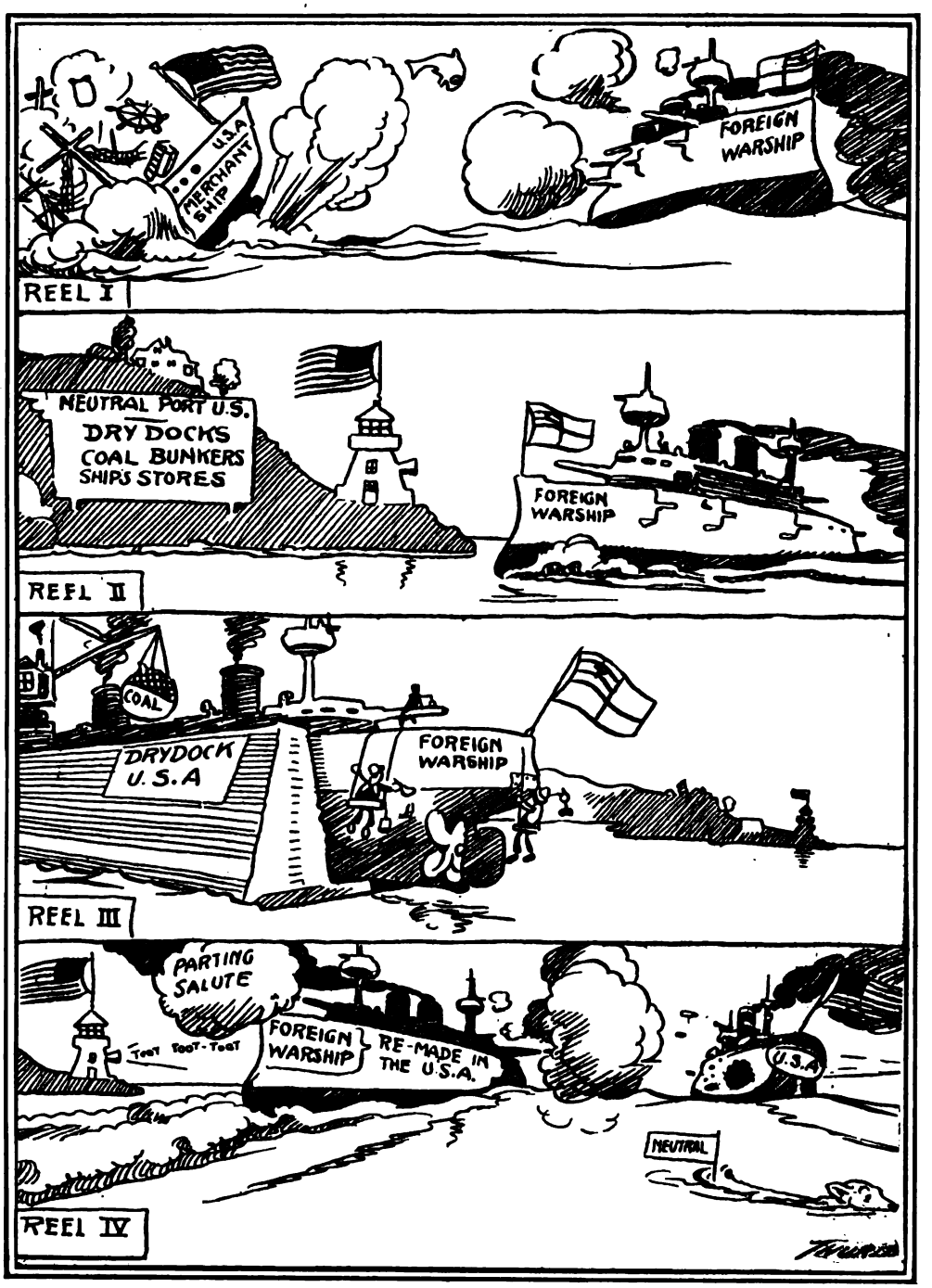
In a more belligerent tone is the comment of the New York World, which demands restitution and apology.

"Germany's own statements to the United States," declares the World, "prove that at the time the Frye was sunk the German Government did not regard her cargo as contraband. That no military necessity of any sort existed for the destruction of this neutral ship is demonstrated by the fact that the Commander of the Eitel Friedrich sent a Lieutenant and a squad from the cruiser's crew to throw the cargo overboard. This work was abandoned only because the German Commander regarded it as 'too slow,' and it was not until the next day that the American ship was destroyed.

"The whole proceeding on the part of the German Commander was not only in defiance of international law but in defiance of the clearly defined policy of the German Government. Germany's own note to the United States Government, dated Feb. 18, leaves the Imperial Government without a leg to stand on, and makes the act of the Commander of

IRELAND, in Columbus Dispatch

Uncle Sam's Visitor



THURLBY, in Seattle Post-Intelligencer

A Movie Entitled "International Courtesy"

the Eitel Friedrich a deed of wanton lawlessness.

"There is nothing for Germany to do in this case but to make complete restitution to the owners of the William P. Frye and a full apology to the Government of the United States."

That Germany has been placed in an embarrassing situation by the action of the Prince Eitel Friedrich is the contention of the New York Tribune, which points out the disparity between the Berlin protestations in defense of a "war zone" and the interpretation of international law on the part of Captain Thierichens. Says the Tribune:

"Captain Thierichens could not have been expected to know what arguments Germany had used in explaining to neutral nations her policy of naval reprisals against Great Britain. He could not have guessed that a paper 'war zone' would be established and that Germany would order the torpedoing of allied merchantmen on sight because the Allies had decided to stop the importation of food supplies into Germany.

"The commander of the German commerce raider must be acquitted of having run counter, through mere stupidity, to the letter and spirit of Berlin's solemn protestations. But apart from the special commitments of the 'war zone' correspondence (unknown to him) he should have been aware that he had no warrant in general international law for sinking a neutral vessel carrying a non-contraband cargo.

"But of reparation there can be no doubt. By a queer irony of fate the warship which sank the Frye is now within our jurisdiction. We also hold nearly half a million tons of German merchantmen as hostages. Germany will probably pay promptly for the destruction of the Frye because it is to her interest in every way to do so. But, under any circumstances, she would have had to pay eventually, since there is no tribunal in which she could possibly hope to maintain a case against us."

HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

"A Citizenry Trained and Accustomed to Arms"

This page of caricatures is from a German paper. The inscriptions, freely translated, are: "Generalissimo Joffre, the little bluffer;" "Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia, the harmless rascal;" "the Crown Prince of Montenegro, also a worthless lubber;" "General Pau, secret purveyor of goods to his own army;" "A Sioux Chieftain, Kitchener's new and fearful ally;" "General French, who plays the part of 'hero' in the theatre of war;" "Ranndavestan, the Indian Fakir;" "the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch, the root of all evil;" "General Leman, the would-be leader of a herd it is impossible to lead;" "Marshal Oyama, Chairman of the Committee of Japanese thieves;" and "Rennenkampf, the Masurian Moor-hen."

LITTLE HEROES AT HOME

Stories of the Soldiers' Children
Emma M. Wise, in the London Daily Mail

WHAT of the coming generation in Europe? The flower and chivalry is dying on the field. Already the question of the birth rate is entering into the economics of the warring nations. The "emergency marriage" is an institution that may accomplish more harm than good, for with the father dead on the firing line, what chance has a child to grow up into the full bloom of youth? The future certainly looks black for the boys and girls of Europe, but that the little people are keeping a stiff upper lip may be seen from the following war-time incidents.

A PRETTY thing to contemplate these days is the pluck of soldiers' children. In their own way many of them are quite as heroic as their fathers.

Who, for example, could exhibit more grit in the face of disappointment than the small boy who waited for an hour to buy a sixpenny ticket at a suburban theatre on a Saturday afternoon? He was the only male person in the sixpenny queue. A strange misfit he looked in the crowd of matinée women. The lure for them was the eternal triangle, dramatically presented. "But what, in the name of goodness, that child expects to get out of the eternal triangle puzzles me," said the woman who waited just behind him. Apparently he did expect to get something out of it, however. His eyes danced, his cheeks glowed, and when the doors were opened he darted in ahead of the women and scudded excitedly up the stairs.

It chanced that the woman who had stood behind him in the queue sat beside him in the theatre. During the first two acts he sat so still that she scarcely noticed him, but at the end of the second act she felt the pressure of his hand upon her arm.

"Excuse me, madam," he said timidly, "will you kindly tell me if these are the trained animals?"

Donahey, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Two Pictures

COFFMAN, in Pittsburgh Post

While War Lasts—Children are Reared for This

The unrivalled satire of that artless bit of dramatic criticism was very funny. The woman's first impulse was to laugh, but one look into the upturned face brought a lump to her throat that choked back laughter. The light of expectation had died out of his face, the brown eyes brimmed over with tears.

"Why, no, dear," she said. She told him the name of the play. "What did you think it was?" she asked.

"I thought," said he, "it was the trained animals."

Then the whole story came out. There was an exhibition of trained animals at the variety theatre that week. There was not much money at home, for father was in the Army and there were younger children, but on Monday his mother had promised him that if he could earn and save sixpence during the week he might go on Saturday to see the animals. With the pertinacity of a miser he had accumulated the small fund, farthing by farthing. Glowing with excitement he had come to purchase his hard-earned pleasure, but unluckily for him the sixpenny entrance to the variety theatre and the sixpenny entrance to the legitimate theatre were side by side, and he had got into the wrong house.

His disappointment was overwhelming. The woman beside him visited the box-office in his behalf, but it was too late to obtain redress, and anyhow the animal turn at the variety theatre was over. Regretfully she reported her non-success.

"Thank you," he said. "But do I have to stay until this thing is ended?"

"Oh, no," she told him, "you may go now if you like."

Before he could get away one of the little band of sympathizers volunteered the information that the animals would be exhibited the coming week.

"But you have spent your money," she added. "What will you do?"

"Do?" said the worthy offspring of Thomas Atkins. "I will earn another sixpence."

ONE of the heroes of this war was encountered in a tramway-car. He was such a small hero that when he sat far back in the seat his feet stuck out in front of him like pegs to hang things on. He sat between two women, and he snuggled so close to the woman on the left that the woman on the right thought he belonged to her. Therefore she said rather acidly:

"Madam, will you kindly make your little boy keep his feet off my dress? He is getting it muddy."

The woman on the left colored indignantly. "My boy!" she said. "My goodness, he doesn't belong to me."

The boy straightened up. For a time he sat very stiff and prim. Presently he said to the woman on the right:

"I am sorry I got your dress muddy. I hope it will brush off."

His troubled look dispelled her momentary displeasure.

"Oh, it will," she assured him. Then she added kindly: "You are a very little boy to be travelling alone."

"Yes, I am," he admitted, "but I have to go alone. There is no one to go with me."

"Where is your mother?"

"Mother is dead."

"And father?"

"Father is a soldier."

An arm was slipped around his soft body. Emboldened by that endearment he proceeded with his artless confidence.

"There was just father and me. He thought about me a lot before he 'listed. We talked it all over. 'I put it up to you, old chap,' father said. 'Shall I 'list, or shall I not? It will mean leaving you, you know.' I said, 'Yes, dad,' and he did. Then I went to live with Aunt Clara. Days when she wants to go out she sends me to stay with Aunt Ruth. I am going to Aunt Ruth's to-day. Sometimes Aunt Ruth is not home when I get there, and I have to hang around and wait till she comes. I hope she will be home to-day, for it looks like it's going to rain, and I don't like to wait around in the rain."

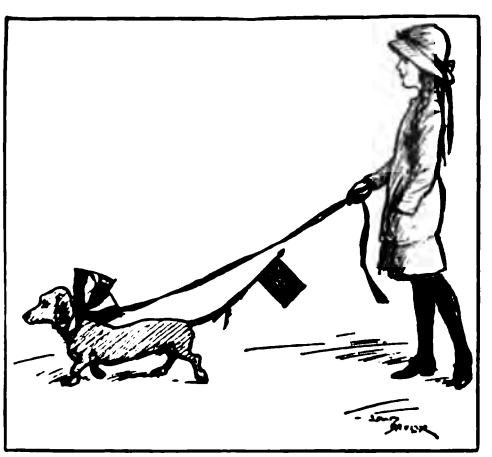
The encircling arm tightened. The boy went on:

"Sometimes I get lonesome riding around by myself. Then I pick out some lady that I should like to belong to, and I scrooge up against her real close and pretend that I am her little boy. That is how I happened to get your dress muddy. I was pretending that I belonged to the other lady, and I got so int'sted that I forgot all about my feet."

What a squeeze the lady gave him then.

"You are a brave boy," she said.

"Me?" he exclaimed. "Oh, no, I'm not brave. It is father who is brave."



From Punch

Taking No Chances

From Philadelphia North American

Die Wacht am Rhein

CARTOONS

Veteran Artist of

How Long?

All In
A Modern Richard

Too Big a Nut for Him to Crack

She Must Fight for Her Life

BY HUNTER

The Toronto World

To Spite His Face

When His "Main Guys" Fail Him
At the Pawn Shop

Blind

Breaking Up a Bad Gang

HOMEMADE PHILOSOPHY

Odds and Ends of Serious and Flippant Topics by

ABOVE all things, be original. It is a great mistake to constantly tread in the footsteps of others. Beat a path of your own if you wish to distinguish yourself in any particular sphere. The fellow in whose footsteps you endeavor to follow has reached the goal before you and has absorbed the glory due the pioneer. If a man succeeds in any particular undertaking, he soon has hundreds and thousands of imitators and, instead of launching out in a new direction, they plod along the already beaten path. A man often succeeds where another has failed, but usually fails where another has succeeded.

When Steve Brodie "leapt" from the Brooklyn Bridge, it was regarded as a marvelous feat. It made Steve famous and rich. Many have accomplished the feat since and hardly received a respectable press notice. One cannot lay these failures to following in Steve's footsteps, however, for the fact is, Steve left no footprints between the bridge railing and the water, but I might cite other instances of a similar character where the tracks of the successful pioneer were not obliterated.

Therefore, I repeat, don't wait for someone to beat a path for you, but kick aside obstacles and strike out over ground new and unbeaten. Be original. Then you'll stand a chance to succeed.

SOME months ago, an article written for the Cartoons Magazine by Cartoonist Ireland, referring to the inability of women to withstand the pencil of the caricaturist, was read by me with much interest, for the reason that those have been my observations and conclusions ever since the beginning of my entry into the cartoon arena. Women are extremely sensitive to ridicule, even so far as it affects the men portion of their family. They can never see "Hubby" in the same light that the horrid caricaturist pictures him, and they tell you point-blank that their beloved helpmate never, never looked like that stupid picture you made of him.

What chance, then, has the caricaturist in the event of Woman Suffrage? The only safe time to caricature a man is before he enters the holy bonds of matrimony or when he has become a widower. Should it ever come to pass that women get what they call their rights, woe be unto the political caricaturist. His vocation will be a thing of the past, for the first branch of the press to get the muzzle will be the vile cartoonist.

This does not mean that I am opposed to Woman Suffrage. I say, let those vote who wish to. I know of some whom you couldn't drive to the polls if prizes were offered as an inducement. However, there is no doubt that women will some day get beyond our control; and then, Mr. Caricaturist, before you sail into her, be sure you post yourself on her wardrobe. The style of hats and gowns she wears for each political occasion must be absolutely correct, or else — Gute nacht!

"HOW can I become a first-class cartoonist?" asks this youth. Well, my lad, first get a hair-cut and discard your Bohemian tastes. Try to be just a plain, ordinary, every-day mortal. Get the measure of your head and stick to that size hat. Your skull is without doubt composed of a hard substance called bone, though if you give heed to public flattery or the eulogies of friends, it is liable to turn into rubber. This sudden derangement is apt to prove a dangerous drawback to your progress. Aside from this, you'll need a sufficient amount of talent, plenty of ambition, a happy disposition, and an occasional lead pencil.

I ONCE craved to be a cornetist. It is natural, of course, for a boy to wish to blow the loudest and most difficult horn in the band. This craving was instilled into me after listening to the celebrated Jules Levy at Coney Island. I felt that a pointed mustache and a smart tuft of fur on the under lip were the elementary principles and absolute necessities in the making of a cornetist, and as I had not yet reached that stage, I must consider myself out of the race.

However, this did not deter me from visiting the village band room, nor did it cool my ardor for band music, for the horns, the sole property of the citizens purchased by

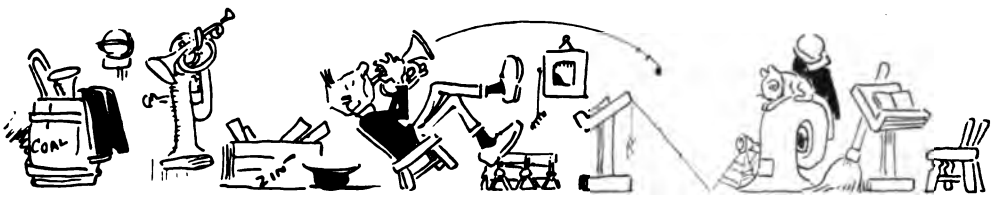
OF the hundreds of thousands of clams born every day, statistics inform us that not more than ten and six-fifths per cent ever die a natural death. It seems to be the ultimate fate of his clamship to pass in his final check in some dreadful or violent manner. Some meet their finish at fashionable summer hotels where they, in all their stately luscious splendor, are hastened into luxurious stomachs 'mid wines and cordials of the highest order, while others fritter their lives away in cheap and uncouth restaurants. Then, also, some find their way into tolerably respectable homes where the indoor life soon has its depressing effect upon them and, before the hand of death can lay claim to them, they

popular subscription, were obligingly left on coat hooks, in coal scuttles, and other convenient places of repose for those who wished to perfect themselves while the Levy mustache was struggling toward maturity. Every man in the band was a Jules Levy in his own estimation and all tried to affect the look and actions of that noted "wind-jammer." Thus the band went on from year to year, wearing the same uniforms and repeating the same ancient pieces—"No. 23" in the Blue Book, "Old Hundred," and "Listen to the Mocking Bird," etc.—about six in number all told.

The years began to tell upon the members. Those who failed to blow themselves out became fat or lean, but the uniforms re-

are hustled into the stew pan. But of all the debasing and unworthy ends of this classic "Anodonta Cygnea" (or clam, according to the vernacular of the East Side) is that of Christian martyrdom, when he is mercilessly slain and rushed into chowder at a church sociable, environed by common cabbage, carrots, leeks, tomatoes, and everything foreign to his nature—and served up at ten cents a plate.

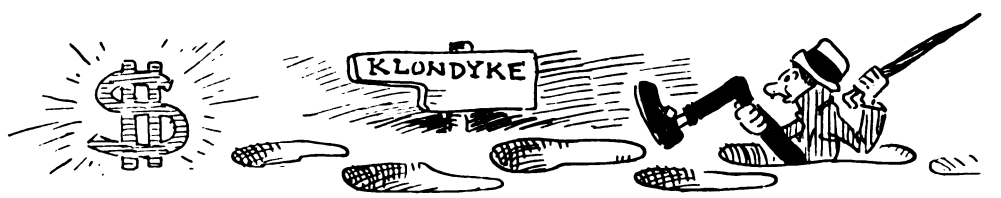
mained their original size and cut, and by the time I was able to blow a quarter note without discord or inhaling fresh air, I looked the situation squarely in the face. The bewhiskered members, the ancient horns, the seedy ill-fitting uniforms and the threadbare melody all seemed to cast a gloom over me. I hung up the horn, turned in my key, and thus ended by musical ambitions.



YOU have asked me to give you my impressions of the modern cartoonist. This species of mankind is so rare that I am almost at a loss in opening my subject. I speak of his rarity in a sense of comparison with men of other trades and professions. For instance, there are cartoonists a-plenty, yet throughout the world we find a hundred artists to one cartoonist. Both branches are classed as artists, but along different lines. Notwithstanding this fact, they ofttimes attempt to break into each other's field of labor. The artist or painter of canvases finds himself unequal to the cartoonist in endeavoring to produce a cartoon, while the cartoonist is just as much out of his element when he undertakes a work of fine art. So, conditions are about even up and, as you are in a position to note these facts, I have told you nothing new.

Let us liken the cartoonist to the X-ray. He places his political subject within reach of his ray and acquaints himself with that individual's true character, disposition, habits, faults, inability, etc., and these are the weapons with which he afterwards attacks him. By holding before his victim's very eyes his shortcomings, the burliest politician has been moved to palsy, and all this perhaps by means of some small, lightweight, sallow-faced, inferior looking being with a five-cent lead pencil, who is known as the cartoonist.

The human race might be compared to a flock of sheep in its general movements. Let a man point his finger at some imaginary object in the sky and in less than two minutes the whole neighborhood is gaping heavenward. A short time ago, the country was stirred to activity by the cry, "Help the Belgians," and, like a flock of sheep, everybody headed for the contribution box with released purse strings and philanthropic hearts. Presently a newspaper editor yelled,



"Wolf!" The wolf was labeled, "Charity begins at home," and again like sheep, this same bunch of humanity scampered for shelter and forgot its real purpose. These are the things which happen in one way or another every day of our lives and which the cartoonist weaves into finished garments, called cartoons.

SISTER SUSIE · THE TALE OF A SHIRT
IT'S HALF DONE WHEN ONCE YOU'VE GOT THE SHAPE
-AND WITH THE AID OF A MACHINE IT'S SOON FINISHED
GUMMY! IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A SHIRT WAIST!
MEN'S SERVICE SHIRTS 5/6
P'RAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER AFTER ALL TO BUY ONE
MAC MICHAEL

MacMICHAEL, in London Opinion

A Day in the Life of Sister Susie, the Girl All Our Soldiers are Singing About

The Dance of Death

THE Dance of Death, or Danse Macabre, for 1915, reproduced on the following pages, is from the pen of Van Saanen-Algi, and appeared recently in Fantasio, Paris. In view of the world war, this latest contribution to a famous cycle is singularly appropriate.

The Danse Macabre, allegorical representations of the universal power of death, originated early in the fourteenth century, and in that twilight period took a firm hold on popular fancy. When the ancient Germanic conception of a future state yielded to the introduction of Christianity in Europe, the Grim Reaper came upon the scene, either as a husbandman watering the ground with blood, plowing it with swords, and sowing it with corpses, or as a monarch and war lord.

Gradually, however, the figure became associated with more common images, and appeared in connection with music and dancing. Thus did the mediæval mind, alternating between devotion and license, personify the Common Enemy, fascinated by the horror of the theme as a child might play with fire.

In a dramatic form the Dance of Death was introduced into the religious festivals of Germany and France, the drama consisting of a dialogue between the leading character and his four and twenty followers. Naturally the institution lent itself to illustration, and as early as 1425 a series of pictures representing each episode of the drama was painted on the churchyard wall of the Cloister of the Innocents in Paris where the Danse Macabre was habitually acted. The subject later was treated in painting, sculpture, and tapestry throughout France, and also in the crude wood cuts that followed the invention of printing. The pictures spread from France to England, but nowhere was the subject so variously treated as in Germany.

A picture in one of the chapels of the Marienkirche at Luebeck, which, despite numerous repaintings, still bears the impress of the fourteenth century, exhibits the very simplest form of the drama, and has attached to it some low-German verses.

About the middle of the fifteenth century the drama was abandoned, and the pictures became the main point of interest. The Dance of Death, transferred from convent walls to public places, imparted a new impulse to popular art. That the charm of the subject has by no means died out is witnessed by the Van Saanen-Algi drawings which follow.

Departure **Under Way**

The Salvo

The Triumph

Withthe War Poets

ENGLAND!

A Reply to the German "Hymn of Hate"

GLORY of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede,
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendant, that perishes not—
Hers is the story, hers be the glory—
England!
Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The Spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of St. Paul's—
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground—
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free:
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal—
England!

—Helen Gray Cone, in the Atlantic Monthly.

BRITANNIA

MEN deemed her changed, and lo!
At word of war, unveiled,
She stands, as long ago,
She stood when Nelson sailed.
The sea wind in her hair,
The salt upon her lips,
Upon the Forelands fair
She guards the English ships.

She watched the Normans land,
The Golden Hind set sail,
And, touched as by a hand,
The great Armada fail.
She watched the Victory
Lead out the Fleet to war,
And o'er the salt blue sea
Return from Trafalgar.

Men deemed her changed, and lo!
She stands unto the end,
With sword to strike the foe
And shield to guard a friend.
Across the wave she rules—
That lesson shall be read
By foemen—and the fools
Who dream that Drake is dead.

—London Express.

A RHYME-ROYAL

THE Mother-Word has echoed far and nigh.
And England's sons are called to bloody strife
From every land, to suffer and to die.
To arms! blow bugle, sound the drum and fife,
For England's sons are here in death and life;
Unasked, her children's navies man the seas,
Her children's armies gather round her knees.

They come, one mighty band contemning loss
And still they come, across the seas from where
On velvet skies there hangs the Southern Cross,
A long procession, great beyond compare.
Their eager hearts a-thrill to do and dare;
And so they come, obedient to the call,
To offer here their utmost and their all.

Not in self-confidence they draw the sword,
With prayerful hearts they wait the fated hour,
Content to strive for Honour's plighted word
And not for conquest, colonies or power,
To die for Freedom, England's priceless dower;
Sad-eyed, but brave, our Mother bids them fight:
"Go forth, my sons—and God defend the Right!"

—Mary G. Cherry, in the Western Mail, Perth, Australia.

AFTER RHEIMS

SOVEREIGN and militant lord of those that stain
Forevermore this age with wantonness,
Who from the gyves that held them in duress,
Unloosed the Furies with their bloody train,
After the ruthless crime of red Louvain,—
The ravage and the ruin pitiless,—
Now must you wreak your execrable excess
Upon art's loveliest, art's fairest fane!

Until the sands of time have ceased to run,
Go down the years with Attila the Hun,
Who cast o'er Christendom his sanguine spell!
He was God's scourge on cowed humanity;
You are God's servant—oh, rare irony!—
You call on Heaven; rather call on Hell!

—Clinton Scollard, in New York Sun.

"TIPPERARY" IN CHINESE

"It's a Long, Long Way to Ti-Po-Lieh-Li."

The fame of "Tipperary" has reached China, where the native newspapers print their own versions of the famous war song.

The chorus, in Chinese characters, with the Romanized version, is as follows:

是個遠路到地波列里
必要多日行走
是個遠路到地波列里
要見我愛之女
再會必各地里
再見畢司規兒
是個遠路到地波列里
但我心在那兒

Shih ko yuan lu tao Ti-po-lieh-li.
Pi yao ti jih hsing tsou.
Shih ko yuan lu tao Ti-po-lieh-li.
Yao chien wo ngai tzu nu,
Tsai hui Pi-ko-ti-li,
Tsai chien Lei-ssu Kwei-rh.
Shih ko yuan lu tao Ti-po-lieh-li,
Tan wo hsin tsai na-rh.

Here is the literal translation:

This road is far from Ti-po-lieh-li,
We must walk for many days.
This road is far from Ti-po-lieh-li;
I want to see my lovely girl,
To meet again Pi-ko-ti-li,
To see again Lei-ssu Kwei-rh.
This road is far from Ti-po-lieh-li,
But my heart is already in that place.

THE SORROWS OF THE SULTAN

BORNE on the breezes of the West-Sou'-West,
What are these sounds one hears
That break upon my post-meridian rest,
And, falling on the ears
Of my beloved ladies of the harem,
Scare 'em?

I tell my people 'tis the conquering Huns
That let off fires of joy;
But I know better; they are British guns,
Intended to destroy
The peace I suck from my narcotic hubble-bubble.

How can I cope with these accurséd giaours
If once my forts give out?
I miss the usual Concert of the Powers,
I have no ships about,
Save where the ten-knot Goeben, crocked with bruises,
Cruises.

O how I loathe that vessel! How her name
Stinks in my quivering nose,
Since that infernal juncture when she came
Flying before her foes,
And in my haven dropped her beastly anchor
(Blank her!).

Abdul! I would that I had shared your plight,
Or Europe seen my heels,
Before the hour when Allah bound me tight
To William's chariot-wheels!
Before, in fact, our two ways, mine and his, met.
Kismet!

—Sir Owen Seaman, in Punch.

THE HEART OF A SOLDIER

THROUGH days and nights that soak and drench
His cheery songs the hours beguile;
He charges on the blazing trench
And faces Hades with a smile.
Though some who know his courage high
Have pictured him tight-lipped and stern,
He cocks, in truth, a jovial eye
Upon the whole concern.

If things at times are rather rough,
'Tis not a picnic but a war;
He finds his troubles quite enough
Without inventing any more;
And though within his heart he knows
'Tis his to conquer or to fall,
He doesn't strike the hero's pose
Where men are heroes all.

The Teuton foeman, dour and grim,
No longer finds it well to scoff,
But rather dimly envies him
The cheery smile that won't come off.
By no mean fear of death opprest
In danger still he finds a joy,
And keeps within a soldier's breast
The clean heart of a boy!

—London Daily Mail.

THE DANCERS

I STOOD amid the giddy throng,
The music played a lilting air.
I said "This is extremely wrong.
Yes, hang it all, it isn't fair.
While men are fighting at the front,
While socks and shirts demand our toil,
This frivolous and foolish stunt
Should surely cause our blood to boil.

"I will address this giddy rout,
And show them dancing is a crime.
I'll tell them what I think about
The way in which they waste their time.
I'll make the shame of England clear."
But someone plucked me by the sleeve
And softly whispered in my ear,
"These officers are home on leave!"

—London Evening News.

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

As Press-Agented by the Cartoonists

DONAHEY, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"That's just like you women—always howlin' about your feet hurtin'."

DONAHEY, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Place Where the Garden Was to Be

Drawn by DeBeck

"I'm going your way, Mister."

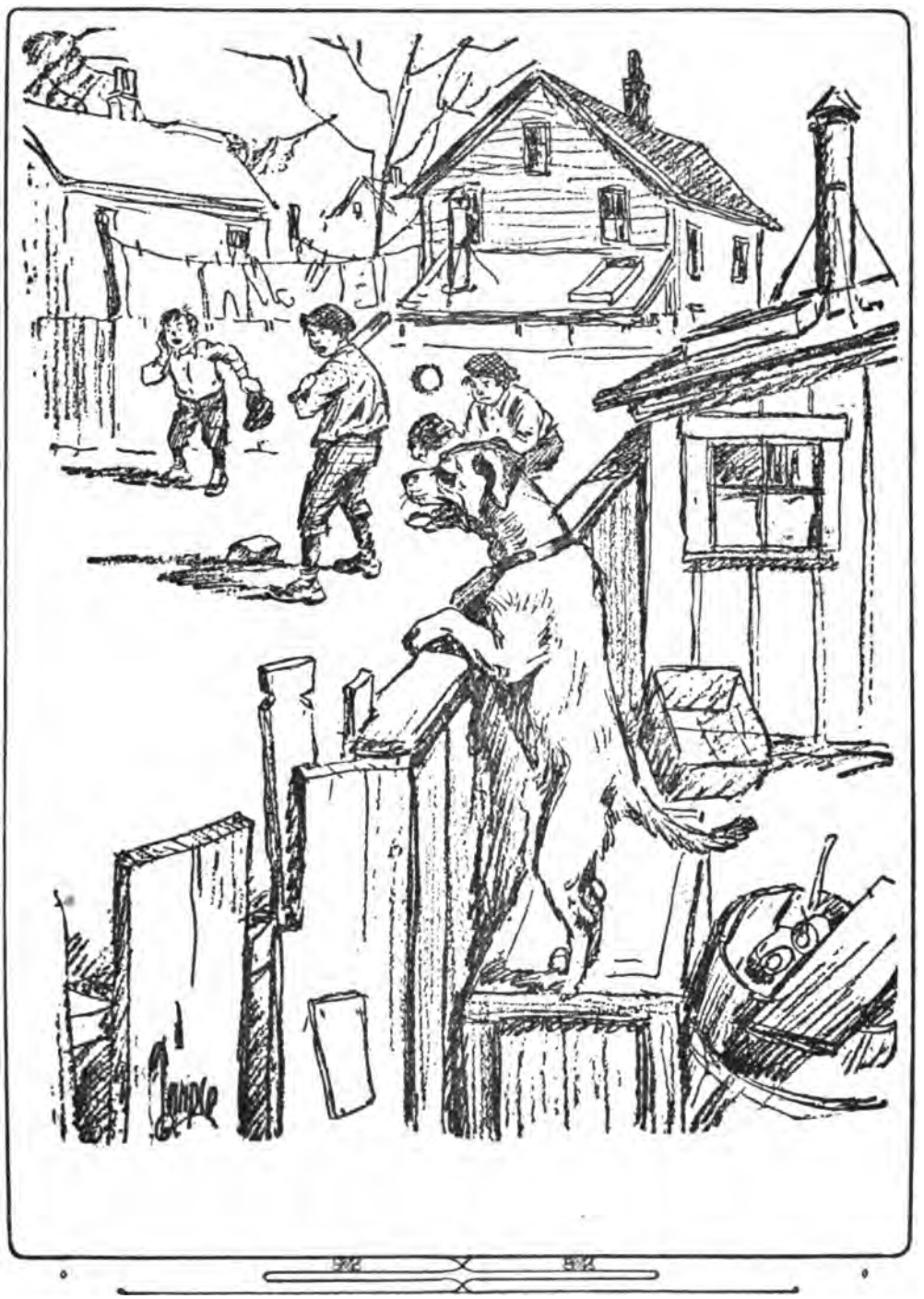
HERE Y'ARE, MISTER. GITTA NICE COL' DRINK
LEMMONADE 3¢ GLASS 2 FOR 5
YAH-YAH-LEMMEMADE-MADE IN TH' SPRING STIRRED WITH AN RUSTY OL' SPADE-BY 'N OL' MAID-YAH-YAH-!
HAW! CAN'T SELL MORE

Breaking Into the Big League

CHAPIN, in St. Louis Republic

When a Feller Needs a Friend

BRIGGS, in New York Tribune



TEMPLE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

On Any Vacant Lot

BRADLEY, in Chicago Daily News

The Cornerstone

WESTERMAN, in Ohio State Journal

Spring and Winter

TEMPLE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Lost!

MY BEST CARTOON

by

FRANK HAMMOND
CARTOONIST of the WICHITA EAGLE

THIS is the story of my favorite "Child" which never until now saw the light of day in print. It is an axiom that the cartoonist's pet efforts are usually his most worthless. Whether or not that axiom holds true, it might be interesting to discover just what sort of efforts are rejected by the heartless editors in the daily round-up of material for the next issue.

Now this particular cartoon is far more vivid in my memory than any other of my own that ever went the way of the waste basket. It was made at a period in history when cartoonists and public alike were keyed up to the highest point of interest. This was just at the close of the great Republican convention at Chicago in 1912. For several days the rumblings of the big steam roller had set our nerves tingling, and finally the expected crush had come. As the dissenting delegates in the convention hall had mockingly chanted "Chool choo! choo!" and as Chairman Root began to call the roll, the form of Roosevelt and the Progressives assumed the proportions of a door mat.

At least, that is the way it appealed to me, and that is the idea I worked upon as soon as the results were known. Then Mr. Root was appointed chairman of the presentation committee to inform Mr. Taft of his victory and tender him the nomination. So I visualized the situation as seen on the opposite page. I was so enthusiastic that I could hardly wait to show the cartoon to the editor. The more I thought of it, the funnier it seemed to me.

I recalled the good old days when "Big Bill" was Teddy's chore boy at the Capital, running all sorts of political errands, off to the Philippines one day, to Cuba the next, and to Panama the next, and so on around the circuit. Then I reflected on the days of the 1908 convention when Taft was to be "Queen of the May." How hopeful Teddy had been of his chore boy then! What great things he expected of him in the future! And how grateful Taft had felt toward his benefactor!

Then, more recently, how the "standpat" faction had sneered at Roosevelt because he had wanted to return to the White House and complete the work his protege had so grossly neglected. And now at last to view him triumphantly returned to his old place at the nation's capital by the faithful Elihu, and laid at the feet of his old friend—as a door mat!

The cartoon, I thought, was cynical enough to convey this feature of the situation, and that was the way it was meant. I could suppress myself no longer. This, to my mind, was THE cartoon of my career, my masterpiece. It was not quite finished, but I remember yet how I took it up and walked slowly toward the sanctum sanctorum, sketching away at it as I went. With something of a flourish I laid it before the editor, Mr. Garland P. Ferrell, while I held my breath.

He looked at it one moment, then exploded. "Take this out and strangle it!" he exclaimed. Then in a kindlier tone, as he noticed my disappointment, he added: "We are fighting mad, and monkeyshines like this won't go. If you can't get up something more serious, either make a weather cartoon, or stay home until tomorrow."

You see, I had overlooked the delicate position we had been placed in by the latest turn of the political wheel. Our paper was supporting the Progressive faction, and to laugh at Teddy now would have been much like cracking a joke at your rich uncle's funeral.

Of course I see the incongruity of it now, but it was hard for me to reconcile myself to fate. I walked back to my desk revolving thoughts in my mind about the whole editorial tribe in general—thoughts that would not get by the postoffice. I still think that was a good cartoon, and it will ever have a fond place in my memory.

My first cartoons were brought out by a liveryman and tacked up in his stables, where they attracted great attention on account of their attitude toward the city officials. We were quite proud of them until one day a certain politician invaded the stable and tore down the entire gallery. From that time on I was notorious with one faction of the city government, and quite a favorite with the other. The incident created quite a stir.

I was born in Clinton, Mo., May 31, 1883. My birthplace unfortunately has been razed, and a lumber yard now marks the spot. At the age of 19 I left home and tried everything that came along, from selling installment goods and soliciting portrait enlarging, to traveling with street fairs and barnstorming theatrical companies. I turned my spare moments to the study of drawing, and a hot municipal campaign in my home town gave me my first chance as a cartoonist.

HAMMOND, in Wichita Eagle

Mr. Root: "Here's a bully door mat for you, Bill."

WHAT THE CARTOONISTS ARE DOING

J. CAMPBELL CORY

Mr. Cory, the Chicago cartoonist, has had an eventful career. The details of Mr. Cory's experiences were printed in The Scoop, official publication of the Chicago Press Club, recently. The article follows:

"J. Campbell Cory was born in Waukegan Sept. 11, 1867. He got a public school education there, and devoted nine years, beginning in 1887, to drawing horses, in which specialty he achieved an international reputation.

"He began as a cartoonist in New York in 1896. He has occupied leading positions in that capacity on America's foremost daily papers, at salaries ranking with the highest in the world.

"He is much given to exploration and adventure. Has prospected and operated mines throughout the northwest; broken the world's records in a gas balloon; constructed and operated aeroplanes, and killed all manner of big and small game in North and Central America. He is an expert horseman, and an expert rifle, pistol and shotgun man. During the Spanish-American war he published a weekly illustrated paper (The Bee) in New York. In 1907-8 he published The Great West, a monthly in New York.

"He co-operated with John Hays Hammond, Senator Clark and other prominent westerners in founding The Montana Society and the Rocky Mountain Club in New York, and was vice-president of both.

"He has attracted considerable favorable attention as a sporting writer under the name of Uncle Dud.

"In various publishing, mining, and exploration ventures, he has had the personal backing of the late Wm. C. Whitney, Thomas F. Ryan and officials of the American Car and Foundry Company, and the Guggenheims' organization.

"His cartoons in the New York World are credited with having been potent in the crusade that drove James Hazen Hyde and other officials out of the Equitable Life Assurance Company previous to the control of that concern passing to Thomas Fortune Ryan.

"During his nomadic career, Mr. Cory has succeeded in breaking his nose six times in as many different ways, with the cumulative result that it is not much of a nose to look at any more, but as he complacently observes, 'there's enough nose left to break at least once more.'

"Mr. Cory has also won many trophies as a golfer."

CARTOON SPEECH TEXT IN CONGRESS

A cartoon pointing a lesson concerning present-day business conditions that appeared in the New York Sun was the text of a speech delivered in the House of Representatives recently by Congressman Hamilton of Michigan. Mr. Hamilton was discussing the statement of President Wilson that there is nothing the matter with business "except a state of mind."

"Well, what is the cause of the state of mind?" asked Mr. Hamilton. "'As a man thinketh so is he.' What causes men to think there is something wrong with business? In one of Cesare's powerful cartoons in the New York Sun three threadbare figures, a man and a woman, with a child clinging to the woman's skirts, pinched with cold, are standing in the slush of a city pavement in the bitter winds of winter and the man and the woman are reading a notice in a window that the Belgian Relief Fund has reached $1,500,000. The cartoon is called 'Some American Neutrals.'"

Continuing, Mr. Hamilton said:

"This little shivering group represents the condition of thousands of men and women in America. And the President with uplifted eyes at Indianapolis says: 'It goes very much to my heart to see how many men are at disadvantage and are without guides and helpers.' Disadvantage! They are starving. Guides and helpers! They want work. And then he asks: 'Don't you think it would be a pretty good idea for the Democratic party to undertake a systematic method of helping the working men of America?'

"We do," concluded Mr. Hamilton with great earnestness.

The cartoon ball is the latest wrinkle in Pacific Coast society. At an affair of considerable local importance in San Diego recently, all the guests were made up to represent comic-section characters. The idea is expected to become popular.

"'Mr. Bryan makes a much better subject for cartoonists than he used to.' Certainly. Paradoxical as it may seem, he becomes not only funnier, but more tragic as well, with each passing year."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Harry Palmer is now associated with a film company and will draw animated cartoons under the title of "Kriterion Komic Kartoon."

FERD (CLARICE) LOVE-JOYS FASHION HINTS
TO BE EXQUISITLY DAINTY, YOU SHOULD WEAR THE REFINED WRIST WATCH (MERCY)
WALTER MONTAGUE HAS ENDEARED HIMSELF TO ALL THAT IS FEMININE BY INVENTING A FOLDING POWDER PUFF THAT CAN BE CARRIED IN A CIGARETTE CASE—
BERNICE (MIKE) VANDER POOL SUGGESTS AN AIGRETTE FOR THE NEW KELLYS
IT'S WARM ENOUGH FOR A CANE
RED NECKTIES ARE IN AGAIN
HAROLD UPDIKE WAS SEEN LAST WEEK AT PENN. AND OHIO STREETS WEARING THE DEAREST PAIR OF CLOTH TOP SHOES IN THE CITY (ASSISTANCE, GIRLS)
PERCY LA GADLE BELEIVES THAT 'LITTLE GRAINS OF POWDER, LITTLE DAUBS, OF PAINT MAKE A HOTEL LOAFER LOOK LIKE WHAT HE AIN'T
TO BE PETITE ONE SHOULD HAVE HIS COLLARS AND CUFFS EMBROIDERED WITH DAINTY DESIGNS OF SMALL, SWEET FLOWERS OR ANY SMALL FRUIT.
EYE GLASSES RIMMED WITH TORTOISE SHELL AND THE TOOTH BRUSH MUSTACHE MAY BE ALMOST PASSE, BUT THEY ADD AN AIR OF INTELLIGENCE
GODDARD

A PAGE FROM THE KIDDER

The Kidder is a unique publication issued semi-monthly by the Newspaper Artists club of Indianapolis. Its motto is: "The feather is mightier than the hammer." The cover design by Frank Bowers, cartoonist of the Indianapolis Star, depicts the Public in the act of being tickled by a long feather wielded by an infant jester, whose nursing bottle is marked "Humor." Mr. Bowers is president of the club, and one of the chief contributors to the paper.

The latest issue of the magazine contains a page cartoon in Mr. Bowers' best vein, entitled "When we were kids." A group of country boys are seen on the banks of a woodland brook "snaring suckers."

THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN,
MR RAY ROHN
AS DR JEKYLL AND MR HYDE
FOR PEGS
OPERA HOUSE
MAY 26
"SAH, I CAN HARDLY REALIZE IT'S OUR LITTLE BOY!"
"I ALWAYS TOLD YOU HE HAD THE RIGHT STUFF IN HIM!"

WEBSTER, in New York Globe

OUR BOYHOOD AMBITIONS

Mr. Rohn, the hero of the sketch, is one of the staff artists of Judge.

A WESTERN TRIO IN NEW YORK

H. T. Webster, cartoonist of the New York Globe; R. M. Brinkerhoff, cartoonist and illustrator, and Ray Rohn, who is making a reputation for himself in Judge, make up a trio that has invaded New York successfully from the west. Mr. Webster, whose home is Tomahawk, Wis., had been successively cartoonist of the Chicago Inter Ocean and the Cincinnati Post when, after a sketching trip around the world, he decided to tempt fortune and fame in the big city.

His love of boy life is perhaps the most distinguishing feature of his work. "Web" was brought up on "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn," and cannot remember that he is grown up now and stands 6 feet, 4 inches in his holeproofs. His boys, like Briggs' "Skinnay," are the real article, and might almost have stepped from the pages of Mark Twain. They go barefoot, have sore thumbs and freckles, like dogs, and wear cherubic grins.

"Web's" cartoons to-day are syndicated throughout the United States by the Globe Publishing Company, and have brought him well merited rewards. The results of a recent cartoon tilt between Webster and Briggs, of the New York Tribune, are reproduced on another page. The shape of the Kelly pool balls as drawn by Briggs apparently got on Webster's nerves, so he perpetrated a cartoon showing the difficulties of indulging in that indoor sport with the balls as drawn by the cartoonists. How Briggs replied can be seen by a study of the second section of the picture. The Globe cartoonist, who is always fond of outdoor life, with hunting and fishing, is planning an automobile tour of the Maine coast.

Brinkerhoff, it will be noticed, has resumed cartooning, his recent work appearing in the New York Evening Post. His attention just now is divided between art and candy making, for he is the manufacturer of the famous "Welsh woggles," the national sweetmeat of Wales.

Ray Rohn, as will be seen, is occasionally one of Webster's subjects. He appears in a cartoon on this page as indulging in his favorite boyhood dream—being a villain in a melodrama, and returning with the show to his home town.

Scarcely a week passes but that Mr. Rohn adds to the joy of life by one of his humorous drawings in Judge. If he ever had any serious longings for the stage—this is probably a fiction on the part of "Web"—he has abandoned such dreams for the pursuit of art.

BRINKERHOFF, in New York Evening Post

Getting Food-Stuffs to the Civil Population

WEBSTER, in New York Globe

The Most Futile Thing in the World

BRIGGS, in New York Tribune

Kelly Pool—Blaming the Tools

"Web's" Jibe at Briggs and Briggs' Retort.

IN DEFENSE OF PUNCH

"A German professor, Dr. Schröer, of Cologne," says the Pall Mall Gazette (London), "has been denouncing Punch for its cartoons of the Emperor in its series called 'The Rake's Progress.' He finds them 'infamous,' and is sorry for the people who can think them witty. Here in England we certainly think them not only witty, but charged with a rare dignity of humor, of which Punch, and England, too, may very well be proud. And when we recall the coarse and disgusting pictures with which the humorists of the German press caricatured Queen Victoria during the Boer war, we are the more satisfied with Punch. If Dr. Schröer is really solicitous for decency in these matters, we will venture to say that there is plenty for him to do with his home 'literature.'"

Robert W. Satterfield, cartoonist, is a new addition to the staff of the Sandusky (O.) Register. Formerly Mr. Satterfield was connected with the Cleveland Press and the Cleveland News, and later conducted the Satterfield cartoon service.

On page 731 of this issue will be found a sample of Herbert W. MacKinney's recent work, which is said to compare favorably with that of the London Punch cartoonists. Mr. MacKinney is cartoonist of the Cape Times, Cape Town, South Africa.

W. C. Morris, formerly of the Spokane Spokesman Review, has succeeded Weed as cartoonist on the New York Tribune. Mr. Weed has joined the staff of the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

BARRE ENTERS "MOVIE" FIELD

Raoul Barre, the noted French cartoonist, is drawing a series of animated comic cartoons for an American film manufacturing company. Mr. Barre has worked out a new and clever idea in his animated cartoons, the figures moving while he is still drawing them.

Mr. Barre has gained considerable notice in this country as a cartoonist under the name of "Varb." It was in Paris that he made his mark as an opinion-swaying cartoonist, however. He was pitted against Caran d'Ache and Forian in the celebrated Dreyfus case. The battle which these opposing cartoonists fought over Dreyfus is one of the most memorable phases in a case which shook France to its foundations.

CLASS IN CARTOONING GROWS

The class in cartooning inaugurated a few weeks ago at the South Brooklyn (N. Y.) evening high school, has shown an encouraging increase in attendance, and has become one of the most popular classes at the institution. George Wingeback, principal of the school, has expressed himself as more than pleased at the showing made by the ambitious students who have taken advantage of the opportunities thus offered. Each phase of the work is gone over by experts, and especial attention is given to a study of the cartoons in the metropolitan press. There is still room in the class for a few more pupils.

Will DeBeck has left the Pittsburgh Gazette Times and has started a feature service business with a Mr. Carter of Pittsburgh. In addition to running a cartoon syndicate the two young men have established a school of cartooning and comic drawing.

DING'S CAT SINGED

Jay N. Darling, cartoonist of the Des Moines Register and Leader, recently broke all speed records for Iowa's capital city. "Ding" was in search of a cat doctor to make various and sundry repairs upon Thomas, his feline friend and counselor. Thomas was rather seriously scorched when the Register and Leader building burned to the ground recently, and Mr. Darling found his pet wandering about the smoking ruins, rather the worse for wear.

Thomas adopted Mr. Darling several years ago. One day he strolled casually into the cartoonist's studio, and after a calm survey of the artist and his surroundings, decided it looked good enough for him to live in, and immediately made himself at home. All efforts to discourage Thomas were fruitless, and Mr. Darling became much attached to his pet. "Ding" has promised Thomas a fine bunk in the new Register and Leader building, and in the meantime the affectionate feline is making his home with the Darlings.

A popular-price edition of Albert Bigelow Paine's "Thomas Nast, His Period and His Pictures," with more than 400 Nast cartoons, has been issued by Harper's. Mr. Nast made history with his pencil and crayon. Latter-day political cartoonists still use the whimsical emblems he invented, and reflect his methods and spirit in their drawings.

WHEN MAYER AND LOWELL SOLD CARTOONS FOR 50 CENTS

Hy Mayer, contributing editor of Puck; Orson Lowell, one of the staff artists of Life, and Charles Dana Gibson, the illustrator, were the principal speakers at a recent meeting of the American Institute of Graphic Arts at the National Arts Club, New York.

Mr. Lowell caused some amusement by referring to the days when he and Mr. Mayer peddled their drawings for 50 cents apiece. He spoke also of the distinction between illustrations for stories and cartoons. The former, he said, should arouse the reader's interest in the story, but should not tell the story itself. The cartoon, however, he declared, must tell the whole story in a nutshell.

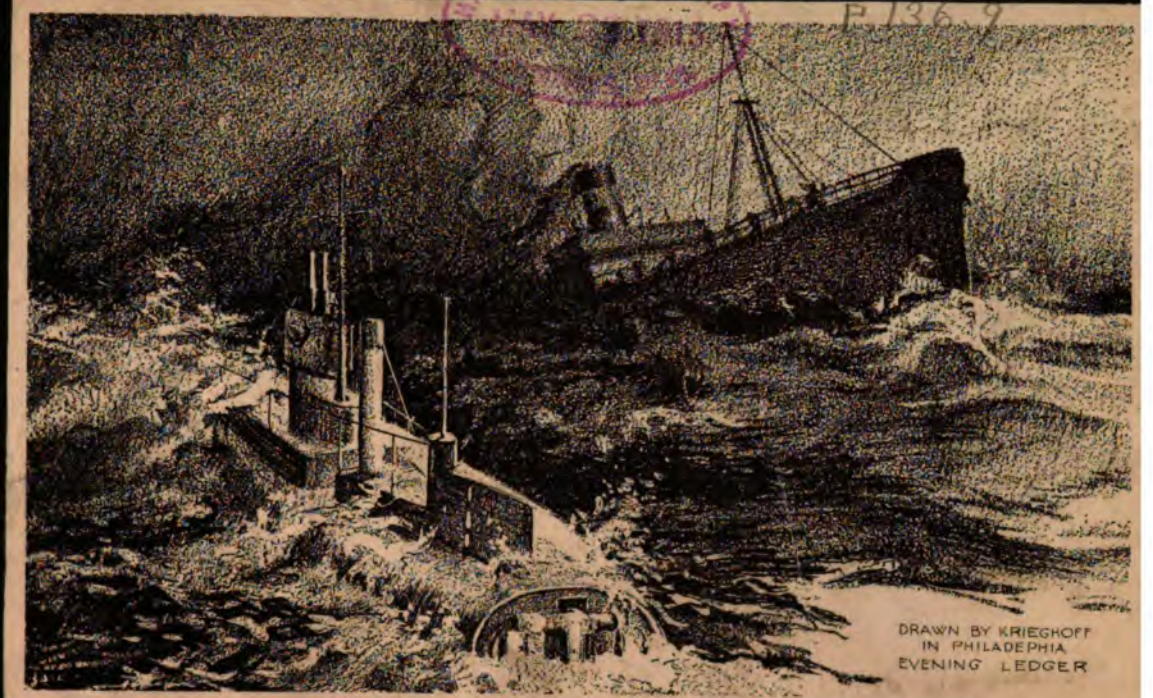
Mr. Mayer, during his 28 years as an illustrator, has developed a theory that the "man behind the line" is of real importance, rather than the "line behind the man." In other words, he said that the illustrator should endeavor to express himself, and not attempt merely to develop skill. When an artist becomes too skillful, he added, the result is mostly skill and little art. The artist, he contended, should draw in his own way, regardless of the public demand.

John De Mar, cartoonist of the Philadelphia Record, gave an exhibition of rapid drawing at a recent Lenten entertainment in West Philadelphia.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE BURNT OUT

Drawn by Darling of the Des Moines Register and Leader the day following the destruction of the newspaper plant by fire.

JUNE CARTOONS MAGAZINE 25 CEN



Containing Sixteen-Page Supplement

The

LUSITANIA DISASTER

in

CARTOON and COMMENT

WAR BOOKS

THE first intimate, vital and trustworthy accounts of the great war crisis can now be obtained in book form. Everyone wants all the reliable information he can possibly get regarding this momentous event which will affect the future of the whole world. The following books can be depended upon to be authentic and are written by men ably qualified to handle so great a subject.

Germany and the Next War

By General F. Von Bernhardi
Great Exponent of German Militarism

Authorized American Edition. This book discloses Germany's war plans for the crushing of England and France. Bernhardi's programme, as outlined in this book, is actually being carried through. **Price 85 Cents, Postpaid**

The War and America

By Hugo Münsterberg
Of Harvard University

No writer of the century is better qualified to discuss the world issues now at stake than this great German-American. His book will be read with eager attention and respect. **Price $1.10, Postpaid**

The Secrets of the German War Office

By Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves, Secret Agent

The author was for twelve years a spy in the Kaiser's service. He exposes the details of secret missions that have had a startling influence upon the present war. He also reveals for the first time the intricate and sensational operations of the great German Spy System. **Price $1.60, Postpaid**

Germany's Fighting Machine

By Ernest F. Henderson

Divided in three parts: **The War,** in which the author gives a clear and authoritative statement of Germany's position; **The Army,** in which he discusses in detail the marvelous organization which has so challenged the wonder of the world; **The Navy** covers both the fleet of the open seas and the fleet of the open air. 100 Remarkable Photographs. **Price $1.35, Postpaid**

Men Around the Kaiser

By F. W. Wile

The only book giving complete and accurate information about all of the great German warriors, statesmen, business men, scholars and all those who figure most prominently in the affairs of that country at the present moment. By a man who has viewed German affairs at closer range than any other American outside of the Embassy. 30 Portraits. **Price $1.35, Postpaid**

The Germans

By I. A. R. Wylie

A timely, comprehensive and valuable survey of conditions in Germany and an intimate, masterly, vital and graphic picture of the German people on the eve of the great conflict. Written without bias or partisanship by one of England's foremost writers after many years of residence in Germany. **Fully Illustrated.**
Price $2.15, Postpaid

War's Aftermath

By D. S. JORDAN and H. E. JORDAN
With an Introduction on the Present European Conflict.

A study of the effect of our Civil War on the quality of manhood in the South which will attract the attention of all students of history. The authors have gone deeply into conditions of the South before and after the war, presenting some startling results as to the deterioration of the quality of stock occasioned by the lamentable waste of the war.
Price 85 Cents, Postpaid

War Atlas

Large 20 page (11x15 in.) atlas of the war in Europe, containing large colored scale maps of the battle-ground — Europe, Austria, Servia, Germany, England, Belgium, France, Russia, Italy, Greece, The World, etc. Special data showing comparison of armies and navies involved, pictures of rulers, etc. **Price 30 Cents, Postpaid**

Any of the above books sent postpaid upon receipt of the price by

POPULAR MECHANICS BOOK DEPT.
78 E. Madison Street, CHICAGO

VOL. 7 JUNE, 1915 No. 6

Cartoons MAGAZINE

H. H. WINDSOR, Editor and Publisher

Published Monthly at 6 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

The Cartoonist

George Fitch, in Memphis Scimitar

A CARTOONIST is a man who tells the truth by drawing things which aren't so.

The cartoonist has made a science out of exaggeration. He can draw a nose which looks like a battleship's prow and yet which looks exactly like the beak of a prominent citizen which has a slight bump on it. He can make a double row of tombstones and a pair of automobile lamps resemble a ex-president so exactly that people will throw up their hats and shout for Teddy; and he can stretch the face of our beloved secretary of state clear out of shape in order to accommodate his mouth and yet cause people to exclaim over the perfect likeness.

Being a cartoonist is much more difficult than being a mere artist. Hundreds of men can paint a portrait of a lady so accurately that it will be at once mistaken for a purple portiere; but only a few men can draw a picture of a president so accurately that it will be recognized with joy at first glance. This is why a master painter has to wait until he has been dead 100 years in order to get top prices for his work, while a cartoonist who can express a whole campaign oration in a few careless lines draws $25,000 a year along with his picture and is madly beloved even though he wears perfectly human clothes and cuts his hair frequently.

The cartoonist has to be a humorist, a philosopher and a close student of mankind in addition to being boss of an obedient and well-trained pencil. He has to boil down the concentrated wisdom of 100 stump speakers into a three-column picture done in a hurry, while the engraving room is yelling for his work. He has to say more in the picture of a fat man and an elephant than a perspiring candidate can utter in a two-hour speech, and he usually does it. He preaches sermons in snickers and when he has made good, people look at his funny, freakish absurdities at the breakfast table and then turn to the heavy editorials to see if they are corroborated by the cartoon.

A cartoonist once broke up Tammany and sent its boss to jail. Ten thousand speakers have tried to duplicate the trick ever since, but they haven't succeeded. Sometimes we think that the nation doesn't appreciate a really good cartoonist. It should elect him to office. Think what a stump speaker he would make if he got out to defend his administration with a soft nosed lead pencil and three acres of white paper on an easel!

FRENCH WHO PAINTING

HISTORIANS will have written the chronicle of the war more or less from the viewpoint of their respective nations; poets and dramatists will have idealized the war. But posterity as never before will see the war through the eyes of the artists. Especially will this be true in France, where at least three painters have found their inspiration in the great adventure, and are recording on canvas the brave deeds of their countrymen.

France has not lacked great war painters in the past. There was Jean Baptiste Edouard Detaille, the battle painter of the Franco-German war; also, Alphonse Marie de Neuville, who drew his inspiration from the same stirring epoch. Before them was Louis David, who portrayed the exploits of Napoleon, but who did so merely with the idea of glorifying the empire-builder.

In the Versailles palace is a magnificent gallery of battles by such painters as Van der Meulen, Charlet, Gros, Raffet, Delacroix, Yvon, and Vernet. This will be added to by the recent work of Georges Scott, J. Simont, and Lucien Jonas, who paint, not at the order of some monarch, but at the dictates of their own hearts. To Georges Scott must be awarded the first honors. Already his paintings, the rough sketches of which were made actually at the front, form a veritable gallery in themselves.

ARTISTS ARE HISTORY"

From his brush leap Piou-pious, haversack, red pantaloons, and all; picturesque Turcos, with their cigarettes; dragoons, Algerians and Alpines. He has visualized great battle scenes, together with such little instances of heroism as might be forgotten had they not appealed to a poet or a painter. Action is seen in every line. His canvases also breathe the spirit of bon camaraderie and blunt goodfellowship.

Simont takes one into the homes and hospitals. There is something of repose about his paintings; a suggestion of peace and restfulness after the shock of battle. Lucien Jonas has not been so prolific, but one of his paintings, "Le Jour des Morts," representing an aged peasant couple offering prayers over an unknown grave—perhaps the grave of their son—will be remembered long after the present bitterness is forgotten. Only a crude wooden cross surmounted by a helmet; only a bouquet of wild flowers on the mound; only the two gray-haired peasants—but that, after all, it may be, is the true interpretation of war.

Georges Scott's recent exhibition at the Invalides, and later at the Georges Petit salon, took Paris by storm. "He has permitted us to see," says a writer in L'Illustration, "what we may confidently believe to be only the beginning of a series that will immortalize the present struggle of

From L'Illustration, Paris

The Last Vision

the Titans. Unfortunately the most violent phase of the war, the victory of the Marne, was witnessed only by the combatants. But if in this grave hour when the fate of our army seemed to hang in the balance, military necessity forbade the presence at the front of qualified representatives of French art, it is to be hoped that in the period now beginning our victorious soldiers may have near them to record their deeds of glory, witnesses, who, in the words of David, 'paint history.'"

Le Figaro points out that when, in 1870, paintings such as de Neuville's "The Last Cartridges" and "The Regiment Passes By" made such an impression, the moral situation, and, "so to speak, the real situation of the battle painters was not at all the same as now."

"Previously," continues Figaro, "works of this kind had been made at the command and for the deification of some sovereign or government. Such were the works of Van der Meulen, Gros, and Raffet. Moreover, most of the artists who devoted themselves to war paintings were specialists. De Neuville and Detaille were almost full-fledged soldiers. Today nearly all of our artists are at the front, and if, when the moment arrives, they shall show us the bravery and sufferings of this conflict, they shall have seen them not as visions of the studio, but with their own eyes, in the trenches, and on the field of battle."

Many of Georges Scott's works have been popularized by their publication in L'Illustration, but the originals of these compositions possess, by virtue of their imposing size and subject matter, a beauty and brilliancy to which no reproduction can do justice. Their cordiality and faithfulness to detail has charmed everyone.

"It is easy to comprehend," observes Figaro, "the pleasure General Gallieni (the

military governor of Paris) took in inaugurating this exhibition. It was also a pleasure to those who had the good fortune to be present on this occasion to compare the proud and virile profile of the military governor—so comforting in these grave times, so typically French in the best sense of the word—with Scott's lifelike portrait of him, which had the place of honor at the exhibition.

"That the visitors and officers who attended the opening enjoyed the pictures—some documentary, some symbolic—is explained by the single word 'sympathy.' The artist manifestly is imbued with a great affection for our 'braves.' He shows them in the trench reading the army bulletins, charging with the bayonet, or carefully maneuvering their beloved '75's.' He has pictured promotions at the front as well as scenes of suffering; the dying general; the colonel, grievously wounded, being carried away from the battle line. Thanks to documents, he has been able to record the heroism of a Zouave who ordered his comrades, with an oath, to shoot when he was compelled by Germans, disguised as Zouaves, to lead them against his comrades. And in his robust and 'soigné' canvases there is always the unmistakable spirit of true camaraderie."

One of the most spirited of the Scott paintings is entitled "Cavalry Engagement: French Dragoons Charging the Uhlans." The central figure is a cavalry horse whose rider has just fallen. The lance and cap have not yet touched the ground. With one foot caught in the stirrup, the cavalryman is dragged along by his frightened steed. In the background the conflict surges back and forth in broken lines of glittering lances. Some distance from the action stands a worn-out war horse, placidly grazing, and impervious to the sufferings of his wounded master near by, as well as to the tragedy written in the stiffened bodies of horses and men alike that strew the field. The general impression is one of enthusiasm and adventure—war in one of its really glorious phases.

Another is called "A Night Encounter." Two military chauffeurs have surprised in the glare of their searchlight a company of uhlans on a forest road. The leader of the horsemen has been shot, and is seen reeling from his mount, while the others, halting suddenly, gaze blindly into the dazzling shaft of light. The shadowy forms of the chauffeurs, heavily cloaked, are seen in the body of the automobile, while the rifle held by one of them spits savage tongues of fire at the startled party.

"Soup for the 'Poilus,'" another Scott painting, is full of rough human nature, and illustrates the comradeship of men in arms. Here a detachment of sturdy, unshaven Piou-pious are seen trudging over heavy ground, lugging huge iron kettles of smoking soup between them on poles. They appear tired out with their day's work, and even the prospect of a hot dinner seems to evoke little enthusiasm. Their thoughts, evidently, are far away.

"Sunset on the Plain of the Yser" gives us one of those glimpses of the outskirts of battle in which the artist takes delight. It shows one of the long-nosed "75's"—the favorite French field gun—being placed in action. The barrel of the field-piece glints brightly in the setting sun as the struggling horses haul it into position. There is a touch of loneliness in the landscape—the bare trees, the sluggish smoke rising from a burning building in the distance, a far-off, sentinel-like windmill—that brings the silent figures on the caisson into relief.

Another notable painting by Scott is the "Examination of a German Prisoner." The scene is laid in the main room of a devastated villa. Under a hanging lamp the court martial is seated, while the captive, a young

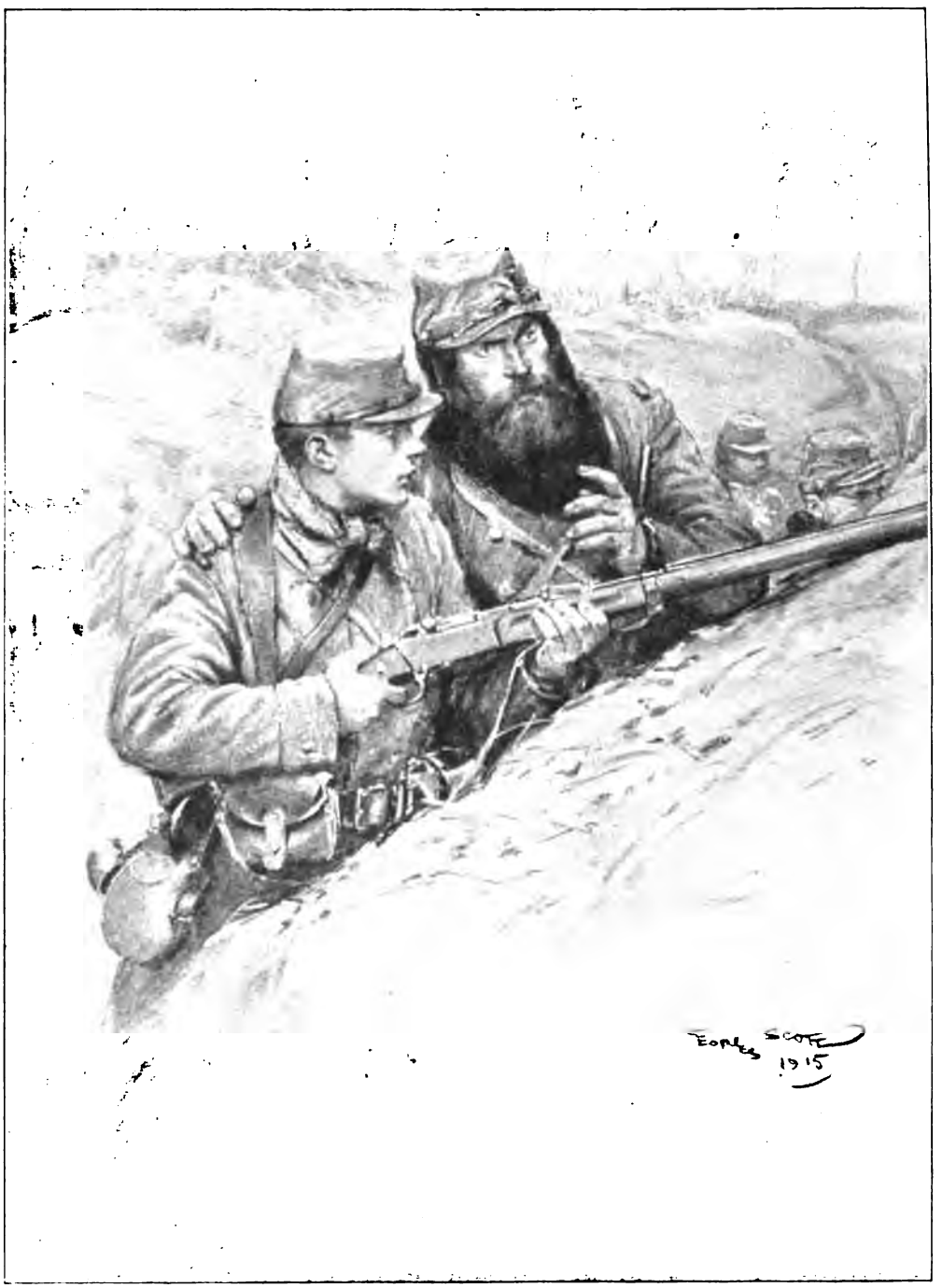
Honors

A recent episode which shows that chivalry in the present war is not lacking. The colonel, mortally themselves, but as the injured colonel passes, they stand to attention, even at the risk of being struck.

From L'Illustration, Paris

under Fire

wounded, is being carried to the rear. The soldiers, who are under fire, have been ordered not to expose The officer, with his waning strength, returns the salute.



From L'Illustration, Paris

The Veteran's Advice

From L'Illustration, Paris

"Vair pretty."

A study from life by J. Simont, who has made many such hospital sketches. Note the pleasure beaming from the face of the wounded Turco on receiving the little cigarette case as a present.

German officer, stands before his inquisitors, proud, and half contemptuous, holding himself as straight as the bayonets of the guard which surround him. One of the guards, a country boy, gazes at the prisoner with an expression in which curiosity and admiration are mingled. The whole group has about it the air of suppressed excitement; it is a dramatic moment that the artist has recorded.

In Scott's "Promotion at the Front" we have recorded one of those unsung deeds of heroism of which the war has furnished many. A wounded private is seen, his head bandaged, and all around him evidences of destruction. His superior officer clasps him by the hand.

Simont, as has been said, takes us more into the homes, and behind the scenes. In "A Letter from the Front" he has given us two pictures; first, the writer. It is night in the trenches. A solitary guard is on watch. The soldiers, with the exception of one, are sleeping. He, with the assistance of a pocket flash light, is composing a letter. The light on the white page—a tiny square of light—stands out in contrast with the somber shadows. The second picture shows the reader. It is bright morning in Paris. A maid is serving breakfast, around which the family group is seated. A chubby baby, after the manner of all babies, pounds on the table with his spoon. A young wife and her daughter are reading the message, while the grandfather, possibly a veteran of 1870, seems wrapped in memories.

There is another home scene which it is pleasant to recall. The girls who have been left behind are "knitting socks for soldiers." A grandmother, a young woman, and a child are busy knitting. Their thoughts—it is easy to see—are in the trenches, for do not the cloudy figures of the soldiers appear merged in the half light with the heavy draperies? The little girl is evidently perplexed over her work, and refers it to her grandmamma. The subdued atmosphere, the spirit of quietness, and the calmness of waiting are not without their charm.

Simont's hospital sketches are perhaps the best that he has done. Can anyone help smiling at the expression of unalloyed joy on the wrinkled-up face of the Turco who, in his hospital bed, receives a present of a silver cigarette case? In other pictures the artist has used the stage settings of French chateaux to good effect, and by the contrasts of the rich hangings, the paneled doors, and formal mantelpieces with the white costumes of the nurses, the sheets and bandages, and the pallid faces of the patients, contrived charming studies in black and white.

His "In a Belgian Chapel" gives us another sidelight on the war. Here the early morning worshipers mingle with the worn-out soldiers. The floor of the chapel is covered with straw, for the place has been used in these war times as a barracks. Several soldiers, as the sunlight filters in through stained-glass windows, are asleep; one with his head propped against a pillar. A less sleepy trooper is engaged cleaning his musket. In the dim chancel beyond, the village people are seen kneeling before the altar. In the foreground are grouped an elderly woman and her two grandchildren, a demure little girl with thick braids, and a prayer book and rosary in her hand, and a small boy, who is much more interested in the soldiers than in his devotions.

In his "Twilight on the Battlefield" Simont has achieved a masterpiece—a poem in oils. Gray's "Elegy" is no more eloquent. The action is over. A broken piece of artillery accentuates the skyline. The skeleton-like hand of a fallen soldier stands out against the painted sky. "The shouting and the tumult die." Strewn on the ground amid shells and sabers lie the dead—asleep. A wounded man, as if in a dream, raises himself on his arms for a last glance at the setting sun and the hazy little village, half obscured in the shadows beyond.

CARICATURES IN COOKIES

Samples of German Pastry-Cartoons Now Having a Great Vogue in the Fatherland

From L'Illustration, Paris

In Alsace

This in France is doubtless the most popular picture of the war. It represents France again united to Alsace, the German guidepost thrown down by the advancing soldiers.

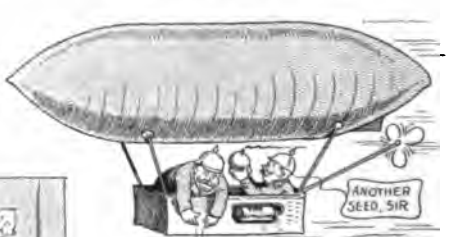
A CARTOON CHRONICLE

Songs that Never Grow Old

Old Jap Peril Bobs Up

The Growing Season

The Habit of Man



No Sympathy Here

Spring Planting

The cartoons reproduced on these pages are after recent drawings by Orr, of the Nashville Tennessean; Morgan, of the Philadelphia Inquirer; Westerman, of the Ohio State Journal; Donahey, of the Cleveland Plain Dealer; Bradley, of the Chicago Daily News; Hungerford, of the Pittsburgh Sun; Harding, of the

# of CURRENT EVENTS

Friedrich Is a Good Dog

Couldn't Stay Away

Did They Want to Vote?

The Chancellor's Warning

Between Two Fires

Nobuddy!

Brooklyn Eagle; Ireland, of the Columbus Dispatch; Kirby, of the New York World; Bushnell, of the Central Press Association; McCutcheon, of the Chicago Tribune, and Thomas, of the Detroit News.

Germany Renews Her Dash for Calais

FURIOUS warfare in the vicinity of Ypres, which the Germans regard as the key to Calais, has marked the resumption of hostilities on the western battle front. An army of half a million Prussians has concentrated its forces at this point in another desperate fight for the sea. Appalling casualty lists tell more than the official bulletins of the progress of the struggle. A certain "frightfulness" has been imparted to the battle by the night bombardments, the use of incendiary and asphyxiation bombs, and the continuous explosions of thousands of shells.

"Some idea of the tumult and terror of these hours may be imagined," writes a London war correspondent, "when it is stated that a major in charge of a British battery section had to shout his orders to a gunner standing at his side through a megaphone, and even then it is doubtful if the gunner heard." Hill No. 60, though not poetical in name, will doubtless be sung centuries hence as the scene of an inferno in which men for the time being became demigods. This action followed the capture by the allies a fortnight earlier of Neuve Chapelle, an important victory, but accomplished at a tremendous sacrifice.

With the battle lines lengthening daily, it is probable that Kitchener's new army, as well as the new French army, will soon receive, if they have not already received, their baptism of fire.

The shortage of ammunition, however, as many observers believe, is becoming a serious problem, but here the allies would appear to have the advantage. Says the New York Evening Sun:

"By far the greater part of Kitchener's new levies, probably 1,500,000 out of 2,000,000 men, have not yet been shipped over to France. France, too, has had a host of recruits in training all the winter—1,200,000 at least, they say—but there has been no sign of them yet along the firing line. Finally, every visitor to Germany agrees that there are vast numbers of men available for military duty in all parts of the empire who have not been called to the colors. Estimates vary between 2,000,000 and 6,500,000 between 18 and 40 years of age.

"Neither side would seem to be making the most of its numerical advantages. Germany is obviously playing a Fabian game on its western war front. The Allies are keeping up a certain pressure, but it is plain

ROGERS, in New York Herald

THE TENDER-HEARTED COUNT

"Here's a present from the Kaiser, my pretty little dear."

"Sire, shall we strike hospital, palace, or shrine this night?"

CALCATINI, in Pasquino, Turin

THE BLOOD-LETTING

Mars: "If I hadn't bled you, you would have died of congestion."

that they have not undertaken anything like a drive. They, too, are holding off. Delay is the feature of the fighting in the west and has been for months past. What is the reason for it?

"In all probability the predominant cause is a general shortage of war material due to reckless expenditure in the opening weeks of fighting, when neither officers nor soldiers had learned husbandry of ammunition nor realized the short-lived character of modern guns. It is likely that Britain has not put her army in the field, that France has not advanced her recruits nor Germany called out all her manhood, because in all three cases arms are short and munitions insufficient to enable the men to do effective service."

Access to the American arms and ammunition markets, in the opinion of the London News and Leader—an advantage for which Britannia's sea power may be thanked—will be not the least of the elements in the final victory. To quote:

"The Allies have not only all their own armament works to draw upon, but in the United States the greatest manufacturing plant in the world. If the authorities are correct in believing that the heaviest artillery and the most unstinted expenditure of ammunition afford the key to the mastering of trenches, then this access to the American market, a direct result of sea power, must be counted as an advantage of high importance. In numbers the Allies at present have the advantage. The French estimate the German strength in the western theater at forty-seven and one-half corps, roughly 2,250,000. That is less than the French field army alone, without counting the English. Before, however, coming to any conclusion two factors must be taken into account, both of which are quite uncertain. We do not know how far the Germans can under the pressure of need increase their forces in France from reserves and new formations, without weakening their offensive in the East or at least without losing their power to hold the Russians in check. The second uncertain factor is the margin of superiority which is needed to enable the Allies to increase the pressure upon the German line to breaking point. Time alone will set definite values to these uncertain quantities and provide the answer to the whole military problem. For the moment we can say that the conditions in the West are more favorable to the Allies than they have been since the disastrous days of August. For the first time the French have the advantage in numbers and equipment, while their leadership has been severely purged."

From Sydney Bulletin

How Should the Kaiser Dress the Part?

Vincent Suggests the Pirate King **Lindsay Suggests Captain Kidd**

LOUIS RAEMAEKERS, in Het Toppunt, Amsterdam

The Harvest

The work of this famous Dutch cartoonist has created a sensation not only in Europe, but in America.

From Punch

THE HAUNTED SHIP

Ghost of Old Pilot: "I wonder if he would drop me NOW."

BERT YOUNG, in London Opinion

TRUTH WILL OUT

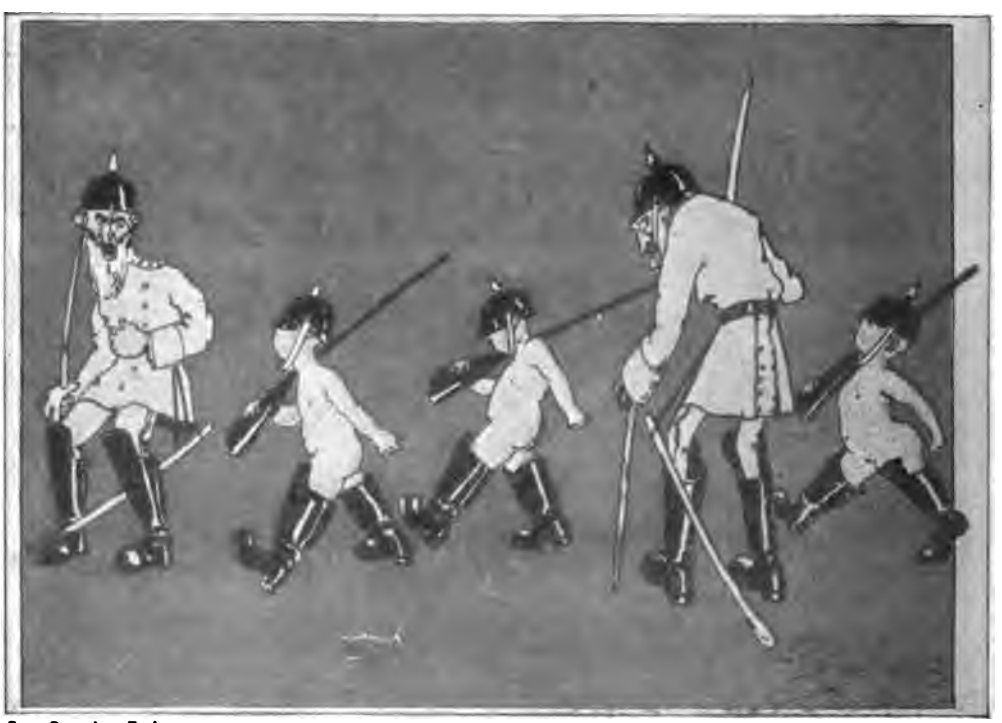
Francis Joseph: "Tell me, Wilhelm, why do your people keep on saying 'God punish England?'"

Wilhelm: "Well, WE can't."

The German army, according to the Montreal Star, is lacking today in the "punch" which made its initial drive into France all but irresistible. The pick of the kaiser's legions, the Star believes, have become "cannon fodder," and the class of reserves now being called to the front is not to be compared with those who have gone before. This newspaper sees additional hope in the fact that the allies are better prepared at this time to repel the invaders than at any time since the war began, especially since the reorganization of General Joffre's army, with the placing in service of the 75-millimeter guns, and the retirement of many of the older officers.

"We should remember for our encouragement," says the Star, "that the German forces which now confront us, are by no means as hard, effective and skillful as that hand-picked host which poured through Belgium last August and September, and inundated France. The flower of the German army lies underground. The ready-to-the-minute men who marched into war out of the hard training of the last two years or so, fit as athletes and keen for the fray, were all thrown away by German recklessness of human life in the early stages of the war. The German general staff expected them to win their victory before Christmas, and were careless of everything save the snatching of immediate successes. So they poured their finest troops into the inferno without stint; and now they are compelled to face the prospects of a long war without their first-line soldiers, and with but a second growth to fill their places.

"Our allies, the French, have, on the contrary, improved both their rank-and-file and their artillery since the war opened. General Joffre has 'scrapped' many of his out-of-date officers, and has a much better fighting force at his command than he had when he gave his historic order to his retiring armies to turn at last upon their enemies and die fighting where they stood if need be. We cannot pretend, of course, that our newly trained forces are the equals, man for man, of that exceptionally good professional army which went to France at the outbreak of hostilities. Probably no similar number of soldiers in the world were or are as good. They were long-service men; and their many years of training and experience ought to have made them better than any two or three-year conscripts or six-months volunteers in existence. But our present army is so much larger than that first lean and active force that the balance is quite in our favor."



From Pasquino, Turin

THE INEXHAUSTIBLE GERMAN ARMY

The New Recruits

RUDOLPH HERRMANN, in Die Muskete, Vienna

Ghost of King Edward (to the late Queen Victoria): "Mother, mother! Turn off the stars. There comes a Zeppelin."

From Caras y Caretas, Buenos Aires

THE THEATER OF WAR

England: "Walk right in, gents; great new acts, and valuable souvenirs at the end of each performance."
Italy: "Suppose we step in, fellow."
Spain: "It's easy enough to get in, but the difficulty will be to get out."

Dr. Dernburg and His Dove of Peace

WHILE not an authorized agent of the German government, the recent letter on peace terms written by Dr. Bernard Dernburg, and read at a meeting in Portland, Me., marks, according to the Providence Journal, "an important change in the German tone." "Germany does not strive for territorial aggrandizement," said the former colonial secretary; "she does not believe in conquering and subjugating unwilling nations." Then he proceeds to make the conditions impossible by adding: "Belgium offers to German trade the only outlet to an open sea. So Belgium cannot be given up."

"Stripped of all unessential details," says the New York Tribune, "Dr. Dernburg's 'peace proposals' come down to two wholly ridiculous suggestions. Germany, he guesses, would consent to a cessation of hostilities if permitted to occupy some sort of privileged position in Belgium and if provided with some guarantee of the future freedom of the seas.

"The first condition carries with it the renunciation by France and Great Britain of a moral obligation and a debt of honor to Belgium, to repudiate which would be to earn the enduring scorn of all mankind. It means also yielding to Germany a position which would make both France and Britain insecure for all time. As to the second condition, such a guarantee of 'freedom of the seas' as Germany desires could only be given if the British fleet were 'scrapped.' No international agreement would accomplish this, for all international agreements are, in the language of German diplomacy, scraps of paper. As to the 'scrapping' of the British fleet, there is only one way to bring this about."

The allied demands, as the Tribune points out, may perhaps be summarized as follows:

"1. The evacuation of Belgium and Luxemburg.

"2. The payment of an indemnity to Belgium.

DONAHEY, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Hope

"3. The cession of Alsace-Lorraine to France.

"4. The cession of Kiao-Chau to Japan.

"5. The cession of German islands in the Far East, including Samoa and New Guinea, to Australia.

"6. The cession of German Southwest Africa to the British Union of South Africa.

"7. The cession of Togo and Kamerun to Great Britain and France."

"It is idle to suppose," adds the Tribune, "Germany could consent to discuss peace on such terms. But it is equally ridiculous to imagine that France or England will now consent to return to a condition of 'things as they were' in the west of Europe, or Russia in the East. Until Germany is ready to cede Alsace-Lorraine and evacuate Belgium, or able to dictate her own terms, such comment as Dr. Dernburg supplies is too foolish to warrant discussion."

That Germany has as yet no inclination to talk peace may be inferred from the tone of the North German Gazette, which repudiates rumors of German preparations for a peace conference, either with the allies as a whole or separately, and says:

"No sensible person would think of sacrificing a war situation so favorable to Germany for a premature peace. We must use every advantage of the military situation in order to create such security that nobody again will dare to disturb our peace.

"The rumors of any German inclination toward peace, considering our undiminished determination to conquer, are absurd and malevolent invention."

The position of the United States, unfortunately, to play the role of mediator, is far more unsatisfactory now than ever before. The following warning comes from the Paris Temps:

"If the United States would be the great mediating nation, there is another reef to avoid; the cabinet in Washington should abstain from all inopportune tentatives and premature pressure. The allied powers are quite resolved to obtain a durable peace by the victory of their arms. In these conditions it pertains no more to the United States than to any other neutral nation, large or small, to take the initiative in a mediation which cannot possibly succeed.

"Such an initiative would only injure its influence and ruin its moral credit without any profit whatever. This fact should be remembered, for in America and even in Europe certain elements keep trying most unskillfully to start negotiations which can be seriously engaged in only after we have obtained decisive action on the battle field."

The Montreal Star, which voices an increasing bitterness against the United States, merely because Uncle Sam did not pull off his coat and start fighting at the first invasion of Belgium, says, referring to President Wilson's recent speech:

"There appears to lurk in the President's mind, however, one thought which will only bring him disappointment if he does not get rid of it. And that is the thought that he or his successor will be called upon at the close of the war to 'mediate'—to assist in the making of peace."

BRADLEY, in Chicago Daily News

Some Mere Man is Always Interfering

NORMAN LINDSAY, in Sydney Bulletin

WOODROW WILSON, TAXIDERMIST

"I've got to turn this durned bird into a dove somehow."

WEED, in Philadelphia Public Ledger

The Bird Fancier

CARTER, in New York Evening Sun

The Kind of Peace Not Wanted

Punch Cartoons Personified

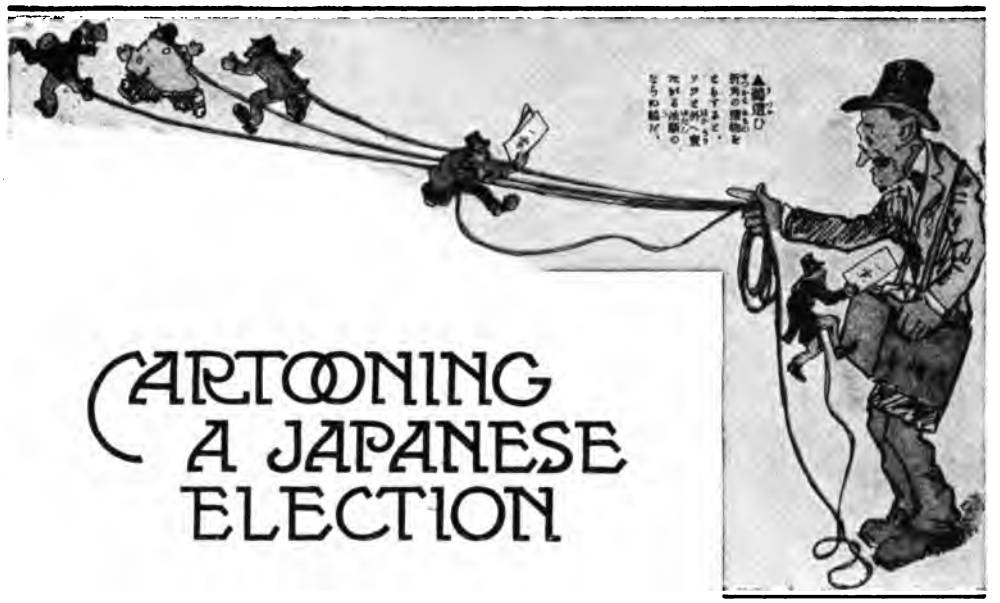
"After Ten Years," by Bernard Partridge

"After Ten Years," at the Hippodrome

"Dropping the Pilot," by Sir John Tenniel

"Dropping the Pilot," at the Hippodrome

A feature of the London Hippodrome revue, "Business as Usual," is a series of tableaux reproducing in living pictures some of the famous cartoons from Punch. "Dropping the Pilot," perhaps the most celebrated of all political cartoons, appeared in Punch March 29, 1890. "After Ten Years" appeared April 28 of this year. The reproductions are from the London Sketch.



CARTOONING A JAPANESE ELECTION

THE recent general elections in Japan gave the cartoonists of that flowery empire some exceptional opportunities. So absorbed has the world been in the war that it may still be news to some readers that the elections for members of the diet resulted in what we would call a landslide for the government party.

Count Okuma, "the grand old man of Japan," was triumphantly reelected premier and minister of the interior, the electors evidently not deeming it wise to make a change at this rather tremendous moment in the nation's career. Mr. Hara, the representative of the Seiyukai, or opposition party, and many of his followers were defeated. The vote really was one of confidence in the government, and came at a time when Japan may be on the threshold of her destiny. The Seiyukai party, by the way, stood on the platform of "clan government," which is probably not unlike "gang government" in America. Count Okuma's was the progressive party, the party identified with the new world movement in Japan.

Mr. Hara: "I now realize the truth of the saying, 'Every house goes down with the third generation.' How true it is with my own party."

So much for the results. As to the campaign, it was of the whirlwind variety in all that the name implies. Many new features appealed to the popular imagination and stirred the hearts of the people as never before. For one thing, there was the feminist movement. Not that the women themselves voted; but they went out and got the vote for their brothers, husbands, or cousins, as the case might be, thereby departing from all traditional rules for the behavior of women.

Of course, this question has been threshed out in America, and it is an old story over here. But it acquires new interest in its application in a country where the fifth rib for so many centuries has been regarded more or less as a nonentity. There is a familiar ring to the following by a staff writer of the Japan Times:

"A solitary instance or so of woman canvassers was not altogether unknown in former elections; but never so many as in the present campaign. The latter fact has given occasion to many good people to ask in some alarm whether the new tendency, if it became general, would not end in depriving their homes of much of their attraction and wholesome influence, or whether

it would not destroy the charm and gracefulness of our gentler sex. For our part we hold that a general election does not come every year, and when it comes, canvassing can last only a few weeks, six or seven at the longest, and it will not interfere so greatly with women's work at home. Besides, women who go out canvassing are those who have a certain amount of self-confidence born of intelligence and principles, at the same time they have time they can spare and there seems to be little ground for objecting to their taking up the work. As for the fear that they may lose their feminine attractiveness, if that virtue is to wear out so easily, they do not deserve to be protected. Moreover, this may be said of woman canvassers, that the finer moral sensibility of their sex makes them incapable of corrupt practices with which man canvassers are freely charged nowadays. That is an important point to be considered in elections. For another thing, though comparatively few in number, the women taking part in canvassing speak for one phase of new consciousness of their position that is palpitating in the mind of their sex, which is not unwelcome in view of its present status."

Among other spectacular features may be mentioned the candidacy of the literary men, or "high-brows," the surprising number of candidates—there were about 680 in the field—the strict supervision of the government over election expenses, the participation of certain titled personages and men of great wealth, and a method of campaigning known as the "submarine attack."

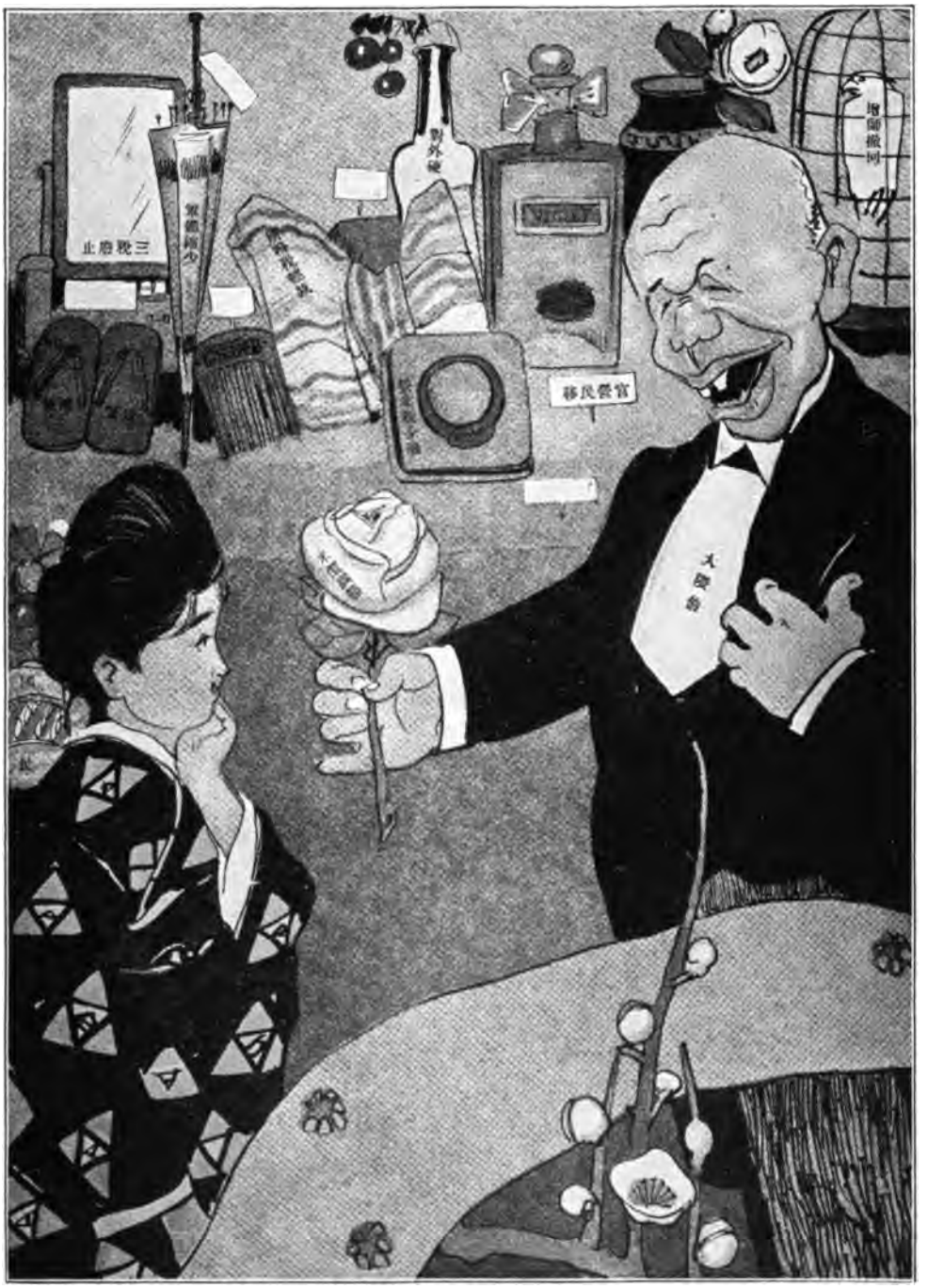
Politicians are the same the world over. Place an apostrophe in Count Okuma's name, and burr the "r" in Mr. Hara's, and you would have New York or Boston politics instead of Japanese. The office-holders of Nippon are probably no better or no worse than the office-holding class of Chicago or any other American city. Therefore the entrance of the literati into the arena produced about the same effect as if Robert Herrick should have run for alderman in Hinky Dink's ward, or Brander Matthews had set himself up in defiance of Tammany. Moreover, many of these literary men were of the type that in this country would be called Bohemian.

From Osaka Puck

AN ALMIGHTY VOTER AT ELECTION TIME
"See all the gentseeles uncovered and bow down before him."

Among other prominent candidates were Dr. Tokichi Masao, a Siamese marquis, and former adviser to the court of Siam, who had been educated in America; Mr. Kenichi-kai, formerly the editor of a Japanese newspaper in New York; and Shozan Susaki, known as the "King of Mongolia."

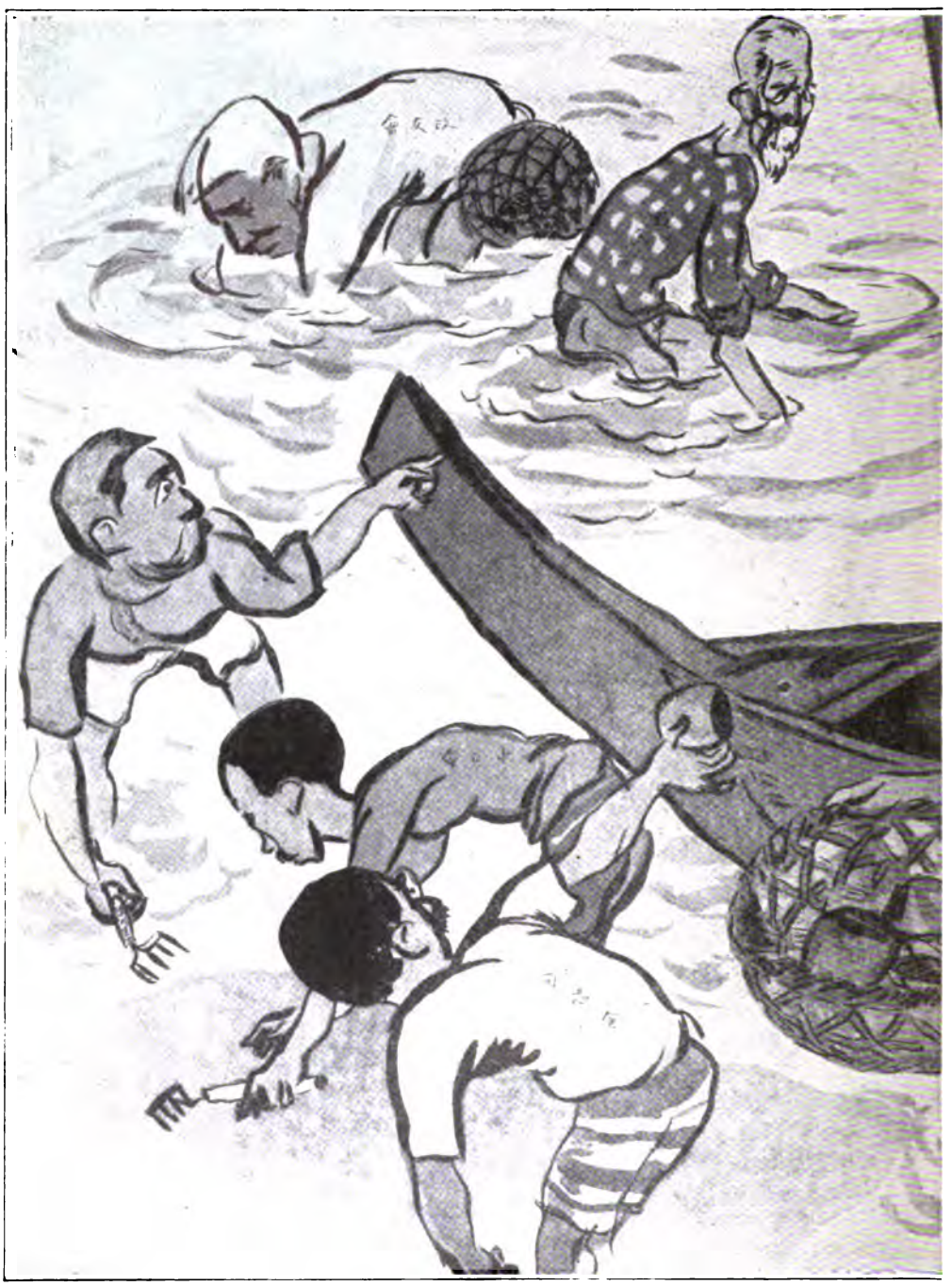
The "submarine attack" perhaps needs some explaining, even in a country where politics is second nature. This consists in subsidizing such agents as the family physician, the public school teacher, the hairdresser, and others who have access to and influence in private homes. There was a good deal of this kind of work in the Japanese elections, and the newspapers complained about it. Especially active in Tokyo were the hairdressers, whose trade is an impor-



From Osaka Puck

THE GOOD OLD MAN BRIBING HIS GRANDCHILD WITH A DAINTY

He Says There Are Many More Good Things in Store for Her if She Is Good Enough to Listen to Him Gently



POLITICAL CLAM-

The Government Parties Are in the Right Bed, but the Waters Seem Too Deep

From Tokyo Puck

GATHERING

for the Seiyukai and Kokuminto Men. Let Us Bet Which Will Gather Most

tant one—and the midwives, of whom there are more than 500 in the capital. So influential are the latter that they have developed in many cases into political bosses, and can deliver votes as easily as they might deliver a patient. As for the hairdressers, they can make or mar a woman's beauty, and it is worth while to be in their good graces. A word from one of them is the proverbial word to the wise.

The house-to-house canvass indulged in by such candidates as had the money to spend for professional vote-getters also offered a target for the cartoonist's pen. Of some of these "begging candidates" Tokyo Puck remarks quaintly:

"I always know a good thing when I hear it. Yasugoro Sasaki of Kokuminto, and Ikuzo Okha are now in Yamaguchi campaigning for election. The other day at Toyoura District Okha caused the local people to boycott Sasaki in the matter of halls. Sasaki got mad like the wild Mongoose that he is nicknamed, and finally brought out a big tent in which he held a meeting. He spoke for three hours with such eloquence that one of the audience afterwards made him a present of five-yen note to be added to his fund. I am sure he knew then for the first time in his life the real value of his speech and himself. Speaking of campaigning, the good people of the same prefecture have put up a placard on which is inscribed: 'No beggars and election canvassers permitted within.' Well, I like the idea; canvassers are often creatures worse than beggars.

"For our part, we have seen candidates more shameless than beggars. They go from door to door smiling, bowing and begging for votes. Beggars beg as a matter of profession, and no shame attaches them. But these candidates by right should wait to be asked to stand up as such. Instead they go about like slaves, making themselves perfect strangers to dignity and self-respect. If that is not shamelessness, what is it? Sasaki Moko may be worth only five yen; but they come to him instead of his going to them, and in that respect he stands shoulders above the begging candidates."

The unusually large field of candidates was a direct challenge to the cartoonists. A cartoon in Osaka Puck, which would be improved by better execution, shows a postage-stamp map of the Land of Cherry Blossoms, every inch of which is overrun by the vote-seekers. No island is too small to accommodate at least one of them. In one of the channels a fish gasps with astonishment. The candidates chase hither and

From Osaka Puck

Baron Goio Flying in His 200,000-Yen Aeroplane over the Election Field

The wings of the aero are made to represent Japanese bank notes.

thither on foot, in automobiles, by airship, or by steamboat. They are all talking—as indicated by the "balloons"—with an effect of a Japanese sewing circle. "Corpses of politicians," remarks the author, "are going to be strewed all over the country."

Another cartoon represents the candidates in a huge sieve. Some are being winnowed out, while others are clinging for dear life to the rim. "There are so many husks among the candidates," remarks the cartoonist, "that they require a thorough sifting in time."

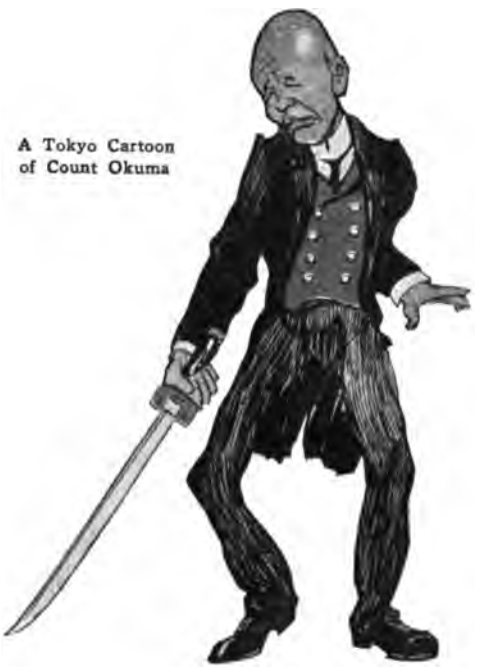
Another amusing cartoon pictures a sort of obstacle race among the candidates, with the flag of victory as the prize. There seems to be no start or finish to the race, but the recollection that the Japanese read from right to left may help in deciphering the picture. The contestants are seen leaping hurdles, scaling step-ladders, tunneling barrels, crawling through nets, and so on, while the caption reads: "See how everybody is running down himself in these days—a few of them to get the banner and be exhausted."

How the candidates went fishing for votes is seen in a cartoon in Osaka Puck. Here the vote solicitor has his lines out, each one carrying a professional canvasser as bait. A ballot-box is slung from the neck

From Manchocho

The Stork and the Raven

The Raven represents the Seiyukai part; the Crane represents the Government supporters, while the fish stands for the election.



A Tokyo Cartoon of Count Okuma

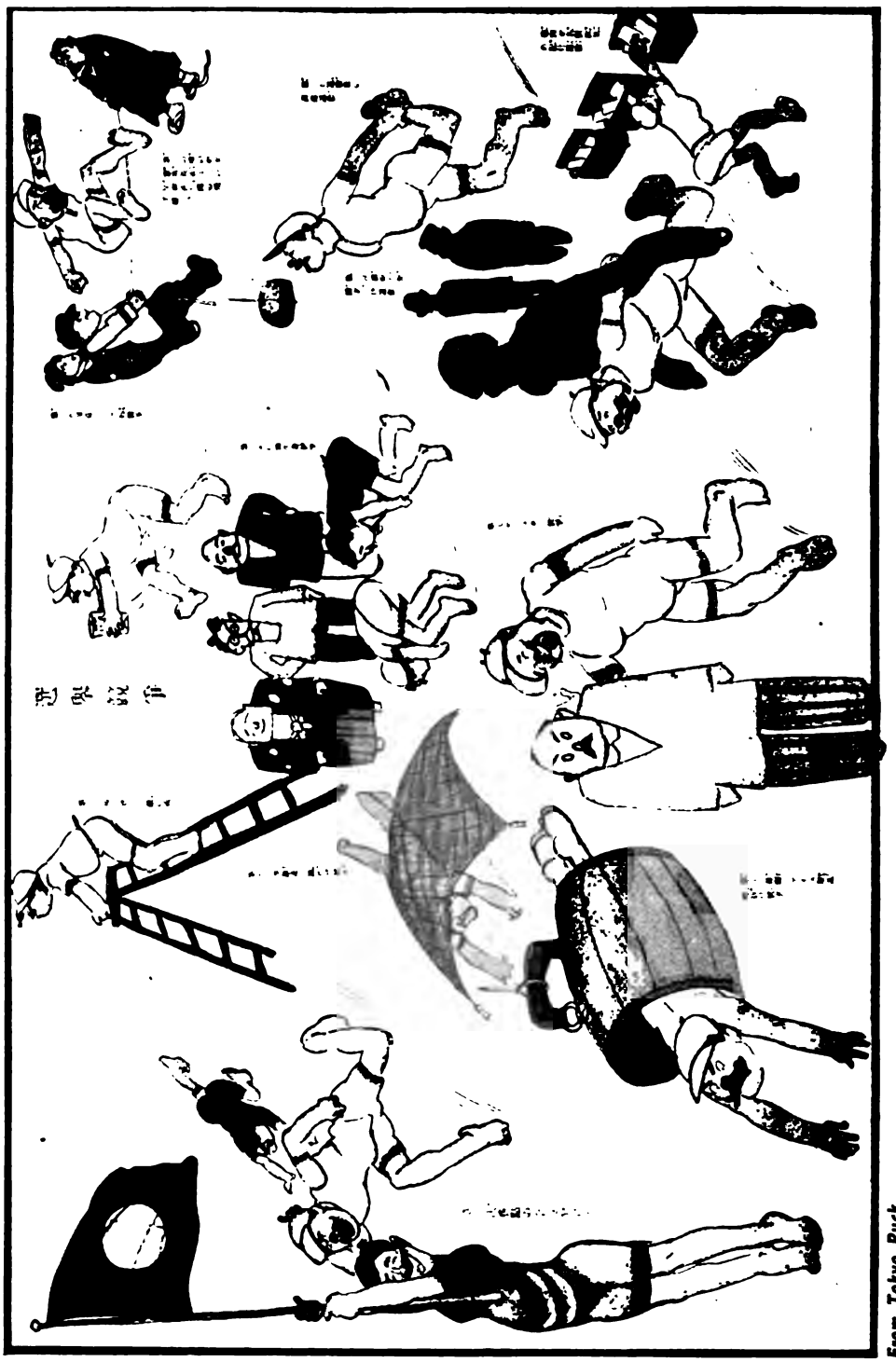
of the fisherman, and that his luck is not that of the average fisherman's is indicated by a voter who comes via one of the lines to cast his ballot.

The eagerness with which some of the candidates went forth is hit off by a cartoon in Jiji, which represents one of the hopefuls as a bridegroom, powdering his nose before a mirror, while the picture of his inamorata hangs in the background.

Campaign literature was issued in enormous amounts, while, to be strictly up-to-date, phonograph records of the candidates' speeches were made and sown broadcast. The phonograph figures in a number of cartoons. A cartoon in Osaka Puck shows Count Osaka firing his "heating apparatus" with campaign speeches. A sub-caption indicates that it is "no petty expense" to have the heating done with papers.

Naturally the activities of the ladies gave the cartoonists something to work on. One satirical drawing shows "Mrs. Hatoyama recommending her own son for a representative." The candidate's mother, making a house-to-house canvass, presents a petition to a voter. That her action is not entirely voluntary, however, may be inferred from the fact that the son in question is seen hiding behind her, and urging her on to her duty. "Surely," remarks the cartoonist, "this is the most trustworthy sort of recommendation in the world."

That the presence in the lists of men of wealth made it the more difficult for candidates in ordinary circumstances to submit themselves was a fact that did not escape comment. A cartoon, rather cleverly de-



The Political Obstacle Race

From Tokyo Puck

signed, represents Baron Goio in his 200,000 yen aeroplane sailing over the election field. The wings of the airship are manufactured out of Japanese bank notes. Nor did Count Okuma escape the imputation of spending more money than he should have done. Osaka Puck shows the "good old man" bribing his grandchild (Japan) with a dainty. The premier is shown handing a rose (election promises) to the young lady, who is not averse to the gift. Other presents, shown in the background, include sandals, a parasol, a ring, a parrot, perfume, and an obi.

The unusual care on the part of the government to eliminate the vote-buying scandal gave rise to a number of cartoons. One in a colloquial paper represents an open pocketbook as the jaws of some hideous monster. A prospective vote-seller recoils before it, and a warning caption reads: "You'll get a bite if you touch the money." Another cartoon shows a vote broker shrinking from his own reflection in an "octagon glass"—a favorite device of Japanese cartoonists.

Prophetic cartoons were not lacking. For the most part they predicted victory for the government. Perhaps the best of these was a double-page cartoon in Tokyo Puck entitled "Political clam gathering." Count Oyama in a boat is fishing for clams, and evidently having a good run of luck. The rival candidates are seen wading in deep water, and not getting many clams. "The government parties are in the right bed," we are informed, "but the waters seem too deep for the Seiyukai and Kokuminto men. Let us bet which gathers most."

Manchocho has a cartoon based on the old fable of Æsop. A raven (representing the government party) and a stork (the Seiyukai) are at a feast. As in the fable, the viands (a fish in this case, labeled "election") are in a long-necked bottle, and it is apparent that the raven cannot get the fish.

From an opposite viewpoint is the cartoon depicting Mr. Hara, leader of the opposition, reflecting on the past grandeur of his family. The family portraits hang on the wall beside him, and he is represented as saying: "Every house goes down with the third generation. How true it is with my own party!"

That it is the people, however, who rule, despite the influence of wealth and high position, is indicated in an Osaka Puck cartoon, the spirit of which is typically oriental. The common people of Japan are symbolized by a huge stone figure, like a colossal Buddha, before which the "genteeles"—the rich and titled candidates—stand uncovered and bowed down.

By the side of a cartoon showing a monument "erected by the benevolent Puck for the souls that have been punished for violating the election law," Osaka Puck prints the following:

"The general election is ended with no considerable victory either in the government or in the opposition. The result must be unsatisfactory to the leaders of both parties. The only characteristic of this election is that the prison rooms are full of fools who have resorted to false means of soliciting votes, and failed to escape the keen eyes of the functionaries. No ministers of any preceding cabinet have ever been so diligent in an election campaign as those of the present one, from the premier down. Some of them have really worked too hard. Especially Mr. Yukio Ozaki, the minister of justice. This gentleman made recommending speeches for those candidates who were to be arrested the very next morning by his own staff."

From Tokyo Puck

"You'll get a bite if you touch the money!"

A cartoon from a vernacular newspaper on the government's strict control of the election.

War Acting as Stimulant for Trade

"IT WILL always be a matter of some discussion," says "The Nation's Business," published by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, "just how far a favorable balance of trade is evidence of sound business conditions, particularly in a country like the United States where, so far as more or less speculative figures can indicate it, our foreign trade is normally only such a small proportion of the total domestic business."

In the increasing trade balance of the last few months, the country seems to have sensed a return to prosperity. The demands of war have kept some of our industries working overtime, and Bethlehem steel has gone skyrocketing in Wall street.

Two events of importance to our foreign trade took place last month. A visiting delegation of merchants and bankers from China reached San Francisco for an extended tour of the country. Later in the month the conference of American and Latin-American financiers was called to discuss ways and means for bringing about closer commercial relations between the new-world continents.

While the present strength of the United States, financially and industrially, is "very great," the Chicago Tribune thus warns us against painting our position in too lurid colors:

"Many men on the exchanges and in the trade centers speak of the United States as 'a creditor nation' because of the favorable balances we have been piling up and the repurchase of our securities in recent months. Our floating indebtedness to Europe, it is said, was paid off soon after the turn came in October, and since then hundreds of millions have been placed to our credit. The excess now stands at $600,000,000, and at the end of the current fiscal year not less than a billion may represent the total of the heavy monthly balances in our favor. Since the invisible items that usually cut rather deeply into such balances—tourist expenditures, immigrant loans and gifts, dividends and interest on foreign investments here, etc.—have for the time being either disappeared or suffered a drastic reduction, it is apparent that our rôle has changed. We are accommodating neutral countries and making advances and loans even to the belligerents. Hence, it is claimed, we are a creditor instead of a debtor nation now.

"The conclusion does not follow. The most careful and competent students of finance and investments believe that last August old world investments here reached the total of six billions. On these billions we had to pay interest, rent, and dividends. Subtract a billion and we still owe Europe five billions. After the return of peace the invisible items just mentioned will reappear on the ledger. Heavy exports will continue for months, no doubt, as the devastated countries will have to come to us for supplies of various kinds. Still, imports, too, will increase, and no extraordinary excess of exports is to be expected. Moreover, Europe is even now buying our securities, according to good observers, as well as selling them.

"All things considered, it is far too early to assume that the United States has become or is in the way of soon becoming a creditor nation. What is true is that we have 'emancipated' ourselves to a considerable extent, have reduced our liabilities, have made loans that will bring us interest from various directions, and have made excellent bargains in repurchasing our own securities at low prices."

That the present war-stimulated industry is only temporary, and will lead to a reaction soon after conditions become normal, is the belief of the Philadelphia Inquirer, which says:

"Much of the energy of the administration at Washington is being devoted these days to spreading the information that business is increasing and that the outlook is bright.

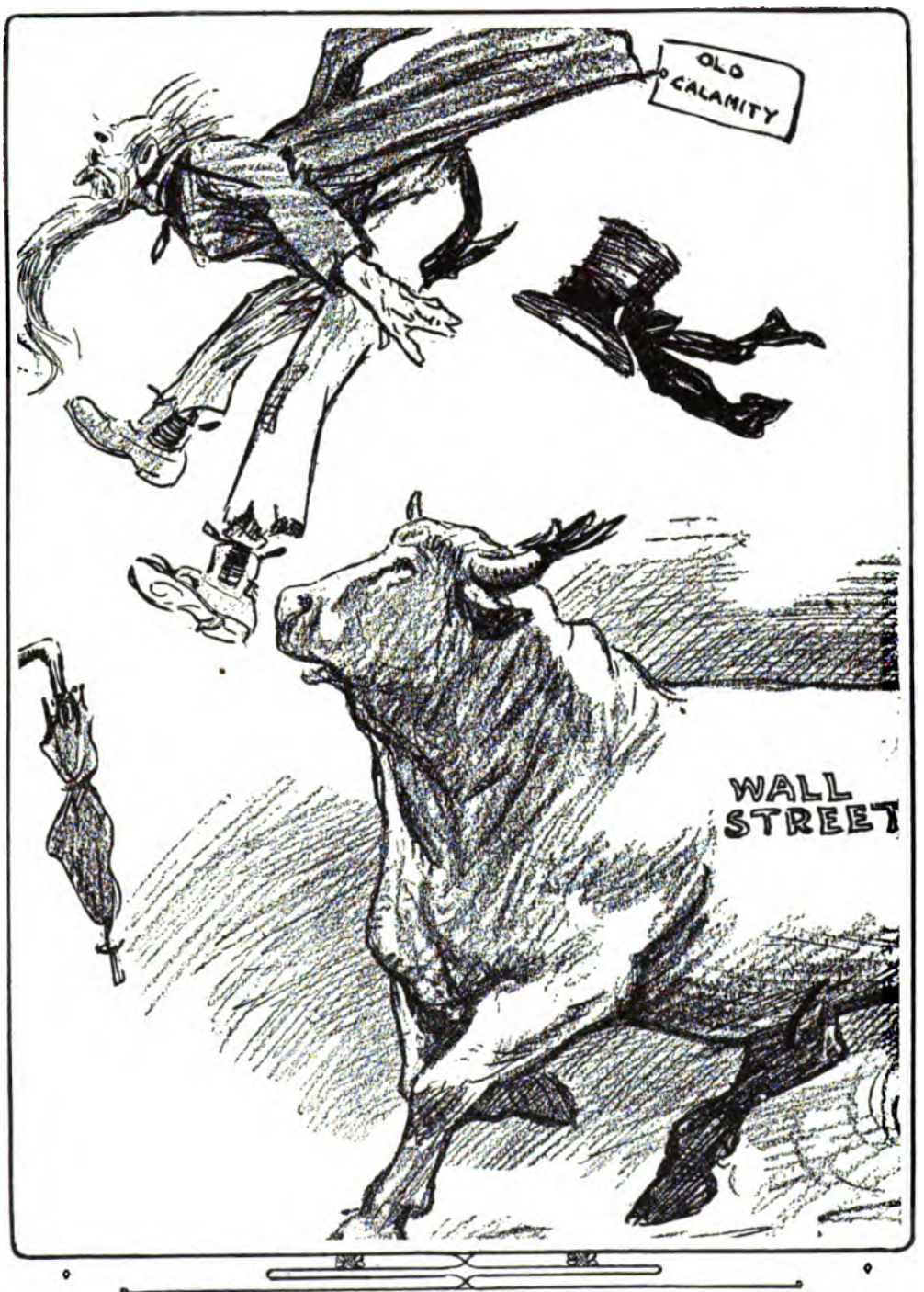
"So it is increasing—at least that portion of it that is interested in contracts with foreign governments. Tens of millions upon tens of millions, hundreds of millions upon hundreds of millions of dollars are being expended in the United States. Exports are mounting up in an astonishing way. The trade balance in favor of this country is growing rapidly.

"In many ways the great war in Europe has had a disastrous effect all over the world. Here, in the United States, it has actually saved the manufacturing business from almost complete collapse. But for the war, which has kept down the imports of certain products, most plants would be tottering along the brink of positive disaster. But for the war, numerous manufacturing interests that are now engaged in working to the limit of capacity to fill orders from the allied forces of Europe would be having a hard time of it.

"In many a quarter there is prosperity. Take South Bethlehem, for instance, where the Schwab plant is expending huge sums in building additions. The demand upon it for war material is beyond its power to supply. It is good business while it lasts. But how long is it going to last?

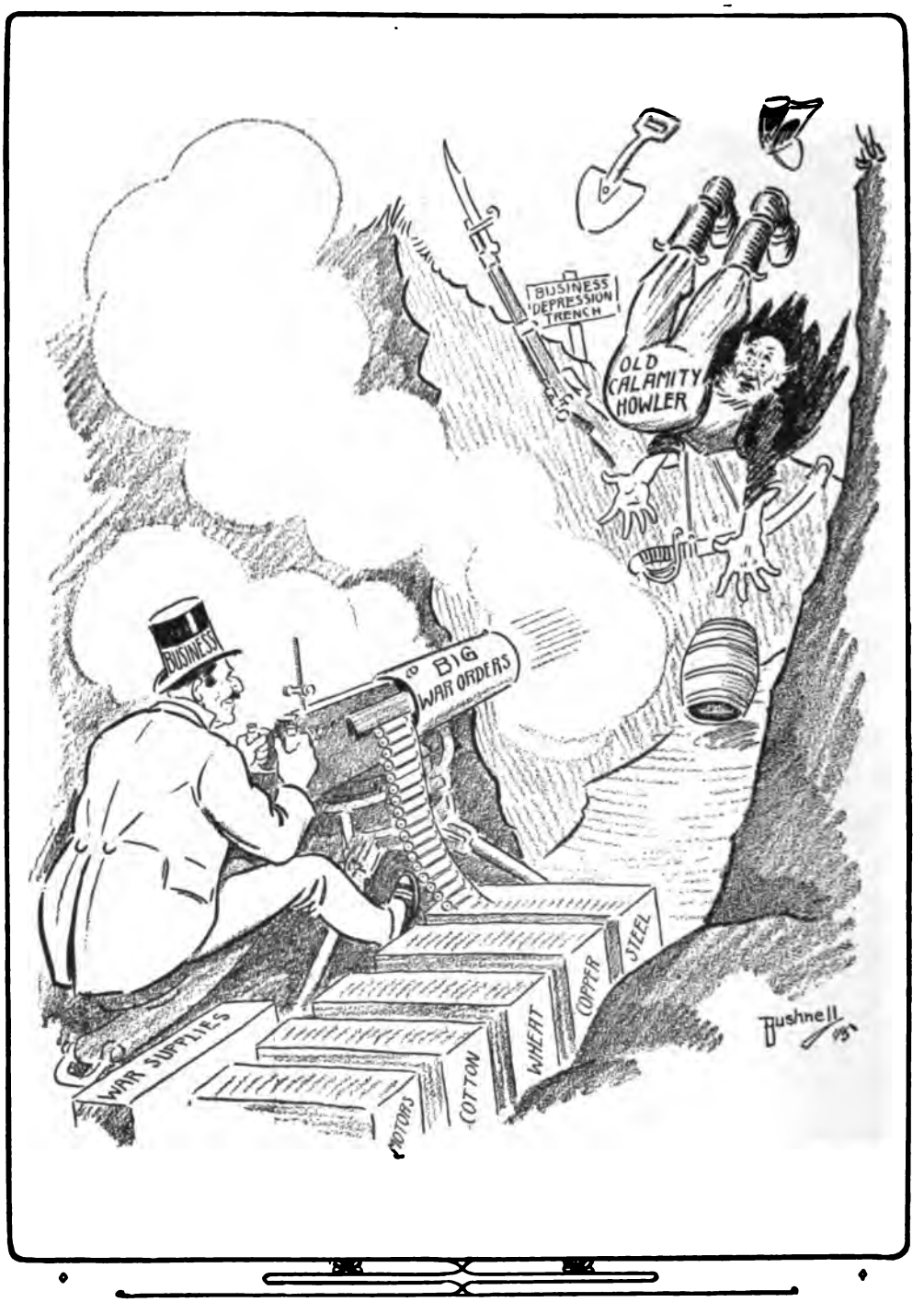
"The war is responsible for the tremendous growth in exports—wholly so. But with the dawn of peace—

"It is fictitious trade—this war traffic. That is to say, it is temporary. But while it is with us, business will increase. When it is finished, the country will be facing a very different situation."



KIRBY, in New York World

Tossing Him Up



BUSHNELL, in Cincinnati Times-Star

A Successful Flank Maneuver

KIRBY, in New York World

Fireworks

IRELAND, in Columbus Dispatch

Next!

hard nut for Italy to crack, but it may be doubted if she would long be kept out of Trieste and Fiume.

"Why Austria should anticipate an Italian invasion of the Trentino, however, it is not easy to understand. Everything in such a country is in favor of a defending force, no matter how small, and the Austrians could defend the Trentino from the Italians just as once the Tyroleans defended their mountain valleys from the Austrians."

Something of the inner struggle of Italy can be glimpsed from the following extract from the Rome correspondence to the London Daily Mail:

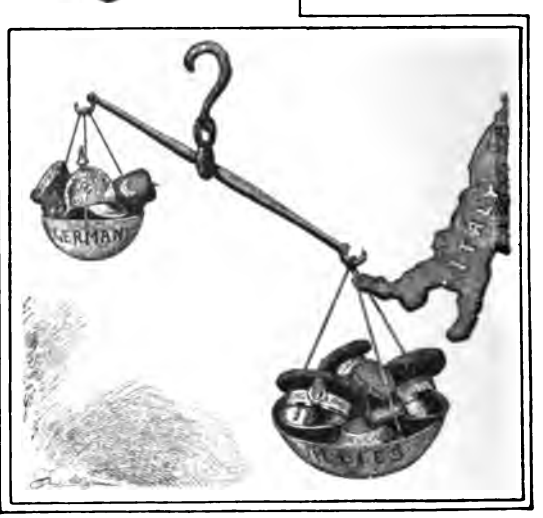
"Now, at the parting of the ways between neutrality and war, men are shouting in the streets 'Trieste,' books are flooding the market to prove that the hour of a greater Italy has come, that to remain inactive when war might link up all Italians in one kingdom is to betray the exiles and to admit that Italy has forgotten her great words in the past.

"How has the Government to answer this appeal? German diplomacy has been eagerly promising that if Italy remains quiet everything else will be added unto her. But doubt has been cast upon the honesty of these offers, and not less upon the ability of Germany to make good her word. People here are asking whether at the end of the war there will be anything of Germany left, and conversely they ask what force could compel a victorious Germany to fulfill her word of honour.

"Still, there are some who fear the risks of war, and for these the specious offerings of Germany have some attraction. The official Socialists, in fact, would stand for peace if there were no bait at all dangling before them. The friends of Germany, who are largely synonymous with the Clerical Party as distinct from the Vatican, naturally favour neutrality. And to all these must be added those who cannot see how Europe, after a successful war, can disregard all rival claims and satisfy Italy to the full. In the aggregate these make a very definite body of opinion with which a Government must deal adroitly. On the other hand it is asked how Italy will stand at the end of the war, isolated,

MORGAN, in Philadelphia Inquirer

Nearly Ready to Strike



Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

MORGAN, in Philadelphia Inquirer

All Ready to Step In

CALCATINI, in Pasquino, Turin

THE FUSE IS LIGHTED

Salandra: "Neutrality, you are the next to go up in smoke."

RACEY, in Montreal Star

"WITH ALL MY (NEIGHBOR'S) WORLDLY GOODS I THEE ENDOW"

Ardent Wooer: "Fair von, be mine, und anything you vant vot does not belong to me is yours."

the ally of no one, having taken no hand in the achievement of European peace."

That the immediate action of Italy will hasten peace, and that Italy will have much to regret if she does not take advantage of the psychological moment, is the opinion of the Montreal Star, which says:

"The temptation of Austria to conclude a swift peace with the Allies must be considerable. And there are very good reasons why Germany should tacitly acquiesce. The Allies, on their part, would prefer, of course, to find themselves joined by Italy and Roumania, and thus given an early and complete victory which would enable them to dispose of the future of Austria on their own terms. Italy has all along had the first chance to move; and she undoubtedly still has it. If she will cast in her lot with the Allies today, there will be no peace written with Austria which does not satisfy her fullest national aspirations. And if Roumania now takes her courage in her hands and moves, she, too, can be certain of Transylvania.

"But there is no guarantee that the Allies will keep this costly and murderous war going unnecessarily if Italy and Roumania still hesitate and Austria offers them peace. Having given Italy her fullest chance, they may come to terms with Vienna. Should Italy permit this to happen, she will regret it for many a long day. This is her great chance to round out the Italian Kingdom. Affairs are in a state of flux today, and new maps are in the making. This is the time to push back unsatisfactory boundary lines; and Italy, Roumania and Greece should never miss their opportunities. They may not return in a hurry; for Austro-Hungary, released from the Russian pressure on the north and cut free fom the fate of Germany, will still be a formidable defender of what territory is left her."

"Italy's future in the Mediterranean," says the Toronto World, "appears to be bound up with Britain and France, the European countries to which Italy is most closely drawn by both gratitude and interest. The Italian Government has already given the allies valuable aid by declining to join Germany in its campaign of aggression against the rights and liberties of Europe."

CHAPIN, in St. Louis Republic

Sister Roma's Knitting Socks for—

McCUTCHEON, in Chicago Tribune

Will He Take It Off?

RAVEN-HILL, *In Punch*

VICARIOUS GENEROSITY

Kaiser: "Should you want some more feathers, I know a two-headed eagle."

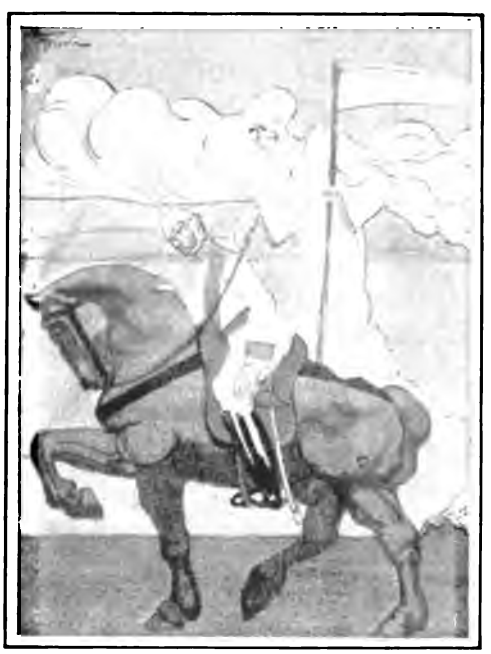
SERGIO BRUNO, in Pasquino, Turin

BRITISH PHLEGM

John Bull: "I can't listen to you just now. Come back when I have recovered a little of the expenses of this war."

TOSINI, in Pasquino, Turin

Peace: "I'd better jump off. These stakes are too sharp."



In Pasquino, Turin

TRAGIC RIDE

"Strange! Someone is holding the reins."

From Pasquino, Turin

JOHN BULL'S WEAPON

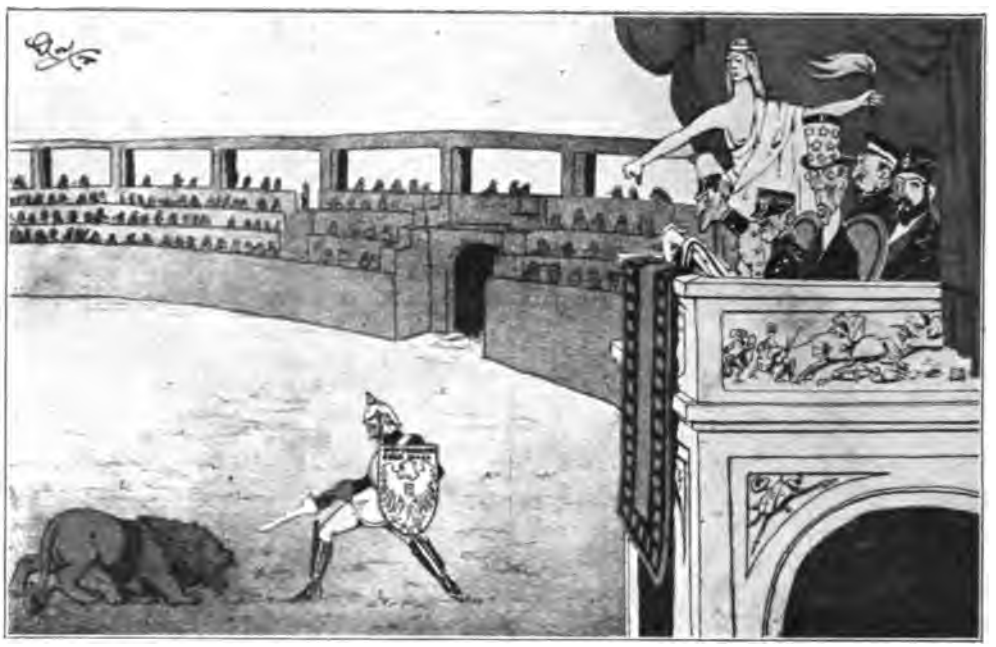
John Bull, to the German: "Take another notch in your belt. That'll be your menu for the present."

A Striking Ridgway Knight Cartoon

RIDGWAY KNIGHT, in Paris Edition of New York Herald

"Brave France! You have my grateful and sisterly sympathy."

Mr. Knight, an American artist living in Paris, has contributed several striking cartoons to the Herald which have won international notice. Other samples of Mr. Knight's work have appeared in recent editions of this magazine.



COSTANZA, in Pasquino

"Thumbs down!"

The neutral nations, with President Wilson in the foreground, seated in the box at the arena, turn thumbs down as the British lion advances on Germany.

UNCLE SAM'S REBUKE TO VON BERNSTORFF

Replying to a German Lecture on Neutrality

"IMPERTINENT" and "insulting" are the modifiers most frequently used by the American press to characterize Germany's affront in protesting through Ambassador von Bernstorff against our continued exportation of arms to the belligerents. The act of the ambassador in making known the contents of the note before its publication through the regular channels is interpreted in many quarters as a piece of impudence which should have caused him to sacrifice his post.

President Wilson's reply to the extraordinary note, on the other hand, is designated as a dignified and scholarly product of literary and diplomatic craftsmanship. The president stated simply and in terms that could not be misunderstood, that the United States was well within its rights and that this country did not propose to depart from a policy approved by all canons of international law. "A stinging rebuke to Count von Bernstorff," the note is described.

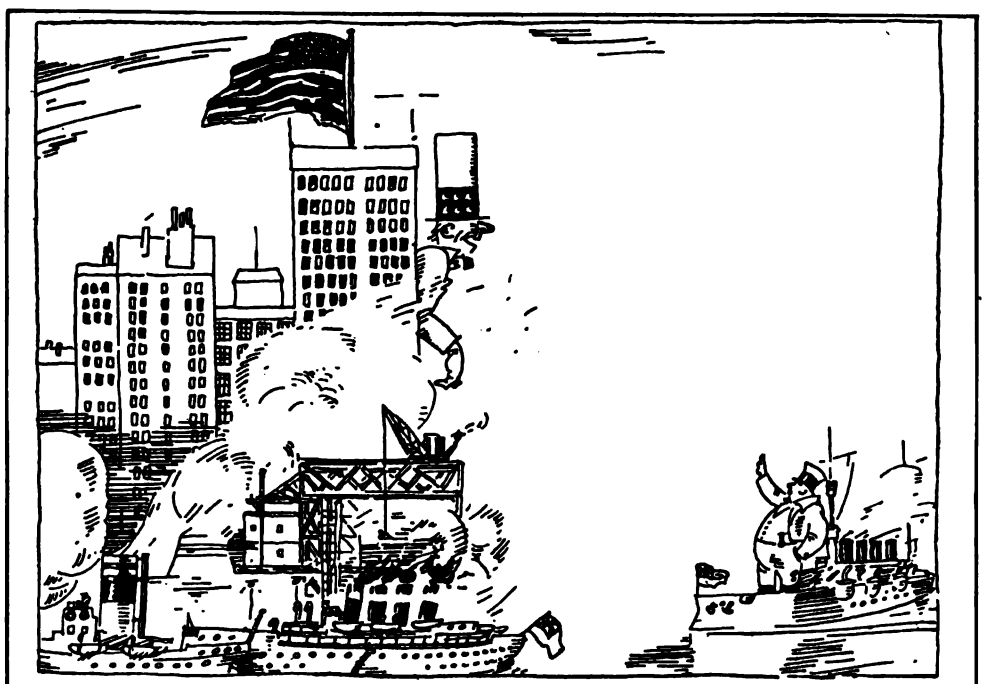
German comment, as might have been expected, is bitter. A "Gott strafe Amerika" spirit seems to have arisen in the Fatherland, all because the United States refuses to depart from the straight and narrow path of absolute neutrality. The Täglische Rundschau of Berlin declares that "America takes all possible trouble over the ammunition requirements of our enemies, ostensibly from a love of neutrality."

And this from "Aunty Voss," as the Vossische Zeitung is familiarly called: "Washington should recognize that such an attitude on the part of America will not speedily be forgotten in Germany."

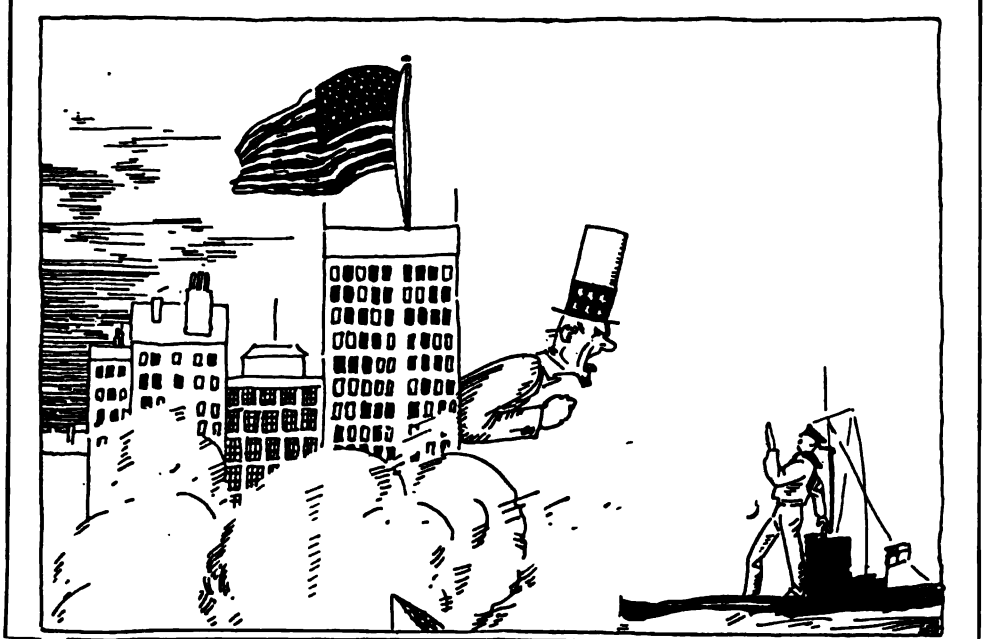
Commenting on the von Bernstorff memorandum, the Hamburger Nachrichten declares that "our foreign office has now found the right language against France, against England, and, without any sort of consideration, against the United States, too. It is time that a strong word went to Washington."

"It is hard to explain Count von Bernstorff's diplomatic indiscretions," says the New York Tribune, "except on the theory that he is trying to force this government to ask for his recall. The manner in which he gave out for publication the memorandum recently presented by him to Secretary Bryan was in itself an affront to the United States. Count von Bernstorff must have known that unless that document had

AMERICA'S NEUTRALITY



Toward England



Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

From Guckkasten

Toward Germany

ROGERS, in New York Herald

Make Your Preparations Accordingly

the approval of the foreign office in Berlin he was imperilling his status here by preparing and publishing it.

"If it expressed his personal ideas only it was a bald attempt to array public opinion in this country against the neutrality policy of the administration—an attempt which no administration could tolerate. That must have been evident to anybody with diplomatic experience. Yet in giving the memorandum to the press the German ambassador refrained from indicating that it was presented here under instructions from Berlin and left the public to infer that it was, and was intended to be, an appeal on his part from the American government to the American people."

The Philadelphia Inquirer also takes exception to Ambassador von Bernstorff's "lecture" in the following:

"The German Embassy has a perfect right to submit arguments to the Department of State, but the present document was written with the evident intention, not of converting the State Department, but of appealing to the people of the country. In doing so, it is distinctly unneutral. Its purpose is to arouse animosities and stir up strife; to invite criticisms of the administration. It is not for ambassadors to our shores to evoke such criticisms. The offense of Count von Bernstorff is great. It is difficult to see how the administration can condone it."

The press in this country is unanimous in its verdict concerning the reply to the memorandum. Says the Washington Star:

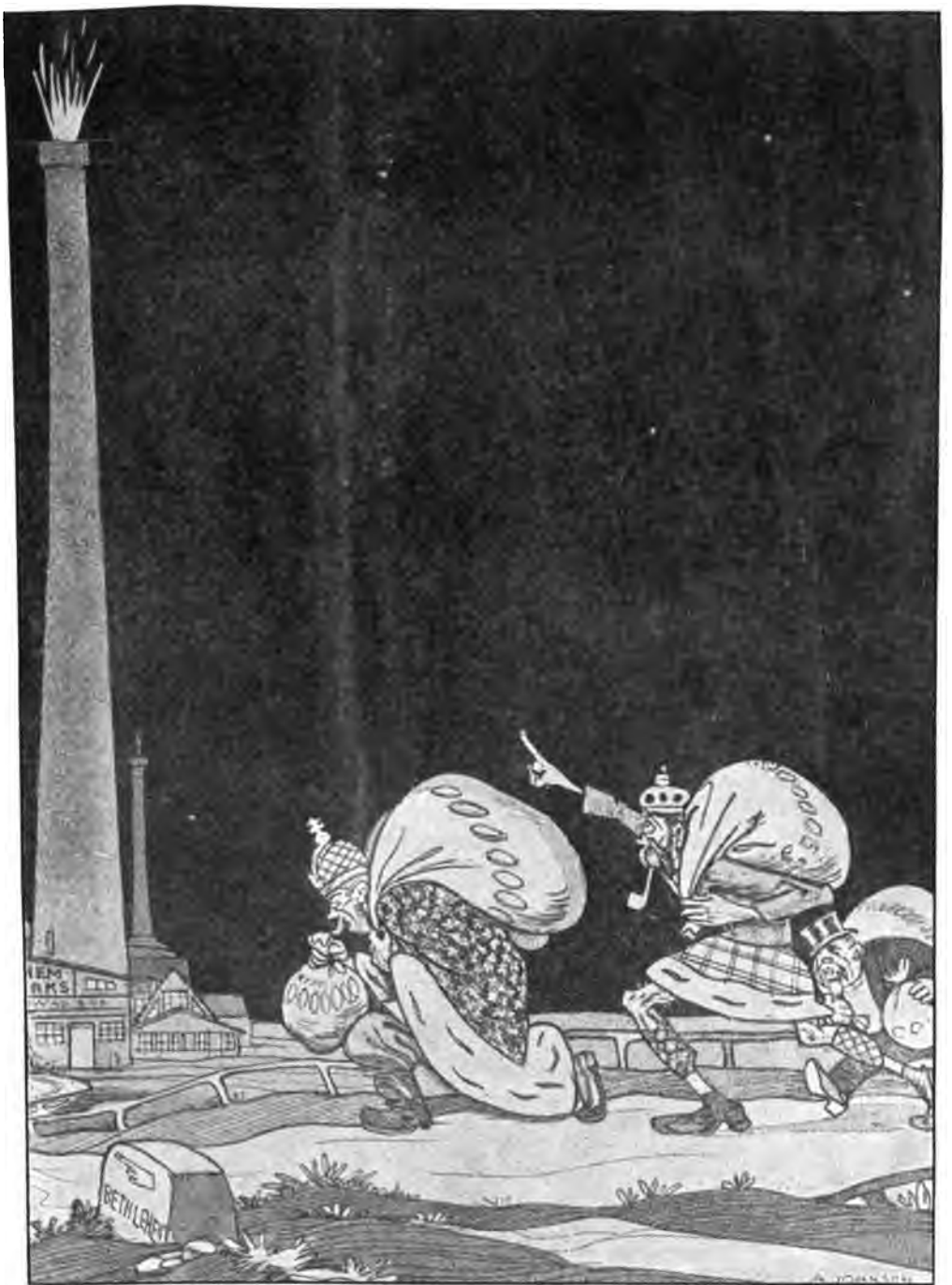
"As a whole the note, besides being a plain, emphatic and convincing statement of the American attitude of neutrality, is a considerately worded, though unmistakable, rebuke for a diplomatic intrusion which this government elects at the present juncture of affairs to treat in a spirit of forgiveness and toleration. The note is a most admirable exhibition of dignity and patience, and furthermore writes the neutrality policy of the government in words that cannot possibly be misunderstood."

"The government of the United States," declares the New York World, "has not yielded one of its rights as a neutral. On the contrary, it has maintained and will maintain every such right as against all belligerents. The government of the United States will place no embargo upon arms, for such a course would be 'an unjustifiable departure from neutrality.' Finally, the government

From Zeitbilder, Berlin

CAUTIOUS MR. WILSON

"Shall I send cannon or pray for peace? That is the question. I'll do both, then I'm bound to be right."

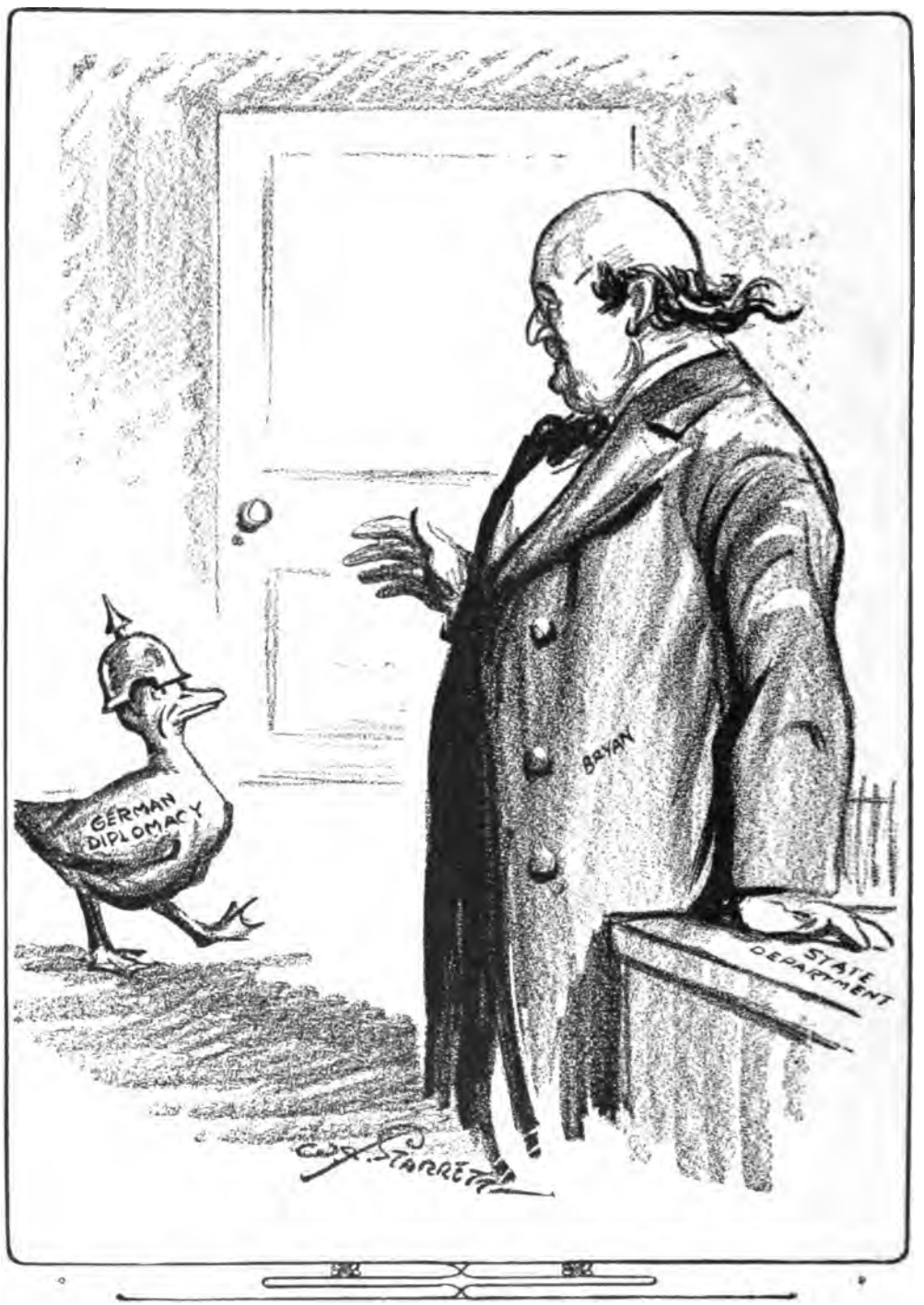


Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

A. JOHNSON, in Kladderadatsch

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM (U. S. A.)

"And when they saw the star, they went into the house and received guns, aircraft, and bombs in great number. And they gave of their treasure gold and great profits to the promised land."



STARRETT, in New York Tribune

"What a funny dove!"

HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

The Scold

Rogers, in New York Herald

Instructions from Berlin

of the United States takes exception to the language of the Government of Germany, or its agents, which may be construed as 'impugning the good faith of the United States.'

"Whatever misapprehension or folly may have inspired Count von Bernstorff's memorandum, the answer it has received cannot fail to make a profound impression throughout the world. The government of the United States speaks in this instance as true Americans would have it speak on all occasions—with dignity, with pride, with patience and with friendliness, but with firm faith in its independence, its rights, its power and the absolute rectitude of its conduct."

Canadian opinion is reflected in the Toronto Evening Telegram, which also sees a certain presumption in the German tone. According to the Telegram:

"Germany proposes that the United States shall reward the Teutonic nations for providing their armies with reserves and supplies of ammunition and creating an industrial system which could continue these supplies. Germany invites the United States to assent to the doctrine which assumes that Teutonic nations are entitled to conquer the allies because Germany built ammunition factories and created reserves of ammunition. That doctrine is to be extended and applied to the conquest of the United States after Germany has conquered the allies with the help of an ammunition famine."

In view of all this ill feeling on the part of the Germans—an ill feeling which finds response also in the hearts of many German-Americans—President Wilson's memorable speech on neutrality before the members of the Associated Press has special significance.

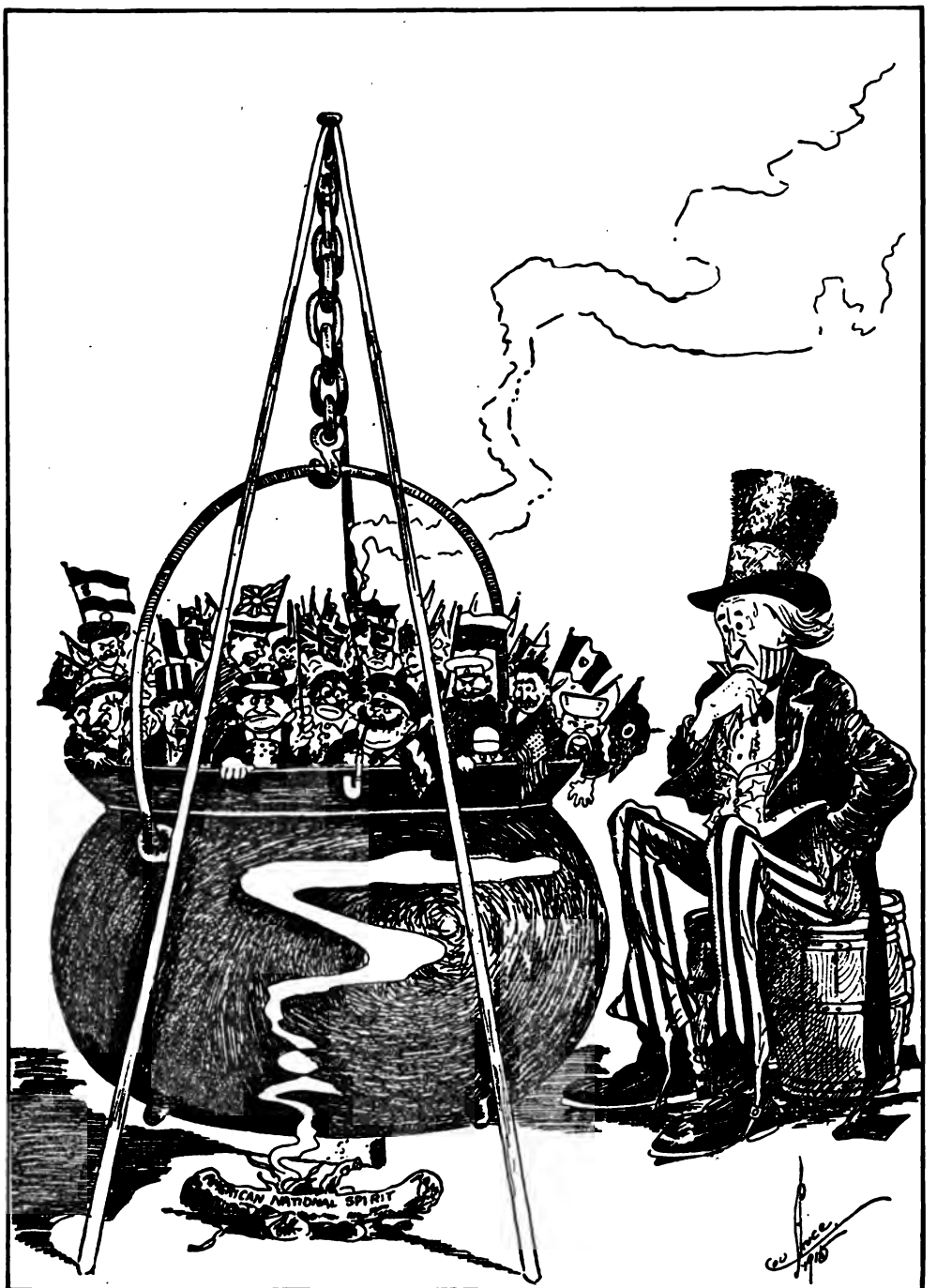
"My interest in the neutrality of the United States," said the chief executive, "is not the petty desire to keep out of trouble. I have never looked for it, but I have always found it. I do not want to walk around trouble. If any man wants a scrap that is an interesting scrap and worth while, I am his man. I warn him that he is not going to draw me into the scrap for his advertisement, but if he is looking for trouble that is the trouble of men in general, and I can help him a little, why, then, I am in for it."

"Admirable alike in form and spirit," is the expression of the Philadelphia Public Ledger in approval of the President's sentiments.

"In a nation made up of so many races

Ireland, in Columbus Dispatch

We Have at Least One Friend in Europe



LOU SKUCE, in Toronto World

ANOTHER THING THE WAR SHOWED UP

The United States Melting Pot that wouldn't Melt

it is inevitable that so fierce a struggle across the sea should be reflected in bitter differences of opinion here. It is that peril which the President would avoid by counseling us to think of America first—to let no ancestral strain, no former allegiance, obliterate our duty to our own land. Here he takes a statesmanlike view worthy of his position. Here he lays down the valid doctrine of neutrality. Whatever criticism his policy has aroused in some of its aspects, he has unquestionably followed it with a sincerity worthy of the high ideals he bids his countrymen contemplate."

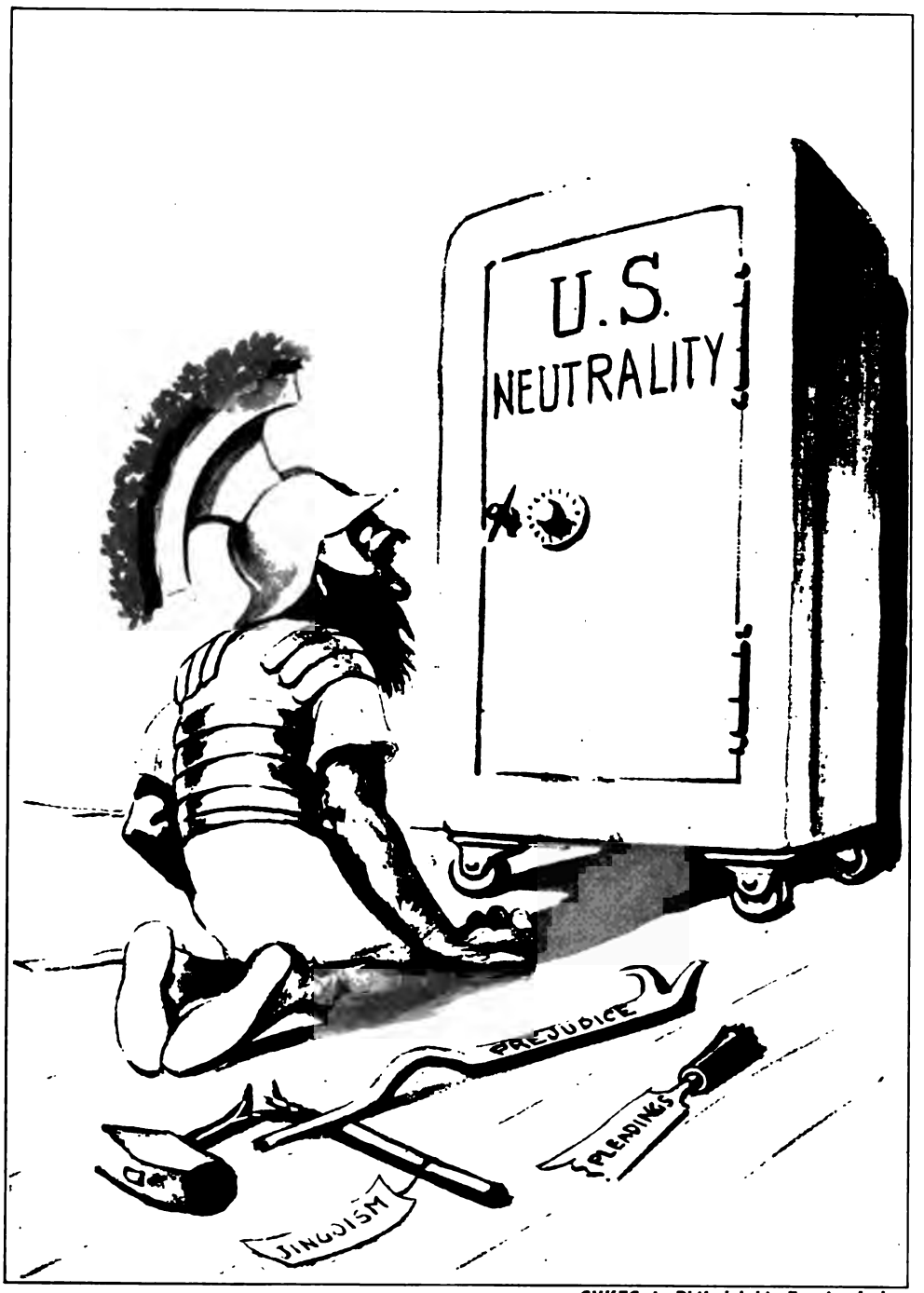
The following growl, however, comes from our neighbor across the border, the Montreal Star.

"Quite naturally President Wilson deems it wise to explain and defend this policy before his own people. Some of them have been stirred by accounts of Belgian outrage—many of them, indeed, have gone down into their pockets to help feed the starving Belgians—and they wonder why it was that their government made no protest. To such persons, doubtless, the President's address was directed."

RUDOLPH HERRMANN, in Die Muskete, Vienna

The Sirens

The Allies as Sirens, Trying to Entice the Neutrals, Sweden, Italy, Rumania, and America.



SYKES, in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

What's the Use?

Paris Letter

From Professor Knatschke, the "great German scientist," to his Friend, "Hansi"

THE following bit of satire on German efficiency is from the pen of the Alsatian cartoonist, "Hansi," the author of "Mon Village," for the writing of which book he was sentenced by a German court to a year's imprisonment. He escaped from German custody just as the war broke out, and is now having his revenge by serving his country at the front. The complete title of the book from which this translation, made especially for Cartoons Magazine, is taken, is:

PROFESSOR KNATSCHKE

Selected Works of the Great German Scientist and His Daughter Elsa Collected and Illustrated by Hansi

Faithfully Rendered into French by Dr. H. P. Colli, Paris Correspondent of the Pan-Germanist Review, "Die Westmarken"

MY DEAR HANSI: Following your repeated advice, I decided to spend my vacation this year with my friend, the Rechnungsrat* Lempke, at Babylon - on - Seine, or Paris. You expect me, of course, to relate my impressions, but I must state first that both of us returned very much disappointed, and that the reputation of the metropolitan life of Paris, that, alas, even many Germans lead, is, to say the least, exaggerated.

We arrived at noon in the Sequan** city, and luckily found just opposite the station (in French, Gare de l'Est, which is pronounced "Kardläst") the restaurant that our friend, the director of education at Koenigsberg, had recommended. It is called the Duval, and the host is a certain Bouillon (pronounced "Bujong"), perhaps a descendant of Godfrey de Bouillon.

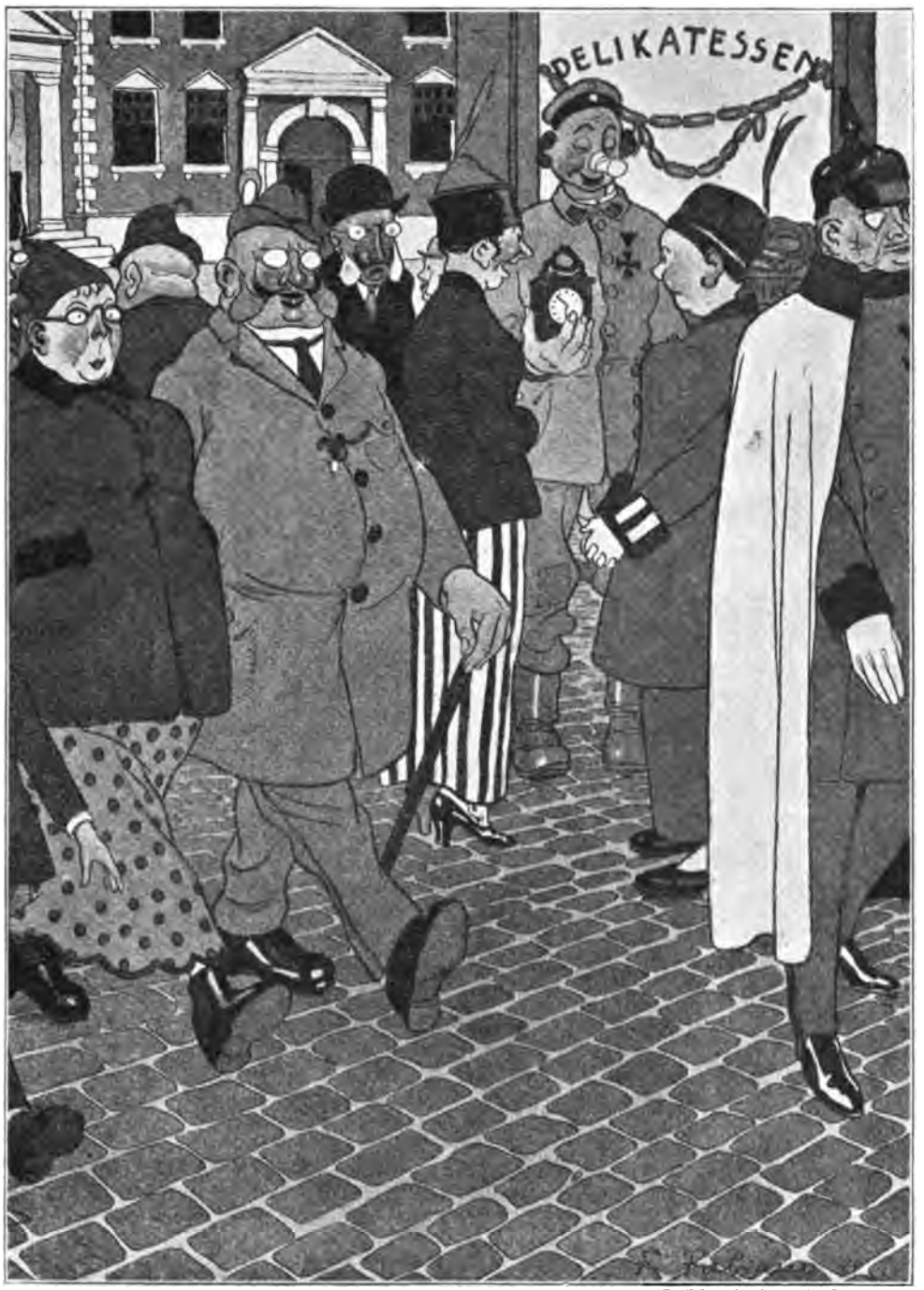
We entered. The dining room was crowded; however, we found a small table where a Frenchman was already seated. While eating he was attentively reading a newspaper, and had before him a microscopically small bottle of red wine. I introduced myself to him, saying, "My name is Knatschke." Lempke did the same and, wishing to air his knowledge of French, added with a courteous bow, "Conseiller de Calcul." We naturally expected the Frenchman to return our courtesy, but in that we were soon disillusioned. He barely inclined his head, and continued to read his paper. And that was the renowned French politeness. Thanks, awfully!

A waitress brought the menu. Unlike other Parisiennes, these maids astonished us by their sober and demure mien, as well as by their decent manner. I think I am not mistaken in believing them to be nuns,

Herr Professor Knatschke

* Rechnungsrat, "Calculation councillor." Rechnung also means "bill."

** Sequana, the Latin term for Seine.



Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

F. FABIANO, in Le Rire, Paris

"I hope, Wilhelmina, that you have given up forever those horrible French fashions that deform the beautiful German figure."

The Teuton depicted above by the Parisian caricaturist might easily be the prototype of Hansi's Professor Knatschke.

or charity sisters, expelled from the convents, and constrained in modern France to make their living in this way.

But to return to the bill of fare. This contained such an endless number of dishes that it was almost impossible for a stranger to make a selection. Therefore, I simply indicated the first name on the list. The waitress brought us in three tiny olives, of which the stone appeared to be the principal constituent—and a still smaller lump of butter. It goes without saying that we had soon made this ridiculous doll-dish disappear. I pointed to the second article. She then brought us each a small sardine! That far from appeased our appetite, and I indicated the next dish. Presently we got one-eighth of a middle-sized herring. Now we really had had enough of these Lilliputian courses; so the Rechnungsrat hit upon the happy idea of pointing to what our neighbor was eating (it seemed to be a little piece of veal). The waitress then said "essgalopp," and brought us what we wished. It is not without reason that the French call such a diminutive chop an "essgalopp." * In the twinkling of an eye the chop had disappeared, for it compared as little with the shoulder of veal one is served with at our "Stammkneipe" in Koenigsberg, as our Schlossberg with Gaurisankar.

* Note by the translator of this work into French: This meal left a long and painful memory with Prof. Knatschke; but after a few months of serious reflection the word "Essgalopp" gave him unbounded satisfaction, its spelling, as adapted by him, plainly indicating its derivation from the German verb "essen," to eat, and the noun "Galopp," gallop; that which is quickly consumed. The illustrious professor sees in the fact that the word evidently is of German origin an indication that through the influence of German tourists, German Kultur has begun to make itself felt even in Paris.

In a Little Alcove is to be Found the Celebrated Venus de Milo

In the meantime our neighbor had finished his meal, and as he rose from the table, we addressed to him in the manner of well-bred gentlemen, a friendly "Repas," which means "Mahlzeit" * (meal). Again a slight nod, but that was all. Let nobody speak to me of French politeness again.

We did not see the host, Mr. Bouillon, to whom we could have wished to convey the compliments of the Councillor of Education, who had told us about his fine establishment. We accordingly asked for the bill, which was pretty heavy, considering the scantiness of the fare. After paying we directed our steps, tracing our way by a map of the city, to the principal curiosity of Paris, the Louvre (pronounced "Luwer").

The Louvre, as everybody knows, consists of two parts, which I shall designate as A and B, separated by a street. In part A everything is for sale,** even to the art bronzes and the beautiful pictures that are to be seen on the main floor, and which are treated in the manner of the pretty chromolithographs which one may admire in any German home. This part of the Louvre resembles the emporium of Tietz at Berlin, but we missed those savory sandwiches—cheese and "Blutwurst"—on which we so often regaled ourselves at home, and which cost only ten pfennigs.

In part B is kept the treasure of the French state, the crown jewels, which are inclosed in a glass case and constantly

* Note by French translator: The French are evidently not familiar with this common German courtesy, sometimes expressed by "Proeit Mahlzeit," meaning "May the meal benefit you," which implies not only the typical German politeness, but also their deeply religious spirit; for the phrase which the flighty French translate, "Much good may it do you," really means "May your meal be blessed."

** Note by English translator: Here the good professor mistakes the great department store, "Magasins du Louvre," for part of the Palais du Louvre.

A Backfisch Barely Out of School

They Sell Shocking Postcards

guarded by a high officer of the navy. It almost broke our hearts to think that these same jewels might have been in our possession, and that they might have enriched the arsenal at Berlin as a trophy of victory, or produced by their sale the price of a first-line battleship. Besides there are a lot of old statues and pictures which Napoleon looted from countries that were once their rightful owners.

Despite the wealth of France, however, not one of the works in the Louvre collection has been restored. From this point of view, the collection can stand no comparison with that of the Berlin gallery, where all the paintings have been rejuvenated in the most brilliant and enlightened manner. You recollect, for instance, how the backgrounds of the Pre-Raphaelites have been regilded. Of the modern great masters, Boecklin and Hans Thoma, the Louvre has none! On the ground floor in a small alcove is to be seen the famous Venus de Milo. Everybody knows that for many years this work of art has lacked arms; nevertheless, no attempt seems to have been made to complete it, though any German professor of art history could tell off-hand how it should be done. And what an astonishing aspect would it not take on if a Bodo Ebhard (who restored so happily the Koenigsberg castle) could be persuaded to renew it!

After having thus finished that part of our trip devoted to the study of art, we crossed the Seine to the student district, the Quartier Latin (pronounced "Kartierlatäng"). The students appear rather tired of the Bohemian life they lead constantly; they are generally accompanied by girls, and they spend their time drinking or playing cards in the cafés. Of the youthful, religious, yet gay, spirit of our own students' societies there is no trace.

Then, as we wished to study Parisian life at its very source, we took a stroll on the boulevards (pronounced "Bulwarts"). Not to be too out of touch with Parisian fashion the Rechnungsrat purchased a "cylinder" hat of the latest style, which imparted perfectly to him the air of a veritable boulevardier. As for myself, I could not make up my mind to sacrifice my green felt hat to non-German convention.

The first impression of the famous boulevards was one that every true German naturally would experience—that of fabulous disorder. There one finds columns placarded with advertising matter and play bills, kiosks, news stands, and flower stalls pell-mell, one after another along the sidewalks. The pedestrians are allowed to walk on either side of the street, right or left; in short, the Parisians do not seem to have the slightest idea of what "Verboten" means.

The Crown Jewels are Guarded by a Naval Officer

The professor mistakes the watchman's chapeau for an admiral's cocked hat.

We seated ourselves in front of a café, chairs being placed on the sidewalk, and here we learned the abominable manner in which beer is served in Paris. I shall treat of this subject more exhaustively later.

From this point we could observe at ease Parisian street life. I must admit that my impressions of the French army were not strengthened when we saw one of those soldiers called Zouaves. A sort of red fez was perched on the back of his head. His vest was open because all the buttons were missing. His hands buried in the pockets of his ample trousers, he ambled carelessly along, smoking a cigarette, a spectacle almost unimaginable in our eyes, accustomed to the rigid correctness of the German soldiers.

A Cylinder Hat Which Imparted to Him the Air of a Veritable Boulevardier

The boulevard is also peopled by great numbers of peddlers (also called Apaches), most of whom have learned to speak German and English in order to impose on foreigners. They sell newspapers and shocking post cards. (I purchased a few of the latter in order to show my friends at Koenigsberg proof of the immorality to which the French have fallen.)

Besides soldiers and Apaches, we saw many Parisiennes. Most of them are of the demi-monde, small, lean, pale, and attired in an extraordinarily impractical manner. Absorbed entirely in their passion for "Vanity Fair," they are in striking contrast with the noble German matron.

Meanwhile night had fallen. The Rechnungsrat had bought a book in German, "Paris by Night," and we decided, with this as our guide, to visit in alphabetical order, or (which might be more practical) in numerical order, the places mentioned therein. However, we had proceeded only a short distance, when we encountered something absolutely unheard-of. A "Backfisch" barely out of school! She wore long pigtails, and trailed a toy balloon. As she passed us, accompanied by a dowager, she glanced mischievously at us. Naturally the Rechnungsrat was indignant, but as he insisted that it would be necessaary to study this case at first hand, I had all I could do to persuade him not to follow her.

After this incident the Rechnungsrat kept arguing that we really must make a practical study of Parisian life; so when an-

French Students

German Students

other coquette smiled at us, he introduced himself, and offered to accompany her. She consented with but little ceremony, and led him to a resort of rather shady appearance on a side street. While awaiting him, I entered a small shop connected with the bar-room, on a quest for picture post cards. What was my astonishment when a moment later I beheld the young lady first mentioned, surrounded by a very mixed company, and seated at a table with an Apache, smoking a cigarette, and sipping the French poison, absinthe!

We went then to a place called "Tabarang." It is a dance hall of the lowest order. Eight women danced a can-can in a manner most offensive to our moral sense. After the dance they mingled with the spectators. One of them addressed herself to us in German. She was a Viennese. How a short sojourn in Paris had sufficed to degrade her utterly!

We visited a number of other establishments, realizing that Paris night life is very expensive. Here 20 centimes for a programme; there a 10-centime tip; and everywhere, the Rechnungsrat, who had charge of the purse, was obliged to change a five-franc piece. Always we found the same depravity, and the same exorbitant price for beer. And such beer! It is served in little bowl-shaped glasses no larger than a tulip, and for this miserably small potion the Parisian host exacts a toll of 32 pfennigs, to which should be added as much again for the tip. Instead of the hearty "Prosit Gesundheit" of the waiter at our "Stammtisch," the garcon says only "Here y' are" (Voilà). It goes without saying that we could not long endure that kind of service. Early in the morning we boarded a train for the Fatherland.

Seated at a Table with an Apache

"OUR MERCIFUL BLOCKADE"

The Moral Justice of the British Policy

The Hon. A. J. Balfour in the London Daily Mail

GREAT interest has naturally been excited in America over the threatened blockade of Germany by the Allied Fleets and many criticisms have been directed against the Governments responsible for this policy. This is most natural and legitimate. The Order in Council affects both neutral interests and international law. And the United States of America—the greatest of all neutrals and a leader of reform in international procedure—has a double interest in the discussion.

Let me say before I go further that I am in no sense personally responsible for the policy which has been adopted. I was not consulted upon it, and I view with the greatest dislike any course which seems in the smallest degree to violate the rules of international warfare. But those who will consent to consider the present case on its merits will, I think, be persuaded that the policy of the Allies has a conclusive moral justification.

Copyright International Copyright Bureau
From Kladderadatsch

The Bathing Season Opens

Whether such a policy be, or be not, in harmony with the accepted rules of international law is a point to which I shall refer in a moment. But this at least may be said in its favour. It cannot cause the death of a single innocent civilian; it cannot destroy neutral lives and neutral property without legal process; it cannot inflict injury upon neutral commerce comparable in character or extent to that which would be produced by a blockade whose legality was beyond question.

But this contention, however true, is in the eyes of some critics quite immaterial. Law (they say) is law. Those who break it are guilty of a wrong which does not become a right because others have broken it in a manner yet more deserving of condemnation. The German practice may be brutal to belligerents and reckless towards neutrals; the British practice may be careful of human life and tender towards the interests of non-combatants. No matter. Neither can find justification in the accepted rules of war; both, therefore, fall under the same condemnation.

But such a mode of reasoning applies the most rigid technical standards in a case where technical standards must be used with caution. It appeals to the letter of international law, but it ignores the spirit.

What, in the eyes of the objector, is the defect of the British Order in Council? It is that the blockade of which notice is there given does not possess all the characteristics of a blockade as defined in authoritative textbooks; and that, in particular, it violates the rule which forbids "discrimination" in favour of one neutral as against another.

Now the object of this rule seems clear. It is designed to prevent the blockading Power using its privileges in order to mete out different treatment to different countries—as, for instance, by letting ships of one nationality pass the blockading cordon while it captures the ships of another. Such a procedure is, on the face of it, unfair. It could have no object but to assist the trade of one neutral as against the trade of another, and arbitrarily to redistribute the burden which the war unhappily inflicts on neutrals as well as on belligerents.

Now I submit that if there be "discrimination" inflicted by the British blockade it is not discrimination of this kind. It does, no doubt, leave the German trade with Sweden and Norway in the same position as the German trade with Holland and Denmark; and in a different position from the German trade with America or Africa. But the "discrimination" (if it is to be so described) is not the result of a deliberate policy but of a geographical accident. It is not due to any desire to favour Scandinavian exporters as compared with American exporters; and in practice it will have no such effect. They are not, nor to any important extent can they be, competing rivals in the German market.

SERGIO BRUNO, in Pasquino

UNCLE SAM THREATENS

"I'll make you see stars."

RUDOLPH HERRMANN, in Die Muskete

WILSON'S ULTIMATUM TO ENGLAND

"If you do that again, I'll—I'll —send another note."

FUCCI, in Pasquino

THE TRAP

Germania: "Hunger will so reduce me that I can pass through the bars."

If any man be in doubt whether this point be technical or substantial, let him weigh the following considerations:—The rule against discrimination was devised (as we have seen) in the interests of neutrals. But which is best for neutrals —that there should be a blockade conducted in the ordinary way, or that there should be a blockade of the new pattern described in the Order of Council? The latter may indeed ignore the Baltic and treat Scandinavia as if, like Holland, it were divided from Germany only by a land frontier. But while the discrimination so produced can inflict no substantial injury on any neutral, the blockade to which it is due, unlike its more orthodox predecessors, forbids the capture either of neutral shipping or neutral goods (other than contraband of war) and so relieves the neutral importer of his most serious anxieties.

But after all it is the equity of the Allied case rather than the law which mainly interests the thinking public in America and elsewhere. The question which presses most insistently for an answer is not directly connected with legal definitions of blockade but with problems of international morality. There are German thinkers of distinction who deny that any such morality exists; but this, happily, is not a doctrine which has any chance of acceptance among English-speaking peoples. What then does international morality require of one belligerent when the other belligerent tramples international law in the dust?

To some persons the answer to this question seems easy. Why, they ask, should the crime of one party modify the policy of the other? International rules should be obeyed by both sides, but their repudiation by one side leaves the obligation of the other unimpaired.

Such an answer, however, confounds international morality with international law; and, though doubtless the two are closely related they are not identical. The obligation of the first is absolute, that of the second is conditional, and one of its conditions is reciprocity.

If any feel inclined to quarrel with the word "conditional" let them consider what would happen if ordinary law were deprived of all its sanctions; if the State lost all power to enforce obligations, to protect the innocent,

From Caras y Caretas, Buenos Aires

THE REPLY OF THE NEUTRALS

"Careful, Wilhelm, or you may pass (away) yourself."

Sign of submarine reads: "None may pass here."

RAVEN-HILL, in Punch

A GREAT NAVAL TRIUMPH

German Submarine Officer: "This ought to make them jealous in the sister service. Belgium saw nothing better than this."

According to the English press, German submarine officers jeered at the struggling victims of the Falaba.

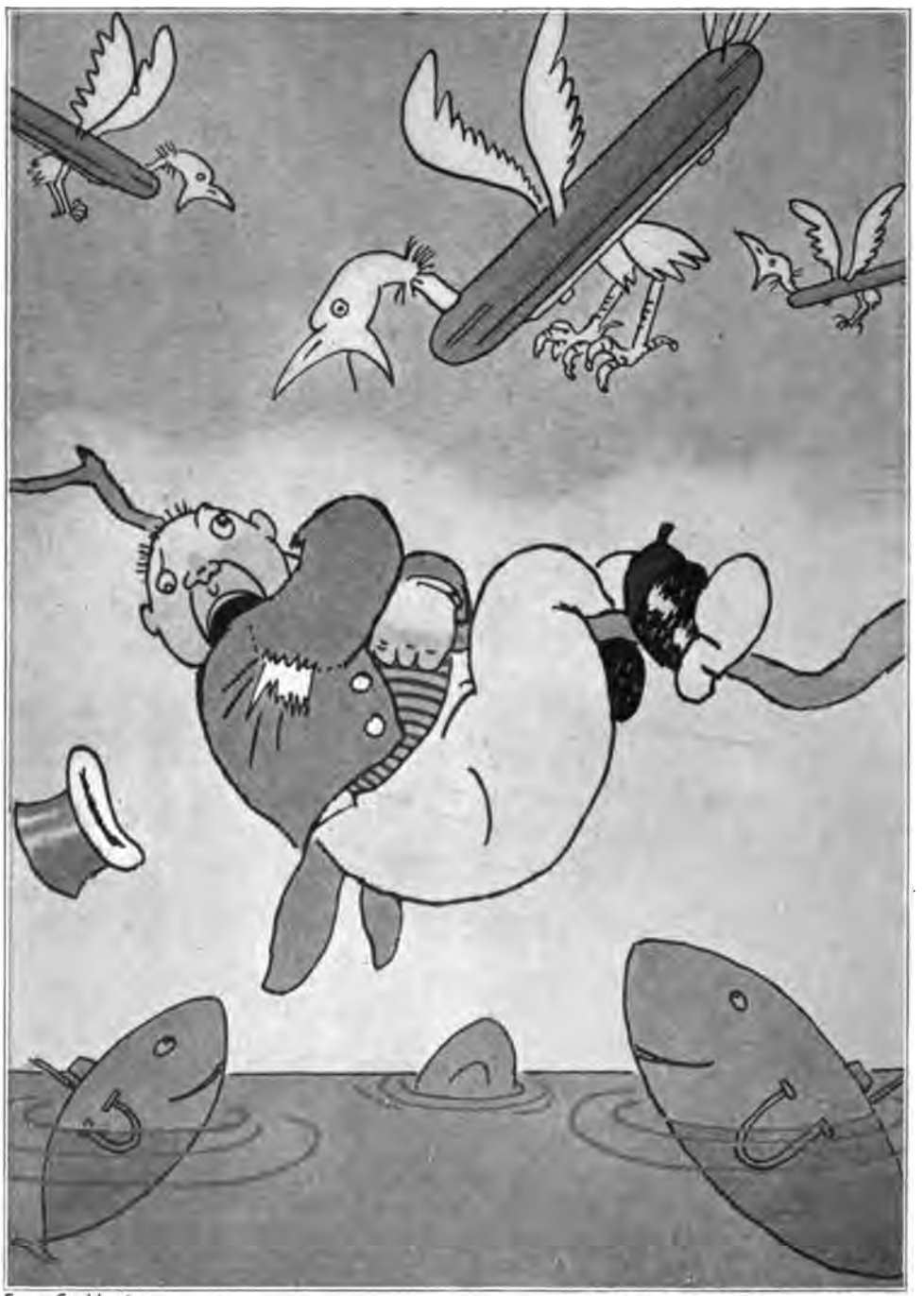
or to punish the guilty. A community so situated might prosper so long as there was a general agreement to obey the laws and the agreement were maintained. But if the criminals broke it whenever it suited them, ought the innocent tamely to submit? Ought they to entrust their security to police who could afford no protection, and to courts which could inflict no penalties? Ought they, in short, to behave precisely as they would if social conditions were normal? Few, I believe, would think so.

Now the relation between States under international law most closely resembles the relation between individuals in such a community as I have described. International law has no sanctions; no penalties are inflicted on those who violate its rules, and if a State makes use of forbidden weapons the neutrals, who blame its policy, do nothing to protect its victims. Nor is this surprising. In the present unorganised condition of international relations it could not well be otherwise. But let them remember that impotence, like power, has duties as well as privileges, and if they cannot enforce the law on those who violate both its spirit and its letter let them not make haste to criticise belligerents who may thereby be compelled in self-defense to violate its letter while carefully regarding its spirit.

For otherwise the injury to the future development of international law may be

CARTER, in New York Evening Sun

Dropping the Pilot
After Tenniel's famous cartoon.

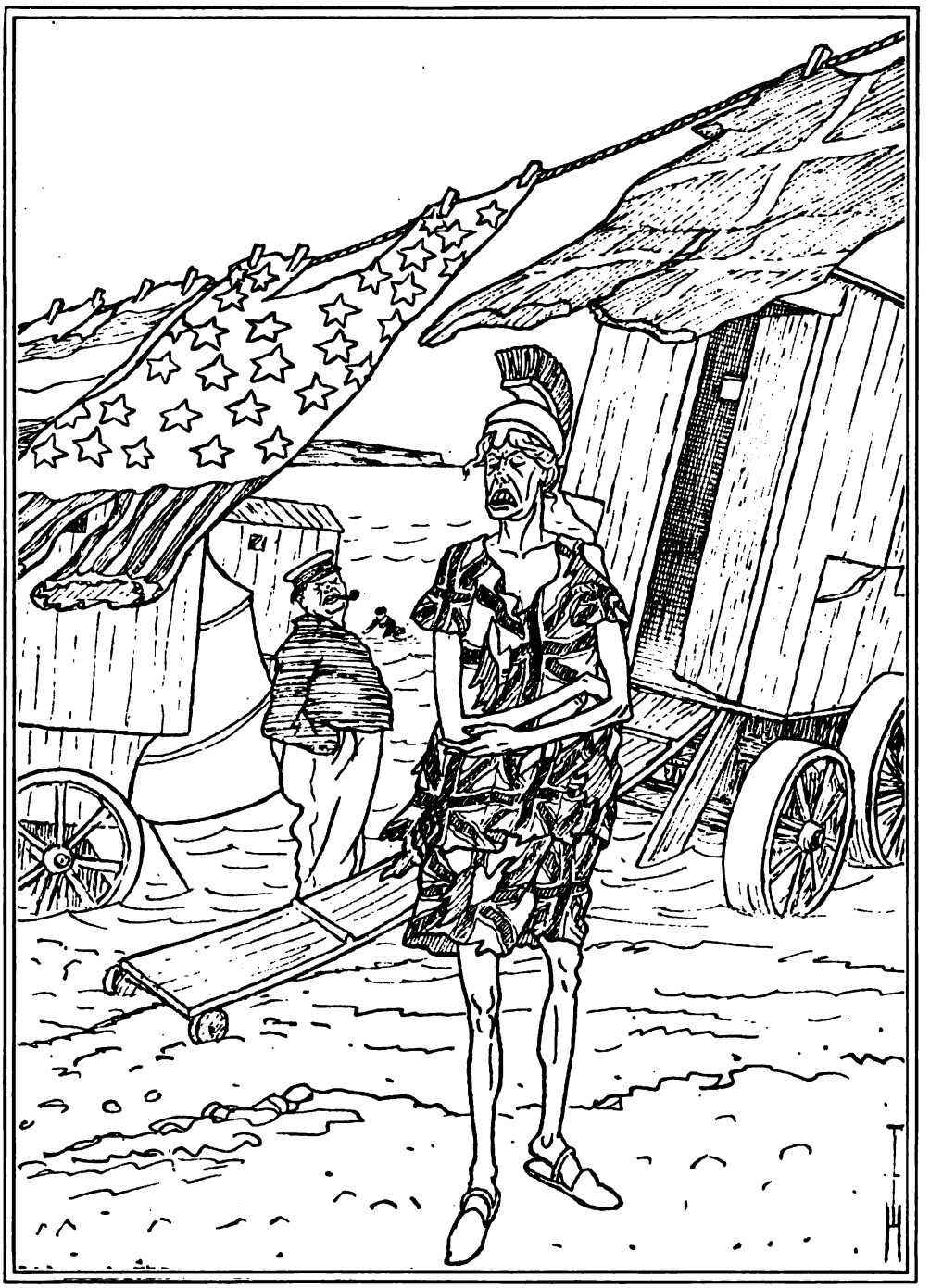


From Guckkasten

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

John Bull: "'Hangen und Bangen in schwebender Pein' (hanging in painful suspense). No one but a German poet could have composed that."



Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

TH. HEINE, in Simplicissimus

CHURCHILL'S RUSE DE GUERRE

Britannia: "I don't feel like taking a bath in this ragged dress."
Churchill: "Don't worry, Mrs. Britannia, just grab anything you see that looks better."

One of the numerous German cartoons on the British use of the American colors.

serious indeed. If the rules of warfare are to bind one belligerent and leave the other free, they cease to mitigate suffering, they only load the dice in favour of the unscrupulous; and those countries will most readily agree to changes in the law of nations who do not mean to be bound by them.

But though, as I think, international law can hardly be literally obeyed, unless both sides are prepared to obey it, we must not conclude that the absence of reciprocity justifies the injured party in acting as if international law and international morality had thereby been abrogated. This would be a monstrous doctrine. The Germans, who began the war by tearing up a treaty, continued it by inflicting the worst horrors of war upon a people they had sworn to defend. Could we therefore argue that because the obligations of international law are reciprocal, the Allies, when the opportunity occurs, would be justified in plundering private property, shooting innocent civilians, outraging women, and wantonly destroying works of art? Could they rightly do to Germany all that Germany has done to Belgium?

Assuredly not. I preach no such doctrine. These things were brutal and barbarous before the law of nations took formal shape; they would remain brutal and barbarous if the law of nations fell into desuetude. Germany would indeed have no right to complain of retaliation in kind; but this would not justify us in descending to her level.

The policy which I am defending has no resemblance to this. It violates no deep ethical instincts; it is in harmony with the spirit of international law; it is more regardful of neutral interests than the accepted rules of blockades; nor is the injury which it is designed to inflict on the enemy of a different character from that inflicted by an ordinary blockade. And, lastly, it is a reply to an attack which is not only illegal but immoral; and if some reply be legitimate and necessary, can a better one be devised?

Kaiser Wilhelm still insists on giving the laugh to that "Rule Britannia" stuff.—Portland Telegram.

The difficulty with a war zone is that it cannot easily be policed in a manner that offers protection to the innocent traveler.—Washington Star.

Recruiting officers are trying to explain why St. John's, Newfoundland, broke all recruiting records with an average of one volunteer for every twenty-five of population. The answer is easy for any one who has been there. The natives are so anxious to get somewhere else that they are glad to go even to war.—Indianapolis Star.

Harding, in Brooklyn Eagle

The Coroner's Verdict **Non-Combatants**

Two Striking Cartoons on the Sinking of the Falaba

MAC KINNEY, in Cape Times, Cape Town, S. A.

Eagle (ducking): "Look here, Mr. President, this has got to stop. I'm beginning to look ridiculous. If I take any more, I'll have no dignity left."

VINCENT, in Sydney Bulletin

A WARNING FROM THE UNITED STATES

Wood-not-row Wilson: "If you sink too many of my ships, I'll—"
Wilhelm: "Vell, vat vill you do? Gif me a hiding?"
W. W.: "No, but I'll become very distant in my manner, and won't remember your next birthday."

HAL EYRE, in Sydney Telegraph

President Wilson (as Admiral Von Tirpitz carries home the trophies): "I have a suspicion that this guy's going to make me feel real peeved. I really must send him another note."

D. H. SOUTER, in Sydney Stock Bulletin

Britain: "Look me straight in the face, Sam, and say if you are playing the game."

Uncle Sam protests at the seizure of American ships by Great Britain.

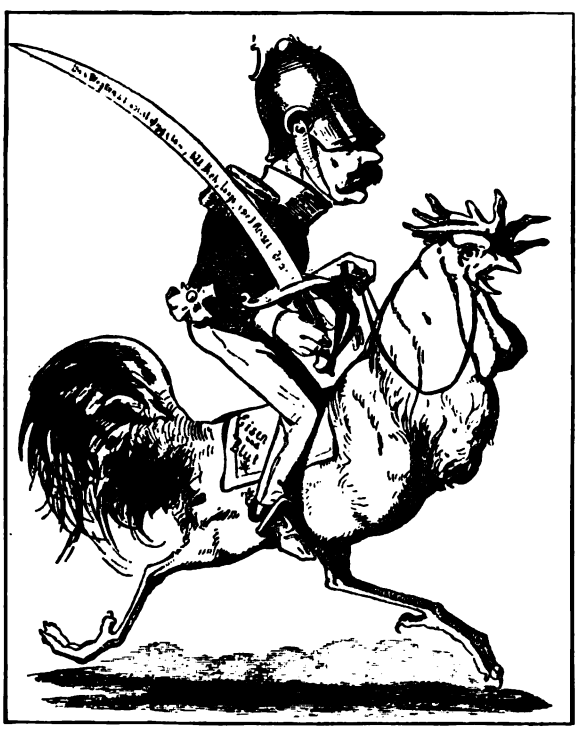
Bismarck in German Caricature

Translated from the German of K. Walther for Cartoons Magazine

BISMARCK first entered politics in 1847, when he went as deputy-representative to the Prussian Landtag. From the beginning he was a strong royalist, and would have nothing of the rights of the people. He fought for his ideals as the Hotspur of the Ultraconservatives, and always spoke contemptuously of the Liberals. Soon many of his overbearing, but original, epigrams began to make the rounds of the press, offering welcome material to the comic journals. Their artists followed him about faithfully from that time through his long and eventful career, even to his death at Friedrichsruh, where upon his retirement in 1890, he spent his "otium cum dignitate," but not with peace of mind.

The cartoons reproduced herewith mostly represent the period before the Franco-Prussian war, not only because pictorial attacks on "the best hated statesman in the world" were then wittier, more bitter and relentless than they became later, when even his enemies could not withhold their admiration, but also because there was before the '70s, with the exception of Kladderadatsch, hardly a German comic journal of any note.

When in 1848 the "crazy Bismarck" had been proposed to King Friedrich Wilhelm IV as one of his ministers, the monarch made a marginal note on the document, reading, "Red reactionary; sniffs the air for blood; perhaps available later." A year later the first Bismarck cartoon appeared in Kladderadatsch (Nov. 4, 1849). In this cartoon, which bore the legend, "The New Peter of Amiens and the Crusaders," and which was aimed at the reactionaries in general, Bismarck is represented as the type of German "junkerdom," and appears in a group of other party leaders, among whom may be mentioned the editor of Kreuzzeitung as Don Quixote. The figure to the left is Bismarck, clad in armor, and carrying in one hand the knout (referring to a violent speech of his against the Liberals) and in the other hand his family tree. The armor is meant to represent the shell of a crayfish, and the interesting feature of the cartoon is that the feelers of the crustacean, which extend from the helmet, seem to foreshadow the three solitary hairs which with almost unfailing regularity crowned the iron chancellor's bald head in later caricatures.



From Frankfurter Laterne, 1863

The French Cock Running Away with the "New Bluecher"

From 1851, when he first represented

From Frankfurter Lanterne, 1863

The Political Egg Dance

Prussia in the German Bundestag, dates his transformation from a narrow junker to a far-seeing statesman, whose aim it became to establish Prussia at the head of a united Germany. His first experience with international politics came with his appointment as ambassador to Russia, in 1859, and to France in 1862. The French post he left in the same year to become, in September, prime minister of Prussia under Wilhelm I. His reception at the hands of the House of Representatives was anything but cordial. One member referred to him as a tight-rope walker and a Don Quixote; another remarked of him: "Bismarck —that means a coup d'etat," and the diet for three years refused to vote the budget.

The Frankfurter Lanterne, a comic journal published from 1862 to 1866, particularly gave voice to the quite general conviction that Bismarck was a disciple of Napoleon III. Two cartoons from this paper express this conviction. In one, Bismarck, as ambassador, takes leave of Emperor Napoleon, who says to him: "You go, Count Bismarck; now make use in Prussia of what you have learned here; there you may perhaps repeat in October what I did in December." The other, under the caption "The New Bluecher," represents the French cock as running away with Bismarck. "Look at the new Bluecher," reads the caption; "a French cock has run away with the great Bismarck."

Again in the Lanterne, Bismarck is portrayed as a county-fair juggler. A verse accompanying the cartoon reads to the effect that "he is a great conjurer; he can put the whole world in his mouth, but in the end, no matter how he talks, his courage fails him."

Besides the Lanterne, the leading papers in the polemic against Bismarck at this time were Punsch, published in Munich from 1848 to 1871, and resuscitated for a short time in 1875; and Eulenspiegel, a Stuttgart publication, now extinct. The latter, representing Bismarck as being entirely misled by Louis Napoleon, pictured him as a sleepwalker on the edge of a roof, while the French prince and his sympathizers are standing in the street below, fully armed, Napoleon saying, "Quiet, comrades; when he comes to the edge, you, old Swede, cry 'à bas la Prusse!' and then he will fall on our bayonets."

Bismarck is again shown as the puppet of Napoleon in Eulenspiegel, under the heading, "HE and His Scholars." Bis-

From Frankfurter Lanterne, 1863

PERSECUTED INNOCENCE

"They won't let us remain at the head of our class."
Bismarck and King Wilhelm of Prussia.

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau]

Jugend's Cartoon of Bismarck on the Occasion of the Centennial of His Birth

marck, having muzzled the press, stands with a whip in his hand, and is crowned with a laurel wreath by "the little reactionary," while in the sky above, Napoleon seems to be directing the proceedings. The legend reads: "From High Olympus was the Glory and the Gift of Silence Given Us."

The even more bitter conflict on the question of representation is referred to in Punsch (March 1, 1863) and in Eulenspiegel (Feb. 14, 1863). In the former, Bismarck, as Death with his scythe (the Upper House) upbraids the dying "Constitution" for not having taken his medicine, "Blood and Iron" and "Navy Organization." The patient holds in her hand "The King's Reply" (denial of extended suffrage), and the following conversation takes place:

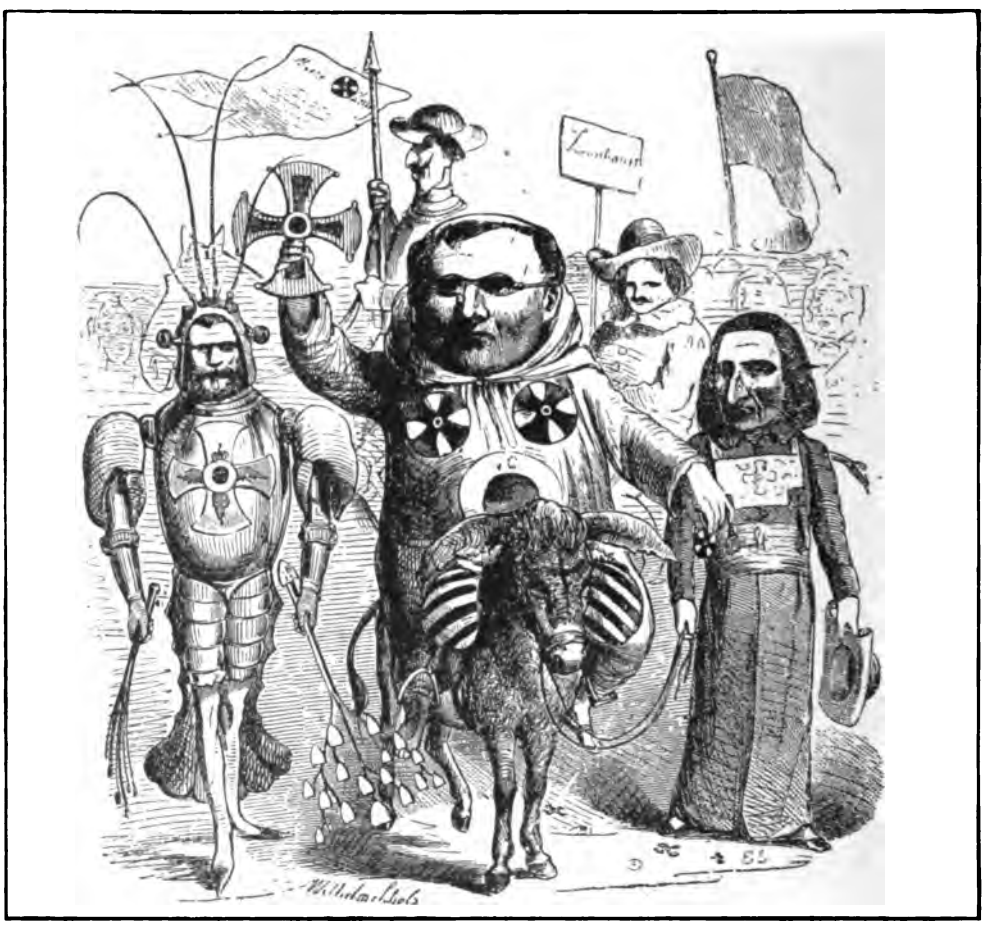
The Dying: "Oh, this deadly wound! And yet he had sworn me faith."

Bismarck: "Well, blame yourself. Why didn't you take my prescription?"

Along the same line is Eulenspiegel's cartoon in which Bismarck, as coachman, drives the king in his state carriage at a gallop, and, turning the corner, collides with the curbstone (Constitution) at the corner of the government building. The text reads: "Voice from the coach: 'Keep to the right, Johann; keep to the right.' Constitutional Life-Coachman: 'Just as Your Majesty orders!'" which, evidently, he does not do.

Bismarck's scheme of making Prussia the dominant power in Germany is referred to in a cartoon in the Lanterne, under the head "Persecuted Innocence," in which the chancellor and the king are represented as schoolboys crying.

"The Political Egg Dance" in the same journal depicts Bismarck's skill in foiling the efforts of reformers, while giving empty promises. The eggs are inscribed "Election, Rights, Reform, Constitution, Law, Free



From Kladderadatsch, Nov. 4, 1849

The New Peter of Amiens and His Crusaders

Here Bismarck (on the left) appears for the first time in caricature. The tentacles rising from his crayfish armor seem to foreshadow the three famous hairs.

From Schalk, 1878

Our Victory-Drunk Cousins across the Channel

From Punsch, 1867
Cupid Torturing Psyche

Press, and Social Liberty." The caption reads, "Bismarck considers the political egg dance a very necessary thing; he imagines he can keep them all whole, and that is easy, as you see, as long as he goes around every right."

After Prussia and Austria in alliance had taken Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark (in 1864), the Lanterne pictured Bismarck and his Austrian colleague as tailors sewing the new territory to the German fabric. The disagreement between Prussia and Austria as to the status of the newly acquired possessions is visualized in a cartoon in Punsch (1866). Prussia, in the guise of Bismarck, being represented as visiting the ally at Kiel, and the following conversation resulting:

Austria: "Well met, comrade. What can I do for you?"

Prussia: "Oh, I just wanted to know how long you are going to stay here."

Austria: "Why?"

Prussia: "Well, I'd like to stop here myself."

Austria: "By no means."

Prussia: "You get quite excited. What's the matter?"

Austria: "By no means, I say; and you'd better look out, or your own dog might bite you."

The collar on the dog was labeled, "Progressive party."

Following the Schleswig-Holstein occupation, and just after the preliminary peace conference had been concluded with Denmark, in which, however, nothing had been said about the future state of Schleswig-Holstein, Punsch depicted Bismarck as trying to inveigle Austria into an agreement of joint annexation of the provinces. The cartoon is entitled: "Love Affair of an Old Monarchy," and the conversation goes like this:

Junker: "Oh, let us become more friendly."

She: "But the moon!" (The moon represents the German confederation, of which Austria was the head.)

Junker: "Never mind the moon; in the first place we are in the shadow (Annexation grove), and furthermore, the moon is waning. Do not part from me, dear friend, no matter where I go."

She: "But it isn't proper."

Junker (sotto voce): "She always says it isn't proper, but she'll go with me just the same."

The impending trouble with Austria over the disposition of these provinces is again referred to in Punsch in a cartoon showing Prussia (Bismarck) claiming Schleswig-Holstein for herself, and by the Frankfurter Lanterne, which delineates Bismarck as a fox preaching to the geese, symbolical of the South German states, the advantages of electing a new Bundestag, over which, of course, Prussia was to rule supreme.

From Eulenspiegel, 1863
The Sleep-Walker

At the close of the Prusso-Austrian war, the French peril, or rather, Bismarck's intention to bring about a clash with France, is satirized in Punsch (October, 1866) in a cartoon showing Bismarck and King Wilhelm reaping the harvest of their successful schemes, the former saying to the king: "Let us hurry and bring in the harvest; we have no time to lose. That cloud over there does not please me, and the half moon seems to be entering an unpropitious quarter. There is more grain ripe, but we shall have to let that wait." Another Punsch cartoon presents Bismarck as Cupid tormenting Psyche (Napoleon) by the flame of Prussia's success against Austria.

It is to be noted that nearly all the cartoons above referred to appeared in South German periodicals. Kladderadatsch, however, also had been strongly opposed to the iron chancellor, but only in so far as concerned his reactionary inner politics of Prussia. This opposition ceased after the successful Danish war, and the Frankfurter Lanterne cartooned Kladderadatsch as Bismarck's page, carrying the skirts of his coat, and saying:

"First I kicked him downstairs; now I faithfully bear his train and wear his livery as the typical son of Berlin."

From a pamphlet published in 1870, and from Kladderadatsch are two cartoons that might be noted. In the former, Napoleon is seen placed on a table to receive chastisement, Bismarck superintending the proceedings, and remarking: "You are the best brother—nit." On the wall over the table is the inscription, "To each according to his

From Frankfurter Lanterne, 1864

Kladderadatsch and Bismarck

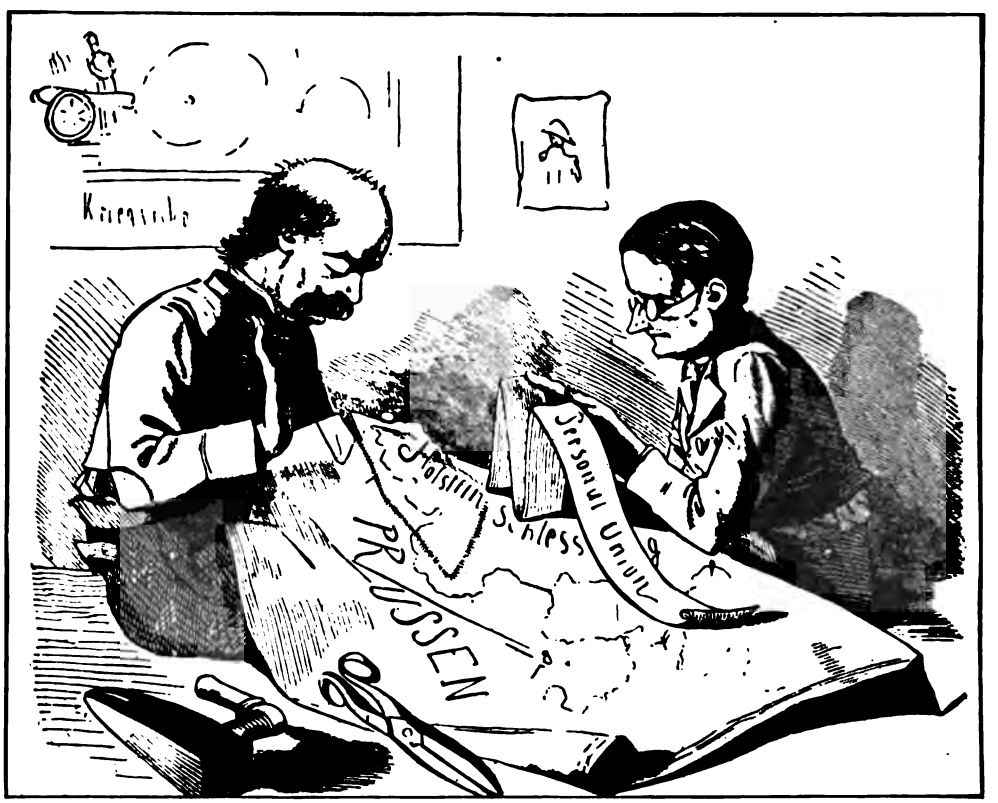
deserts," and also (to the right), "The Bavarian winks, but Eugenie shows no inclination to come forward" (and get whipped, too). The caption reads: "Napoleon! Napoleon! Now you see what that leads to."

The other is headed, "Self-Protection." Here France is represented as a dog, or wolf, having her claws (Alsace-Lorraine) cut by Bismarck, who says: "We must cut the beast's claws in order to have peace in the future."

A cartoon from Schalk, published shortly after the Berlin conference following the Turko-Russian war, portrays the waning influence of England in continental politics (or perhaps, rather, Beaconsfield's failure as against Bismarck). Beaconsfield, in trying to measure himself with Bismarck, stands on the London Protocol, Turkish Loan, Suez Question, and other documents, but the Prussian retorts: "No, cousin, there is still a good deal lacking." The cartoon is entitled: "Our Victory-Drunk Cousins Across the Channel."

The triple alliance was formed in October, 1879. Bismarck's difficulties in strengthening the alliance against France and Russia are set forth in several cartoons, one from Kladderadatsch, in 1883, and another from the Swiss journal Nebelspalter, in 1889. In the former, Prussia, Austria and Italy are shown grouped around a stove, while France and Russia are trying to make it uncomfortable for them, France with "Frontier fortifications," and by "Stirring up hatred against Germany;" Russia also with fortifications and "Army increase." But Bismarck takes it coolly, saying: "Go ahead, fellows; you cannot blow up this stove. It was just repaired last summer," the reference being to the renewal of the treaty of 1865 between Prussia and Austria.

The Swiss cartoon pictures Bismarck as the chaperon of the young school girls, Austria and Italy, and warning her charges against flirting with the French and Russian officers: "Look straight ahead, ladies; no side glances, if you please."

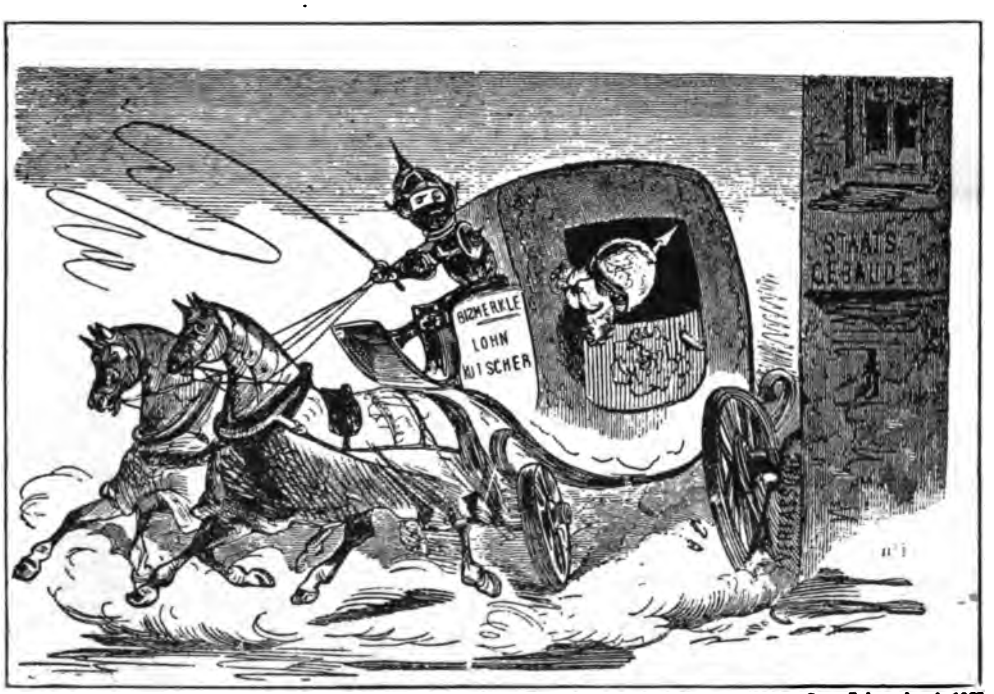


From Frankfurter Lanterne, 1864

Sewing Schleswig-Holstein to the German Fabric

From Kladderadatsch, 1890

Kladderadatsch Receiving as a Token Bismarck's Three Famous Hairs



From Eulenspiegel, 1865

Bismarck as the State Coachman

The chancellor's retirement in 1890 naturally evoked a great number of cartoons, one in Kladderadatsch showing his political enemies gleefully helping him on with his coat, while his famous dog, "Tyras," looks sympathetically up into his face. Another, also from Kladderadatsch, represents that periodical itself (as in the Lanterne cartoon) as a page, receiving as a parting gift from the "dropped pilot," the three hairs that, according to the cartoonists, had so long ornamented his forehead. The caption reads: "The Chancellor resigns . . . returns all his Insignia, and goes to his well-earned rest at Friedrichsruh." By this time Bismarck was entirely bald.

On Bismarck's death, July 30, 1908, almost every newspaper and periodical of Europe—including even Der Wahre Jacob—eulogized him, this newspaper representing him as a lion around whom are the yapping foxes—the reactionaries. "When the lion is dead," reads the inscription, "it is a pleasure for the foxes to live." That Der Wahre Jacob, however, could not forgive or forget, is shown in another cartoon under the head, "They Know Him," in which both St. Peter and his Satanic Majesty are seen frightened at his approach, and hastening inside their respective realms, they hang out signs that read, "Standing room only."

THE CHRISTIAN AGE

Is this the boasted Christian age
  Of peace on earth and love to man,
Or pagan age of murderous strife—
  The worst e'er seen since time began?

An age of blood and jealous hate
  Where evil far outweighs the good;
A hell on earth, where devils rage
  And brothers' hands are stained with blood?

An age where Christians kneel in prayer
  And ask the Lord if He but will
Assist them in their fiendish work
  And bless them as they neighbors kill?

No wonder that the heathen scoff
  Where, in the name of Prince of Peace,
They wield the sword with bloody hands
  And point with scorn at Christian lands.
—New York Herald.

"The United States ought to rank second, not fourth, as a naval power," says the New York Tribune. To which the World adds: "It does." It may rank first by the time those other navies get through with each other.—Kansas City Journal.

From Frankfurter Lanterne, 1866

How the Fox Preaches to the Geese

The Melting Pot

IT is not surprising that Secretary Bryan saw politics in Von Bernstorff's note. Our well-known secretary of state is so constituted that he never sees anything but politics anywhere outside of the Chautauqua circuit.—Philadelphia Press.

Singing Lissauer's "Song of Hate" with a snarl in London choruses produces laughter and makes a joke of what otherwise would be productive of insanity. —Brooklyn Eagle.

The Germans are storing frozen pigs. An effort to "save their bacon."—London Opinion.

Possibly the reason Italy isn't in a hurry to enter the war is that she can get all the excitement she wants out of her earthquakes. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

Somehow, we have an idea that the women peace delegates won't be able to stop the war by merely shaking a finger at the belligerents.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

"Ah, but see how I'm nicking the axe."

Those grumpy warring nations are in no mood to appreciate President Wilson's matchless literary style.—Chicago Daily News.

Every time a Japanese sneezes some jingo imagines that he is a secret powder magazine.—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

A striking measure of the war is afforded by that statement that the British used more ammunition in the skirmish at Neuve Chapelle than during the two years and a half of the Boer war. The Last Shell may rival the last dollar as a deciding factor, though they probably will amount to the same thing.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Without insinuating anything, one may say that Britain would be pleased to get to Constantinople as soon as Russia or sooner.—Chicago Daily News.

All the monarchs are at the front. They have to be—that's the only way, thanks to the censorship, that they can learn what is going on.—Houston Telegram.

King George has pointed out to the new sultan of Egypt that he has been called to "serve at a grave crisis" in the affairs of the country. Just the king's way, we take it, of telling him to put a bunch of Turks under the sand.—Pittsburgh Sun.

The Turkish war minister says they knew Turkey would be led to the block. When it finally is, it will mark the establishment of a thanksgiving day in Europe.—Baltimore American.

We gather from some of the English comment that it is desirable to hurry up and finish the war and allow the king to take a comfortable whisky and soda.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Serbia continues to invite more trouble by insisting that she is not whipped. —Des Moines Register and Leader.

Has Italy ever heard of the man who ran five miles to get a good start to jump a creek and when he arrived at the bank was so exhausted that he had to sit down and rest?—Kansas City Star.

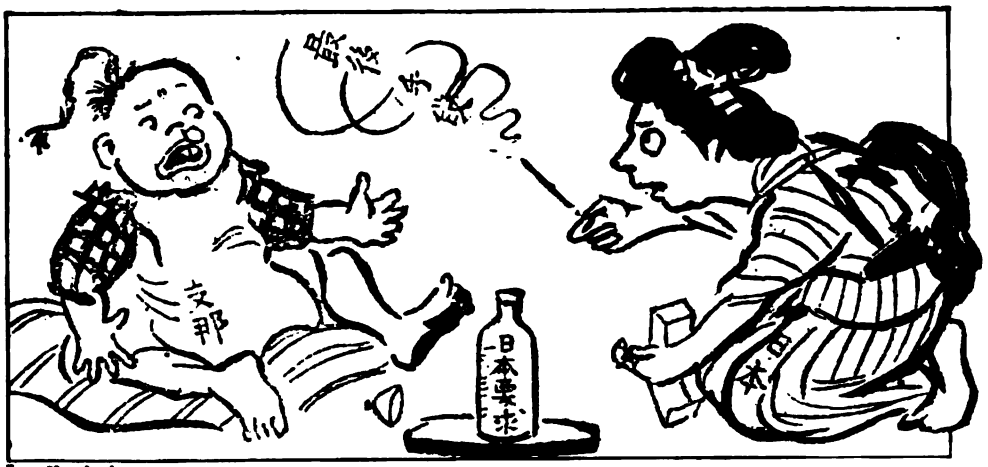
Belgian editors refuse to resume publication because they could not write anything that would get past the censor.—Philadelphia Record.

A German General is quoted as saying soldiers do not kill in hatred. Possibly, but that is a poor consolation to the widows and orphans.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It seems that the moment the czar shut off his soldiers' vodka supply they immediately commenced to take water.—Houston Post.

"The farmer," says the Saxon Minister of the Interior, "has special cause to thank the German army that he can still gather in his harvest." The Belgian farmer, also has to thank the German army for gathering it for him.—Springfield Republican.

London's proposed ban on Turkish cigarettes looks like a severe blow at a great Southern industry.—Boston Transcript.



From Manchocho

THE ONLY WAY

Japan: "If you don't take it, I shall have to punish you."

A JAP WAR SCARE AND THE TOKYO DEMANDS

"IF the Japanese were not so disciplined in politeness," says the Chicago Tribune, "they would be spilling their tea all over Japan in merriment over our fidgets. Our apprehensions are not only ludicrous but natural. They are unescapable. They are the tributes paid by an uncertain, amiable, unorganized nation which has no defined intent, to a resolute, efficient, organized nation which has its plans clearly outlined and well in hand."

Turtle Bay, a God-forsaken spot on the coast of Lower California, was placed on the map last month when wild rumors swept over the United States that the Japanese were engaged in establishing a naval station there. The facts of the matter were that a Japanese cruiser, the Asama, went aground there, and that a number of Japanese warships came to her assistance. Secrecy was maintained because of the presence in the Pacific ocean of German sea rovers, but an official explanation from Japan has dissipated the nightmare.

"The far east, to western imagination," continues the Tribune, "always is inscrutable, bland, and with purpose veiled behind smiles. Japan has a poker face and a chess mind. We know our Samurai friends, know what they are up to, but we haven't the slightest idea what it may be. We know that we shall not know until the purpose has become plain as day.

"These certainties further cloud the inscrutability, and consequently apprehensions prevail. If a door is opened, we look up with a start; if one is slammed, we jump half way out of the chair; if there is a rustling in the leaves, we have crickly sensations up and down the spine.

"This is a sincere tribute to efficiency. Our imaginations put nothing beyond the ability of our bland friends. The Japanese fishermen and the Japanese schoolboys may be brigadier generals; a tea store may be the headquarters of the general staff; Japanese submarines may be ready for assembling down in the sand dunes by Miller, Ind.; Hawaii may contain four army corps and Mexico a couple.

"Japan occasionally may question our friendship but never can doubt our admiration. It may even give the Japanese pain that they are not in fact able to do all that our imagination can conjure into their ability.

"In one respect our sense of the impalpable danger, which now and then proves grotesque, leads us to a sane conclusion. We are dealing with a nation which, whether its ways be always peaceful or not, is prepared for anything it undertakes, which has vision, which never deceives itself, which never darkens its counsels to protect its emotions, and which deals with the world as it is, instead of the world it thinks ought to be.

"No wonder we imagine things and fill the mist with figures."

Meanwhile, according to reports from Pekin, Japan has presented a new set of demands on China, in which some modifications of several minor points are said to have been made.

The new document contains twenty-four articles, the new ones being due to the Mongolian group having now been separated from the Manchuria group. The Japanese plenipotentiaries have, it is said, informed the Chinese plenipotentiaries that the revised draft is the irreducible mini-

ROGERS, in New York Herald

Just Nerves

mum, the acceptance of which Japan insists on.

But Japan, it is stated, makes one noteworthy concession, offering to restore Tsing-Tau to China if China defers no longer the acceptance of Japan's demands. The restoration of Tsing-Tau, however, will be made on the condition that it becomes a treaty port, with Japanese and foreign settlements independent, as elsewhere, of Chinese control.

By way of reassurance, Count Okuma, the premier of Japan, gives out the following important interview:

"Our negotiations in Peking are progressing favorably towards an early and satisfactory conclusion. It is untrue that the Chinese government has endeavored unduly to delay the settlement of the negotiations, but false information, spread broadcast by German interests, has given agitators in China an opportunity.

"Japan's proposals are in complete accordance with the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and with all treaties and engagements with other countries guaranteeing equal opportunity in and the integrity of China. The criticisms and uneasiness displayed in England and America are caused by false information.

"We are not seeking to establish any monopoly in China or improperly to infringe the rights and interests of other powers. Japan has not demanded the appointment of Japanese advisers, and is not seeking to create a protectorate. She has not demanded joint policing except at points in South Manchuria where important interests are threatened by lawlessness.

"I can assert that deliberate attempts, mostly of German origin, have been made to misrepresent Japan's attitude, especially in America, but now all points have been cleared up, and the interested powers are acquainted with the Japanese proposals, which largely constitute an endeavor to settle questions of long standing, some since the Russo-Japanese war.

"In Shantung Japan is only asking what China has already granted to Germany. When final disclosures are made it will be found that the entire situation has been grossly exaggerated."

The recent petition from the American missionaries in China, asking the intervention of the United States in far eastern affairs, leads the St. Louis Star to believe that a crisis has arisen in China. The missionaries signing the petition, says the Star, have been in China many years, and know

From Tokyo Puck

No Eye to See the World Situation; No Ear to Hear Japan's Demands. A Surgical Operation Is What He Needs

COSTANZA, *in Pasquino, Turin*

THE JAPANESE PERIL

"Both ways?"
"No; if I go to Europe, I go to stay."

conditions there. They would not, unless the situation were grave, this newspaper believes, meddle in politics, or lightly violate their instructions.

"On the heels of this petition," adds the Star, "comes the news that China has definitely rejected three of the Japanese demands, which can only mean war, unless Japan is prepared to recede. As she has practically threatened war unless her demands are granted and already has a large number of troops on Chinese soil, there seems to be approaching a crisis.

"It is the charge of the Chinese Government that the Japanese are backing the efforts of Dr. Sun Yat Sen to overturn the government of Yuan Shih Kai, which, while nominally the republic set up by Dr. Sun, is in fact as great a despotism as was the rule of the Manchu dynasty.

"It is now claimed by Yuan that Japan intends to make Sun President in order that Japan may actually govern China.

"Whether this is her intention or not, her demands show that she wants to be in a position to control the Chinese Government, particularly in its foreign relations, practically to make China a vassal of Japan. The United States and the European powers are asked to intervene to prevent the consummation of such a policy.

"The United States is pledged to protect the sovereignty of China but is not obligated to go to war for that purpose. Whatever can be done by protest and diplomatic and moral pressure will be done to preserve both the territorial and political integrity of the Chinese Government. Were it not for the war, England, France, Russia and Germany would be found united in opposition to Japanese dominance over China, but not only are they fully employed, but the politics of the war may lead to quite different action than they would have taken before it began.

"China has ample reason for feeling alarmed. She can expect little but moral aid from us, and international morals seem to have gone completely to the dogs since last July."

"Look at China," shouts the colonel when he would impress on us the need of military preparedness. And it is just as well to shout back: "Look at Europe," by way of appreciating the evils of preparedness. —Jacksonville Times-Union.

One of the nations engaged in the great European pastime of war admits that it cost $1,000,000 to kill 300 of the enemy's soldiers. That sum would have educated many times that number of men.—Detroit News.

From Tokyo Puck

The Chinese Grandma (President Yuan) Coaxing Her Crying Baby and Scaring It with a Japanese Flag

From Tokyo Puck

PEKING NEGOTIATIONS

"The Japanese oxen is popularizing with the Chinese pig. They are certainly animals not noted for quickness."—Native translation.

Copyright, International Copyright Bureau

W. TRIER, in Lustige Blaetter

THE NEW TENANT

Japan: "I like this country house. I'll take it."
China: "But there are two tenants here already."
Japan: "Show them the open door."

The tenants are England and Russia.

SEEING AMERICA FIRST

CARTOONS BY J. H. DONAHEY

DIARY BY FRED C. KELLY

THIS diary thing is, of course, all a bluff. If I really were keeping a diary, though, I would make a note of the man I saw in the Chicago restaurant. He ordered a meal that came to an even dollar. Then he asked for a little pitcher of cream, which was 10 cents more. When the waiter came around with the slip, the man discovered that he had just $1.05 in change, or 5 cents less than he required, aside from the tip. I saw him open up a wallet and pull out one lone bill, which happened to be a fifty. He seemed to shrink from the idea of breaking that fifty just for the sake of a nickel. He looked at the slip and then at his $1.05. Then his face suddenly showed the light of inspiration.

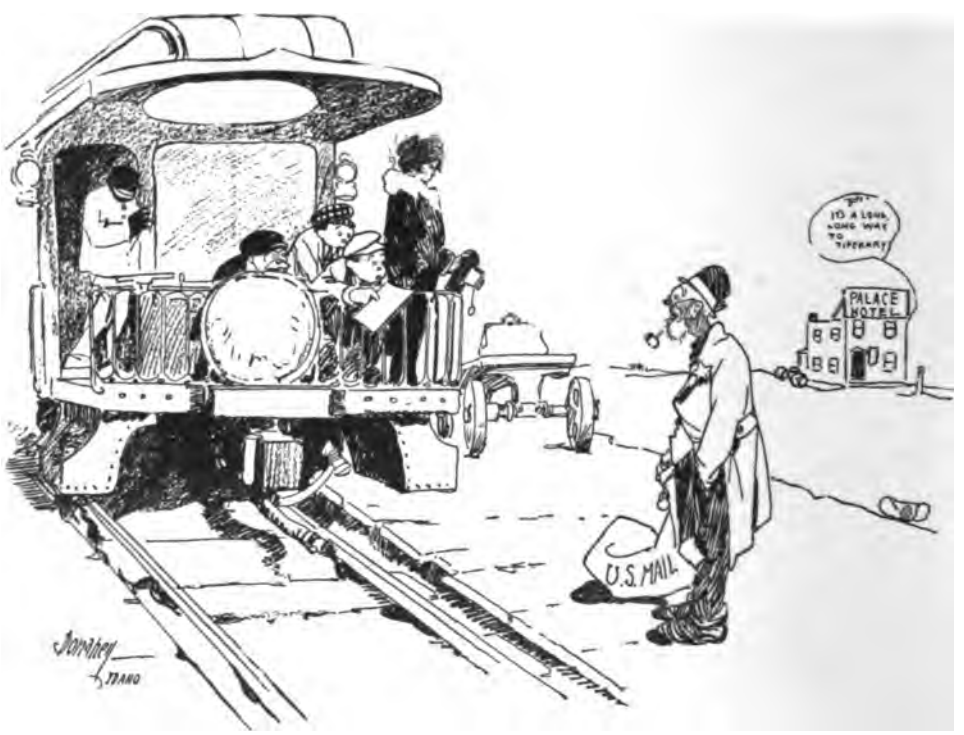
"Here's a dollar five," he told the waiter, in a breezy tone full of good cheer, "but you want a nickel more, don't you? Well, I'll give you back half of this cream."

And before the waiter had recovered his composure the diner had shoved the half-filled little cream pitcher toward him, seized his hat and blandly departed.

WE just stopped briefly at Emporia, Kan., the town definitely affixed to the map by William Allen White. The first time I ever heard of Emporia was when I read an article by William Allen White, entitled "New York and Emporia," in which the author sharply contrasted the advantages of Emporia over the well-known eastern metropolis as a place of residence. Now, the average town of the size of Emporia does not necessarily size up as an idyllic dream city when viewed from the railway station. This is true of Emporia, and it occurred to me that, little as I like New York, if I lived in Emporia, and had to move to New York, I might in time be able to reconcile myself to the change.

Having this in mind, I went out on the station platform and engaged an innocent bystander in conversation. I spoke to him about his fellow townsman's article, and asked him if the average Emporian would take the same view as White.

"Well, I don't know," he replied, wrink-



"Any Indians around here?"
"Nope, none since the show, year ago last June."

Text copyrighted by Fred C. Kelly.

'TWAS HERE THE INDIAN WITH HIS BOW—

BROUGHT DOWN THE MIGHTY BUFFALO

ling his brow and seeming to weigh the proposition with judicial impartiality; "I was in New York for the first time year before last, and in some respects it wasn't so bad. The subway had a funny smell to it, a smell that I never noticed anything quite like anywhere else. But that, of course, was a small matter. The thing that struck me most of all was where a woman would dry clothes and where a man would go in the evening to loaf."

EVERY state in the Union could bring suit against California for alienation of affections. California is a siren. No other state can win people to its bosom so quickly and so completely. Regardless of what state a man comes from to California, there is something in the atmosphere here that makes him yearn to get up on top of a dry goods box and holler: "Home ain't nothin' like this!"

Usually when a man goes from one place

AND HERE THE COWBOY GUN IN HAND—

CHARGED O'ER THE MESQUITE SAGE AND SAND

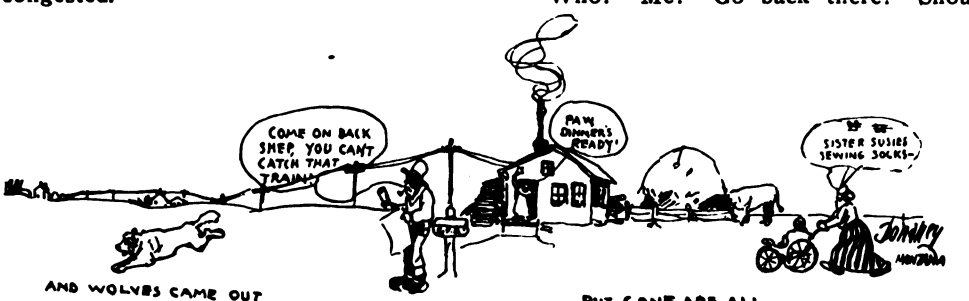
One is impressed in going through Kansas with the bigness of the farms and the smallness of the barns. Judging just by what one can see from the Santa Fe railroad, a Kansas farmer builds his barn in indirect ratio to the size of his farm.

It must be difficult, one imagines, to be neighborly in Kansas. Folks live far apart in Kansas and the roads look black and squashy. But I am assured that after traveling through New Mexico, Kansas will seem fairly gregarious—and comparatively congested.

to another he takes great pride in telling everybody he sees how much better and pleasanter things are back where he came from, and what a pinhead he was for leaving there. This is all reversed in California. It matters not whether a man has been here a day or a decade, he loves to brag about the inferiority of the climate and general conditions back home.

"Do you think you'll ever return to your native state?" you ask almost any man, at random, out here, and he looks insulted.

"Who? Me? Go back there! Should



AND WOLVES CAME OUT AND HOWLED ABOUT

BUT GONE ARE ALL
THEY'RE PUT TO ROUT
THE RED FACED BRAVE AND MIGHTY SCOUT

"I tell you we can't go to Europe; we're going out west."

say not. I've never had any desire to return since the first day I struck California."

You hear that kind of talk here all day long until you feel as if it would be a pleasure to find somebody who is homesick.

ONE of the first indications that a visitor is catching the California fever is when he begins to argue with himself and those about him that he would not like to live here. If the germ were not already at work there would be no talk about the proposition one way or the other. Nine visitors out of ten become analytical and begin to make mental lists of the attractions and disadvantages of Southern California in parallel columns.

To start with, there are ten months of sunshine. Against that is lack of variety. Mightn't it be as monotonous as eating a quail a day for thirty days? And there is no autumn. Who wants to miss the gorgeous coloring that nature throws about with lavish hand when she paints an eastern autumn? And during the long, dry summer the green of the hills turn to dull brown. In the East after thirty days without rain, the weather gets on people's nerves and all they talk about is the drought. Does anybody care to put in nine months without rain? On the other hand, Southern California is prepared for that sort of thing. It has its irrigation ditches, its asphalt and oiled roads, and—most of the time—its lack of high winds to stir up the dust. And it is great sport to get up every morning knowing what the weather is going to be. It is a satisfaction to be able to say three months in advance that one can go to a picnic on a certain date without risk of having one's nice, new white duck pants all mussed up by a thunder shower.

Then one thinks of the lack of snow and wonders if he can reconcile himself not to seeing that form of phenomena again. Whereupon Southern Californians remind one that it is possible to go from the seashore up into the snow on top of the mountains by automobile on a hot day in a couple of hours.

The visitor thinks of all these things, in parallel columns, and tries to convince himself that the advantages lie back home. But, as a rule, if he is entirely honest with himself, he reasons something like this:

"It's too dry and too monotonous—not enough variety of trees or climate. Living in warm weather the year around would make a man lazy. I would miss the snow and the autumn leaves. There is just as pretty country and a more interesting climate back home. Still—I kind of believe I would like to live in California, at that."

Southern Californians insist that their death rate is the lowest in the world. And this, they say, is true despite the fact that the invalids from the East come here to do their share toward boosting the mortality.

"We fool you, though," a Californian said to me, "you ship your invalids to us, but they are not invalids long. I've seen old men come out here to die who, instead of dying, took a new lease on life, married again and raised a second family. I know of a dozen cases in my own immediate neighborhood where men who came here twenty years ago in advanced years are younger now than they were then. You see, the Lord hesitates to let a person die in California for fear the person will be dissatisfied with heaven and make trouble."

The Man from Home Sees an Indian at Last

We Put Up for the Night at a Wild Spot in the Mountains

THE GUIDE "YESSIR, THAT OLD MOUNTAIN IS SEVENTY MILES AWAY AND THAT SILO DOWN THERE IS THIRTY AND IS PROBABLY 700 FEET HIGH. THEMS ROSES GROWIN' ON TH BARN
TH' POLES STICKIN' IN TH' FOREGROUND ARE HOP POLES. A FELLER FORGOT TO YELL "TIMBER TOTHER DAY WHEN ONE FELL AND IT KILLED A TEAM O GOOD HORSES.
THIS VIEW ALLUS MAKES ME FEEL SAD"

All Things are Made Big in the Mountains

UNLESS a person is constantly on his guard in California he will wake up some morning and find himself hopelessly in the clutches of the sand-dab habit. I myself have fallen a victim to the insidious sand dab. I struggled against it, I fought the good fight, but it was a losing battle against too great odds, and today the sand dab has me just where it wants me. The sand dab, it may be well to explain, is a kind of fish, a cunnin' little fish about half a foot long—or at least it seems to average about that size when it appears on the platter ready for the ultimate consumer. It has the general outline and conformation of a watermelon seed, and is an exceptionally bony variety of fish. This latter feature of the dab might at first thought serve to keep the dab and the tourist apart and protect them from one another. But it does not. A homely woman's face may do picket duty for her virtue, but a sand dab's multiplicity of bones are of scant avail in keeping it from the frying pan.

The first night I was in California I sat at a hotel table pondering over the menu, uncertain what to say to the waiter, and half inclined to make the usual selection common to such moments of indecision: that is, ham and eggs. A pleasant young person named Tom Stout, with whom I was dining, suggested sand dabs. He seemed so insistent that, between curiosity and desire not to hurt his feelings, I foolishly consented.

From that moment I have been a changed man. I am no longer my own master. My will power is gone. Each noon at lunch and again each night at dinner I go into a cafe fully resolved to steel myself against the dubious attractions of the dab and order a beefsteak or a plate of hash. But before I realize what I am doing I tell the waiter to make mine dabs.

When the dab comes, or rather when the three dabs come, for they are served invariably in threes, I feel certain that the next time it will be easier to resist. They have a flavor that makes one feel like repeating, 'tis true, but they also have more little clandestine bones than a porcupine has quills. Eating a sand dab is a good deal like working for one's board.

IF I had a great deal more money and a little less energy than I now have I would move at once to Redlands, Cal., and remain there the rest of my life. It is a town of some 12,000 souls, and I imagine it is the most beautiful city of its size in the world. Millionaires and multimillionaires are to be found there in a profusion that brings to mind the old simile of the fleas and the dog. I have an idea that when a man not a millionaire walks along the streets of Redlands, mothers pause to point him out to their little children. The consequence of this millionaire population is a place devoted almost entirely to beautiful homes, flowers and scenery. Keeping tab on orange groves and playing golf are about the only industries. The man who likes to divide his time between looking leisurely at gorgeous surroundings and harassing a golf ball would be in his element in Redlands. If he wants a lot of action and has a tendency to become bored in the society of millionaires, the beauties of the place might pall on him. Millionaires are all right in their way, of course, but to live entirely surrounded by millionaires would be not without its disadvantages. For one would have neighbors that possess only a scant sense of proportion or of humor. How could a man with a sense of humor ever devote his life to acquiring a million dollars?

LOS ANGELES is the most perplexing city in America—simply because it is the hotbed of the moving picture industry. Most of the moving pictures you see were made in or near Los Angeles. The consequence of this is that the visitor never

knows whether he is looking at the sure-enough or the make-believe. It may be the real thing and then again it may be only the reel thing. Yesterday I saw a squadron of fire engines and ladder wagons dash down the street. But I did not bother to go to the fire. For how was I to know that it was not just a moving picture outfit?

No matter in what direction you turn, in roaming about Los Angeles, you come upon clumps of actor folk depicting weird scenes. Twice within an hour, one afternoon, I thumped my chest and declared my intention of leaping from the automobile and rushing to the rescue of beautiful maidens in distress. But each time I was assured that the villains pursuing these flaxen-headed maidens along the roadside were merely the Jack Daltons of the films.

In the course of a short automobile ride through a stretch of country within ten miles of Los Angeles I was an eyewitness to the following astonishing sights:

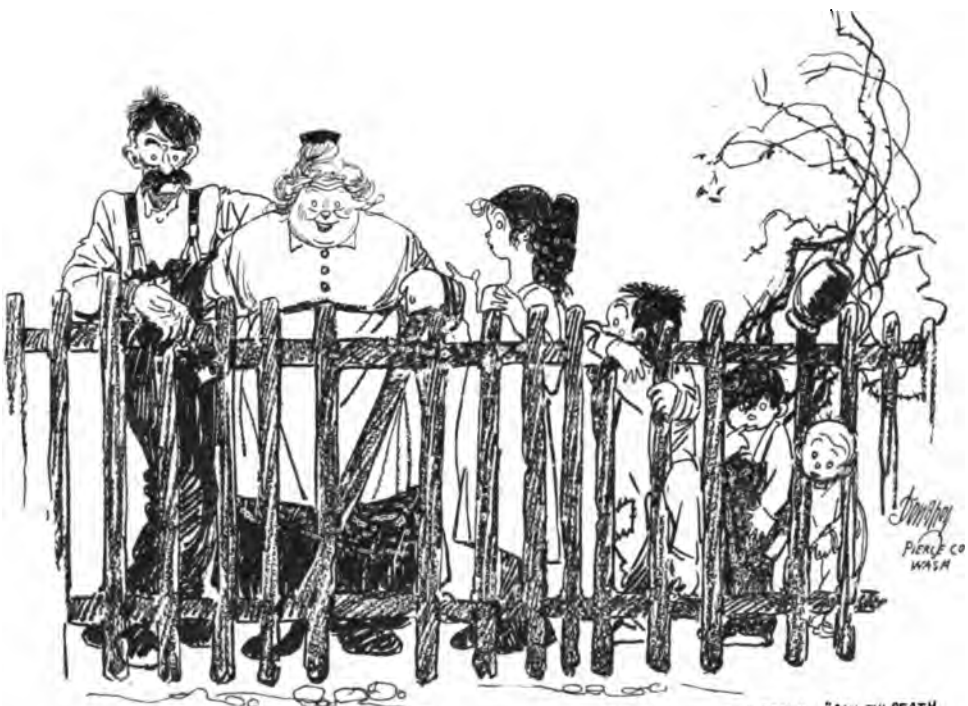
A young girl bossing a gang of workmen building a stretch of highway.

A seven-passenger touring car filled with rather attractive women wearing tights—the way people do in the automobile advertisements in some magazines.

Two cowboys delivering a handcuffed Indian to a farmer.

A sultan, accompanied by a bunch of slaves, en route to a tiger hunt.

It requires a week or two in Los Angeles to grow accustomed to seeing each day dozens of occurrences, any one of which would doubtless cause a riot anywhere else. At the railway station one morning I saw two men, one in evening dress and the other in modified clown costume, struggling for the possession of an ordinary paving brick. Yet they attracted comparatively little attention. It seemed to be generally understood by all bystanders that the two were merely movie persons. Even regular residents of Los Angeles say, however, that they do not become entirely immune to shocks. Every now and then they are about to yell police, when they stop to think what town they are in, and assume that what appears to be a murder or a burglary is simply a scene from a two-reel thriller.

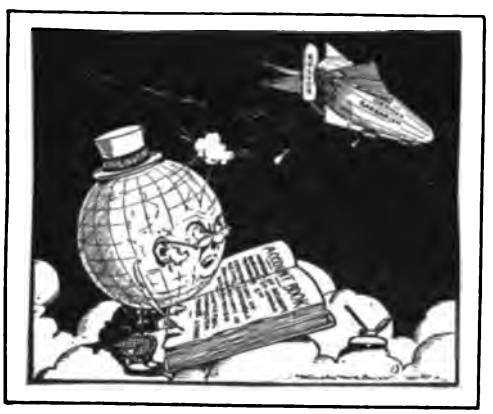

"YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IT, BUT SOME OF THE TREES ARE SO BIG THAT TH' RAILROADS JES' TUNNEL THROUGH 'EM INSTEAD OF GOIN' 'ROUND.'
"AN' TH' ROSE BUSHES ARE AS BIG AS TREES."
"AN' TH' POTATO VINES ARE AS BIG AS ROSE BUSHES."
"TH' STRAWBERRIES ARE AS BIG AS 'TATERS."
"TH' BEANS ARE'S BIG AS STRAWBERRIES."
"AN' TH' PEATH ARE ATH BIG ATH TH' BEATH."
PIERCE CO WASH

How Big Things do Grow Out Here!

Kultur and the Kaiser

A CASE OF "THE BAD WORKMAN—"
"What can I do with tools like that?"

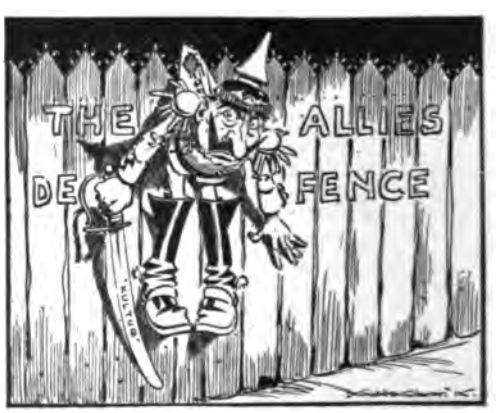
IN the March number of this magazine appeared two pages introducing Jack Walker, of the London Daily Graphic. We present other cartoons by Mr. Walker here. This cartoonist is undoubtedly the most prolific and one of the most popular in London. He has cartooned the kaiser so often that one would think he would have nightmares or bad dreams of the German emperor. He has portrayed William II in scores of attitudes—up a tree, under which the Russian bear and the British lion await him patiently; as a Harlequin in a Christmas pantomime; as riding in his war machine, which has broken down; as singing the "Hymn of Hate;" as burning the candle at both ends. He takes delight, also, in introducing the Crown Prince—always as a sort of simple youth, a caricature of his father.



The Civilized World: "That's another little account I shall have to settle with you later on."

The Supreme(ly ridiculous) War Lord: "Never again!"

"Grab all, lose all."



Held Fast

Through Jack Walker's Eyes

Germany is pictured by Mr. Walker as an elongated dachshund, sometimes chained to his "Kiel kennel" or again regarding his reflection in the pool of world opinion. Recently the kaiser quoted from John Knox, and Mr. Walker cartooned him with his nose buried deep in a volume by the famous reformer, while Bernhardi, Nietzsche, and Treitschke have been relegated to the waste basket. Published in book form, Mr. Walker's cartoons have had a wide sale throughout England, the books having run into many editions. His work, in contrast to that of Will Dyson and others, is rather humorous and kindly than bitter. His cartoons are printed daily in the Graphic, and later ones probably will be gathered into more volumes. Taken together, they make an interesting commentary on the war.

The All-Highest Turns over a New Leaf

Germania (with an eye on the meter): "Come! Hurry up, driver, or I shall be ruined!"

The Kaiser's Dream: The World in Chains

The Damp Squib

The German Juggler

With the War Poets

WE SHALL ALL DO THE GOOSE STEP

One of the results of the war has been a deluge of popular songs in the martial spirit, which have acquired great vogue in the London concert halls. The following ditty, sung by Miss Unity Moore, is a fair sample of what England has to suffer:

WE'VE had the one-step, we've had the two-step,
We've had the cakewalk from Tennessee;
But there's the new step; it's called the goose step,
And it comes from Germany.
The kaiser says when he arrives in England,
Every other step will then be thro',
The Piccadilly crawl will be no use at all;
There'll be only one step then to do.

Chorus

We shall do the goose step,
We shall do the new step,
When we stroll down Pic-Piccadilly,
Just to please almighty Kaiser Willy,
We shall all do the goose step
Just to show our German loyalty.
But there's one step the kaiser's got to learn from Tommy Atkins,
That's the "quick step" back to Germany.

We've heard him swanking, we've heard him banking,
On being in England by Christmas Day;
He says with airships, such big and rare ships,
He will land at Wapping Bay.

We only hope he does arrive in England,
As a pris'ner here he'll soon be book'd;
And when we've plucked him bare of all his "culture" rare,
And his goose our Kitchener has cook'd.

OUR POLYGLOT GUNNERS

THERE'S perfessors, old an' grey, who receive a Colonel's pay
To experiment on every brand of "chaffer,"
As can sit an' parley-voo with a Parsee or 'Indoo,
Or can pass the time o' morning with a Kaffir.
But if we 'ad 'em here, somewhere near Armentières,
Them perfessors would be sort of outside runners,
For in all the X. P. Force, there's no 'orse can stay the course
(In the lingooistic 'andicap) like Gunners.

Bless ye! just supposin' they, in a small estaminay
Was to meet some chaps from out the Foreign Legion,
With a few pi-ou pi-ous, some Marines from near Toulouse,
An' some Turcos an' Zouaves from Algiers region:
Could them perfessor blokes entertain the crowd with jokes,
And contrive to set the room alive with chatter?
No! it takes the R. F. A., an' a Gunner, I might say,
To manipulate the finer shades o' patter.

When you're lost, and like to freeze, an' a brown Senègalese
Is the only chap as comes along to meet yer,
Or you're plugging through the squelch wi' a chap as speaks in Welsh
An' you're doubtful if 'e wants to cuss, or treat yer,
Or you've got to speak the bat with a Ghurka or a Jat,
Or per'aps converse in fluent London Scottish,
You can take my bloomin' tip, in the 'anding out of lip,
That a Gunner's got to be some polyglotish.

—London Opinion.

SONG OF A PIRATE BOLD

I WILL be a pirate free!
And I'll scourge the Northern Sea!
With my dachshund brave,
And my von Turps knave,
I'll sweep the English from the wave!
I'll kill their kids and gals,
Who bathe in the sea-beach swells!
Their seaside fort-i-fied resorts
I'll blast with bursting shell reports!
Their every shore I'll raid!
Their coastline I'll blockade!
I'll starve them all
Till down they fall
Upon their knees and "Mercy" call!
All this I'll do, you'll see,
With a fiendish, pirate glee—
Unless they wake, and rudely shake
The blood-lust out of me!

—A. H. Brazier in London Express.

"TIPPERARY" IN HINDOO

BURRA dur hai Tipperary
Bahoot lumbah koouch wo.
Burrâ dur hai Tipperary,
Saki pâs pownchenay ko.
Ram Ram, Piccadilly,
Salaam, Leicester Square,
Burrâ, burrâ dur hai Tipperary,
Lakin dil hooaye phus-gayah!

—From Khaki.

SALUTE

To Our New Army at the Front

MY Brothers, forth in splendid might,
Since you have claimed your destiny,
Where sacred honor and stern right
Together willed that it must be.
Twice armed you pass before our eyes:
With strength and holy sacrifice.

We know that in your Nation's name
You take the solemn burden up,
And not for joy and not for fame
Lift to your lips the bitter cup.
The cry of your own blood it is
That calls your legions unto this.

We know full well, ambitions great
Hid in your heart and lit your mind;
How each had hoped to carve his fate
And individual triumph find;
And seeing you just side by side
Your country's eyes grow dim with pride.

But no such triumph had ye won,
Nor victory of such pure worth,
From rise of sun to set of sun
Upon the land that gave you birth,
As this triumphant act of grace
And offering before her face.

Higher than your own genius; higher
Than any gleam of your own light;
Or any flash of your own fire,
It is to mingle and unite
With thrice a million of the free
In one great Will to Liberty.

And though familiar self you lose,
Another new-born self you find—
A spirit self that self renews.
Your lamp before your kith and kind
Is shining, and your gift of days
Stands consecrate above all praise.

My Brothers, an immortal deed
Now lights the glorious path you tread,
While triune Kingdoms cry "Good speed,
Good speed," upon each precious head.
Sweep on, and let the wide world see
Your voluntary majesty!

—Eden Phillpots, in London News and Leader.

A DACHSHUND'S CHANCE

A STATESMAN of our Fatherland declared not long ago
That if Germany were ever beaten flat
She would start new preparations to exterminate the foe,
And would actually arm each dog and cat.
You may call it idiotic,
But it ought to be exciting
For a pup that's patriotic
And is keen to do some fighting.

But meanwhile the Iron Crosses have been falling thick and fast,
And I hear my loving master has been hit,
And, supposing that the output from the factory should last,
I shall also hope to get my little bit,
Though I cannot point to any
Stirring verse that I have written
Or produce the names of many
British soldiers I have bitten.

But when hymns of hate are sounded I can show my teeth and growl,
I can gutturally "Hoch" the Kaiser's name.
When you play me "Rule Britannia" I can dolorously howl,
So I think I can substantiate my claim,
And I think I ought to mention,
Now blockades are all the fashion,
I have formed the fixed intention
To consume a smaller ration!

—London Daily Mail.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE TRENCHES

OLD mother mine, at times I find
Pauses when fighting's done
That make me lonesome and inclined
To think of those I left behind—
And most of all of one.

At home you're knitting woolly things—
They're meant for me for choice;
There's rain outside, the kettle sings
In sobs and frolics till it brings
Whispers that seem a voice.

Cheer up! I'm calling, far away;
And, wireless, you can hear.
Cheer up! you know you'd have me stay
And keep on trying day by day;
We're winning, never fear.

Although to have me back's your prayer—
I'm willing it should be—
You'd never breathe a word to spare
Yourself, and stop me playing fair;
You're braver far than me.

So let your dear face twist a smile
The way it used to do;
And keep on cheery all the while,
Rememb'ring hating's not your style—
Germans have mothers too.

And when the work is through, and when
I'm coming home to find
The one who sent me out, ah! then
I'll make you (bless you) laugh again,
Old sweetheart left behind.

—Punch.

Dispatches state the Turks are short of arms. However, they seem to have good legs.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

BERNARD PARTRIDGE, in Punch

THE REVERSION

Turkey: "I'm giving up this bed, William. Won't you take my place?"

FORCING THE DARDANELLES

The Plan of Campaign by Land and by Sea

G. Ward Price, Correspondent at Tenedos, in London Daily Mail

HOW to pass a fleet, with the least possible loss, through a canal forty miles long, one and a half to four miles broad, lying between precipitous and rocky banks, studded with forts and strongly held by troops, whose waters flow with an adverse current and are thickly strewn with mines—such, in one sentence, is the problem of the Dardanelles, in sight of which I am peaceably writing this article.

If the Navy had gone on a cruise round the world to look for a more difficult tactical proposition, it would probably have returned unsuccessful to the same spot. The Dardanelles are the Gibraltar of the Levant.

The two most practicable methods of attacking this iron passage have both their partisans, and each has so much to recommend it that no one who has not all the knowledge at the disposition of the admiral in command could judge between them. The first of these plans, and the one on which the staff of the Allied Fleet has so far apparently acted, is to force a passage with the guns of the ships alone. Those plucky little North Sea trawlers, which a coat of grey paint and the white ensign have turned R.N., go in first to clear away the mines; the Fleet follows, and smashes all the forts within reach; the mine-sweepers advance still farther up, under fire every time, and clear away the next lot of mines; the big ships follow; demolishing parties land to make the silenced batteries definitely unmendable by blowing up the dismounted guns; and so at last, when all the forts are battered to pieces and all the ammunition magazines blown up, the Fleet will steam out of this perilous ravine into the broad Sea of Marmora. Then, while some vessels are left behind to buoy the straits and prevent the Turks from building up their ruined forts, the rest will go on to Constantinople, which will lie defenseless and at their mercy.

That is the more rapid, and one might say more dramatic, method of the two. The other plan of operations would be

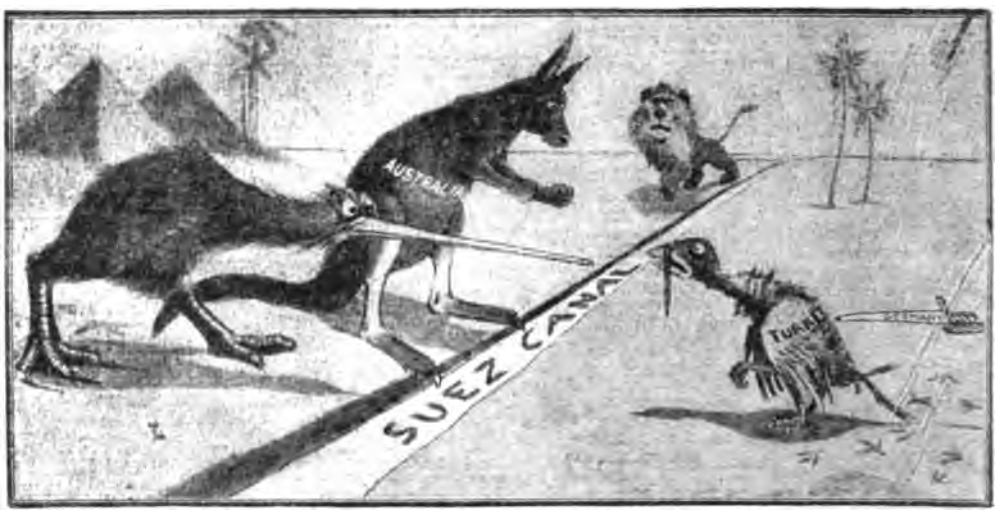
FRISE, in Toronto Star

Waiting for the Ferry

slower in attaining the end in view—that of passing the Fleet through into the Sea of Marmora—and it would make it necessary to use a strong landing force. Instead of forcing a way through the straits solely by the better shooting and heavier metal of the guns of the Fleet, the supporters of the alternative plan would bombard the forts on both sides one by one, and when each had been reduced would land a detachment of troops strong enough to hold the position with the help of the ships left to patrol the straits. In this way a chain of garrisons of the Allies would gradually spread along the Dardanelles until both sides were entirely held throughout their whole length, and the main Fleet could pass in safety. In practice a landing on the European side would perhaps be enough, since the forts on that side, being higher, dominate those on the Asiatic shore, and when they had been occupied would help to reduce the enemy's positions opposite.

The destruction of Kum Kale and Sedd-ul-Bahr, the entrance forts of the Dardanelles, in February was not very difficult, since the Fleet could fire on them from outside the straits where there were no mines. The gateway being thus forced, the mine-sweepers went by day and night into the passage beyond and swept a large stretch of it clear of mines. On March 18th the Fleet steamed in and began to bombard Chanak and Kilid Bahr, the next of the main forts along the straits. The ships were well within range of the Turkish batteries, and it was the work of their superior shooting to overcome the advantage which guns ashore have over ships afloat. The damage which the enemy's artillery did to the Fleet, however, was not great in comparison with the devastating effects of the Allied ships' fire on those twin key-positions of the Dardanelles, Chanak, and Kilid Bahr. Four times during the day we who were watching saw gigantic clouds of heavy smoke go towering up above the forts, hiding the high hills, the result of magazine explosions which must have spread devastation all around.

But the worst enemy of the Fleet was the floating mine. Not the mines which had formed the original mine-field, for those had been cleared away with the greatest skill and gallantry by the English trawlers and the French dragueurs, but mines which the enemy had launched on the very morning of the bombardment as the Fleet was steaming into the Dardanelles—launched some distance up the straits to drift gradually down with the current and cause us the loss of three battleships—old ones, certainly, but which, in the case of the Bouvet, carried down six hundred gallant French sailors.



From Auckland (N. Z.) Weekly News

The Situation on the Suez Canal

Bad weather, too, makes these naval operations against the Dardanelles particularly difficult. Even when the weather is calm a mist lies sometimes on the Turkish coast that completely hides the forts from the gunlayer's eye.

These enforced intervals of inactivity give the Turks time to repair their shattered casemates, to bring new guns by sea from Constantinople, to fill up their stores of ammunition, and to repair as far as possible the damage which the Fleet has already caused them. To the soldiery and the ignorant masses of the Turkish population the prolonged interruption of the bombardment is encouraging. Being too stupid to realize that the weather makes

ALFRED LEETE, *in London Opinion*

The Potsdam Pipe

any difference, they joyfully assume that the Turkish guns have driven the enemy away, and their leaders foster the illusion.

If, however, a military force is to be used to co-operate with the Fleet at the Dardanelles, and not only as a garrison in case of need at Constantinople, the task which lies before it is a worthy one. During the whole winter the Turks have been entrenching on both sides of the Dardanelles. The Gallipoli peninsula is a criss-cross of earthworks and wire entanglements. The reports brought here by Greek refugees from Turkey that there are 200,000 men in the peninsula are, of course, exaggerated, though the Turks can draw freely if they like on the garrisons of Adrianople and Constantinople. But supposing that there are 70,000 men there—the number the Turkish general staff is always supposed to have regarded as enough to hold the peninsula—they could offer considerable resistance to a disembarkation even supported by the guns of the Fleet from the Gulf of Saros.

In fact, if anyone is inclined to feel uneasy or impatient at the slowness of the process of forcing a way through to Constantinople, five minutes spent here on this hill, looking at the narrow entrance over there and the rock-walled channel beyond, would convince him that the Dardanelles are an obstacle not to be overcome in a day or even a month. Yet no one who has seen the Fleet that is charged with the task and talked on board those gloomy, grey ships with some of the quiet, courageous, and determined men who command them could have the shadow of a doubt that the Dardanelles will be forced indeed.

From London Daily Express

A Bad Egg

Wordless Journalism in America

By James Melvin Lee
Director, Department of Journalism, New York University

III—Nineteenth Century and After

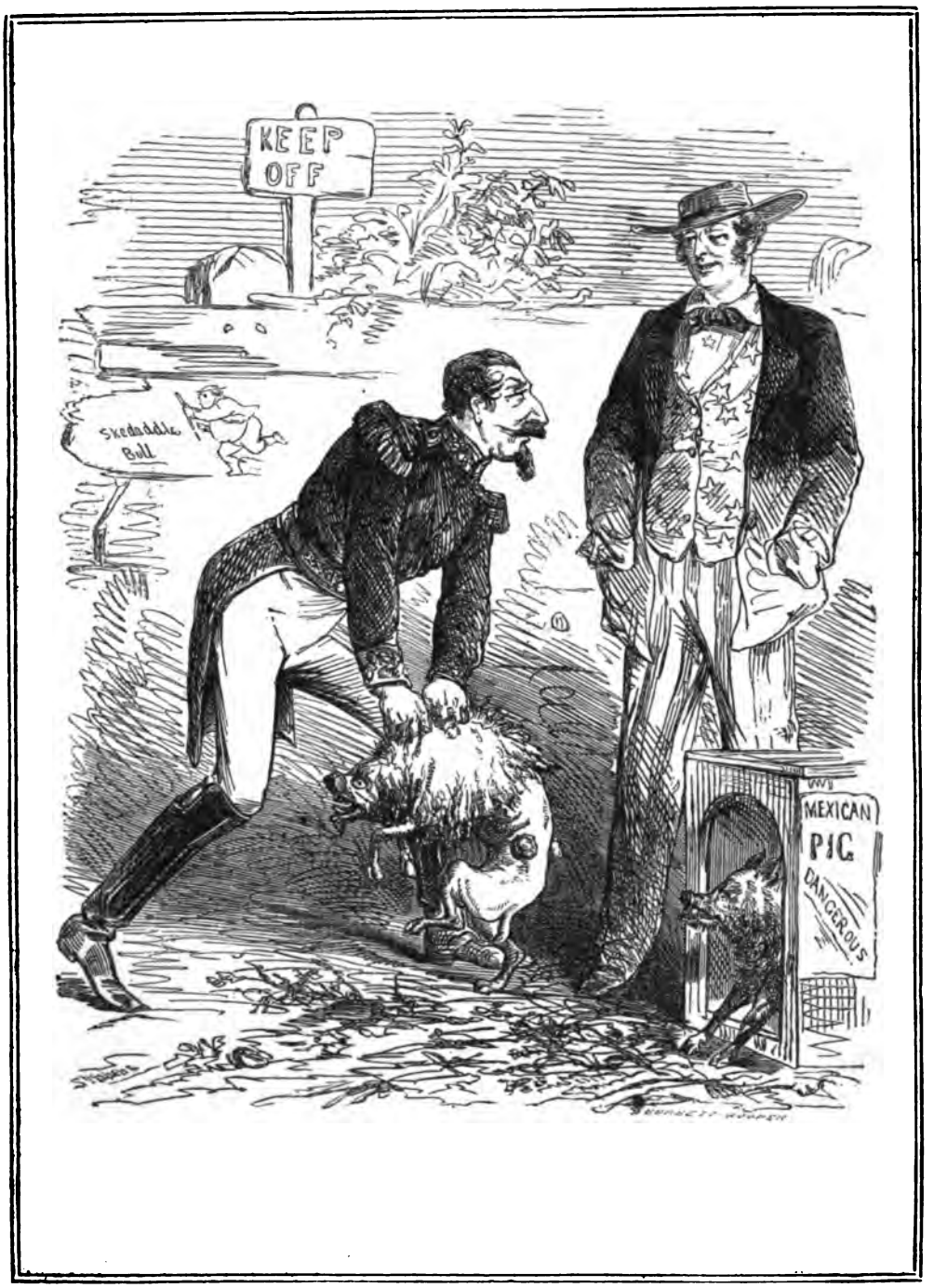
AFTER the War of 1812 cartoons left the newspapers and were published on separate sheets at prices ranging from five to twenty-five cents apiece. The lithograph seemed to be the approved medium and gave the cartoon something of the effect of the fashion-plate. Having no regular dates of publication, wordless journalism was most frequent at times of national excitement, such as presidential elections, etc.

Before taking up the cartoons which helped to make, or to unmake, some of the presidents, one ought to say a word or two about the wordless journalism of the Mexican War period. For some reason this conflict did not appeal strongly to the makers of cartoons. The few prints which did appear were inferior both in their subject matter and in their mode of treatment to those of the War of 1812.

Possibly the cartoon which had the widest circulation at this period was the one entitled, "Uncle Sam's Taylorifics." At least it has been the one most commonly used to illustrate histories and textbooks. It showed a Yankee cutting a Mexican in two with an enormous pair of shears. From the mouth of the American came these words—enclosed in the customary loop of the period—"Why, darn your eyes, you bloody Mexican thief. You come to steal my new boot. I'll discumgalligumfriate you." The "new boot" was, of course, Texas, and in the cartoon appeared on the right foot which was "more or less" gently touching the Mexican. The other labels of the Yankee were as follows: Left leg, "Western States"; left arm, "Eastern States"; tail of the coat, "Oregon"; right leg, "Southern States"; belt, "Union." One blade of the huge shears was "Volunteers"; the other, "General Taylor." At the left of the central figures was the Rio Grande and at the right, stood John Bull (dramatized literally with horns). From the head of the bull came this loop: "Brother Jonathan's bait is very tempting. Egad, I think I've got a bit! But it don't seem to make him any the less." Crude and stiff, this cartoon, nevertheless, told its story to the American people in a language which could be understood without the help of a key.

Jackson's administration was unusually stormy and furnished excellent material for the cartoonist. The "Kitchen Cabinet" and the fight against the United States Bank were favorite topics. One of the best of these cartoons was by Edward W. Clay of Philadelphia and showed Jackson clearing his "Kitchen." Another influential one, also

New Edition of Macbeth (1837)—Bank-oh's Ghost



From Vanity Fair

JONATHAN'S ADVICE TO LOUIS NAPOLEON

"Don't you think you'd better take your dog home?"

From Vanity Fair

Louis Napoleon Cooking His Pot Pourri

by Clay, was entitled, "Rats Leaving a Fallen House." Both appeared in 1831. The attack on the United States Bank was depicted in a "shinplaster" print, "The Great Locofoco Juggernaut." Another cartoon which featured the "Bank War" and which was rather extensively circulated by politicians was "The Modern Balaam and His Ass." As it is reproduced in one of the illustrations no space needs to be given to its description.

Every presidential election is practically sure to bring out one or more cartoons in which the event is dramatized as a race. Possibly the first of this type was the one published in the presidential year of 1852. Called "The Great Foot Race for the Presidential Purse ($100,000 and Pickings) over the Union Course 1852," it showed the following runners: Daniel Webster, General Scott, and Franklin Pierce. The order is that in which they appeared on the course. Evidently the runners were not "winded," for all were talking. To quote the words in the loops:

Webster: "I can beat you both and walk in at that, although you had a hundred yards the start of me."

Scott: "Confound Webster! What does he want to get in my way for? If he don't give out or Pierce don't faint, I shall be beaten."

Pierce: "No! No! Old Fuss and Feathers, you don't catch the child fainting now. I am going to make good time. Whether I win or not, Legs, do your duty."

It is interesting to compare this cartoon with one which appeared in 1892 in Puck. The latter was a chariot race. The drivers were, of course, Harrison and Cleveland. When these two cartoons are placed side by side one can see what forty years brought forth by way of development in the art now under discussion. But this digression puts the reader too far ahead of the story.

Not all the cartoons published the middle of the nineteenth century were lithographs. Some of them were printed from woodcuts. Several of this type, published by T. W. Strong, wielded an influence which the modern cartoonist might well covet. Of these by Strong that entitled "Little Bo Peep and Her Foolish Sheep" deserves special mention. In it Columbia appeared as a shepherdess and the seceding states as wandering sheep. As she saw her sheep scampering off, Columbia exclaimed: "Sick 'em, Buck! I wish old Hickory were alive, he'd bring 'em back in no time." Cartoons like this gave promise of better work in the years to come.

In passing, another Buchanan cartoon should be mentioned. It portrayed slavery as a hideous monster about to devour Kansas. On the beast sat Buchanan. The monster stood (?) on a rough cart drawn by Douglas, Pierce, etc. The Buchanan "whoop" was, "Pull down that fence and

From Vanity Fair

RATHER IN THE WAY

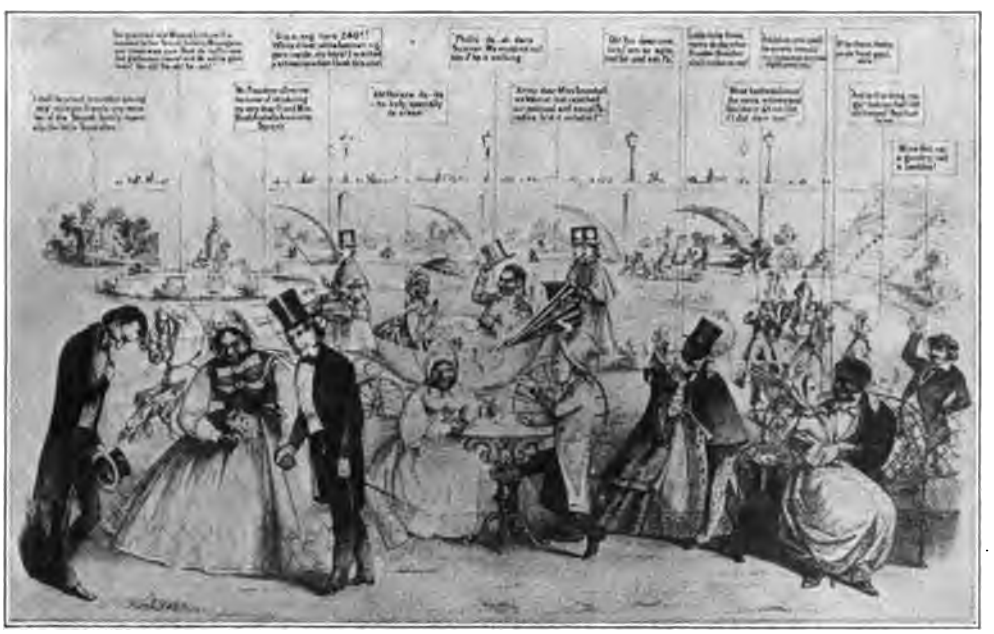
L. Nap: "I fear ver mosh, Monsieur Bull, ve will ave to lefe ze cotton alone because of him."

John Bull: "I would take the blarsted thing, too, if I had any use for it."

make way for Peculiar Institution." By way of comment it may be said that the fence mentioned was the Mason and Dixon Line and the "Peculiar Institution" was slavery.

From the presidential election of 1856 till the end of the War of the States slavery was often the chief target of the cartoonist. Daniel Webster had to wince more than once as he saw himself in some cartoon. Even the snake which did such effective work in uniting the colonies (see first article of the series) crept out of his hole and with the label of "Slavery" upon him appeared in a print with this caption, "The Great Disunion Serpent." Yet not all the cartoons were against slavery; some strongly leaned the other way. Abolition was hit again and again by cartoons which showed the effects of miscegnation. A Lincoln cartoon without some reference, however slight, to slavery would almost have been a rarity. The presidential campaign of 1860 had hardly started when "The Rail Candidate" appeared. In the print Lincoln was carried on a rail by Horace Greeley and a negro. Of the rail (Republican platform) Lincoln said, to quote the words in the cartoon: "It is true I have split rails but I begin to feel as if this rail would split me, it's the hardest stick I ever straddled." From the mouth of Greeley floated away an oblong soap-bubble, containing the words: "We can prove that you have split rails and that will ensure your election to the Presidency." The bubble blown by the man at the other end of the rail was: "Dis Nigger strong and willin' but it's awful hard work to carry Old Massa Abe on nothing but dis ere rail." Not only in this country but also abroad is Lincoln linked with slavery by the cartoonist. By way of verification one has only to turn the pages of the English Punch and observe the Lincoln cartoons by the late Joseph Tenniel. More attention would be paid at this point to Lincoln in cartoons except for the fact that this ground was pretty thoroughly covered in an article in the February number of Cartoons Magazine.

Mention has been made that cartoons circulated as separate sheets. The firm which probably brought out the largest number of these was that of Currier & Ives in New York. The more important of its sheets have been reproduced in a book entitled "Caricatures Pertaining to the Civil War." Frank Weitenkampf, Chief of Prints, New York Public Library, is my authority for the assertion that many of the Currier & Ives cartoons were drawn by Louis Maurer. A few of the cartoons in this book compare



MISCEGENATION

Or the Millennium of Absolutism

Lincoln, Henry Ward Beecher, and others are seen mingling in Darktown society.

very favorably with the earlier work of Thomas Nast. Some attempt was made to get away from the "soap-bubble" parties of political leaders. Characters appeared more in caricature and less as photographic likenesses. The technique of the drawings was made less stiff and showed some of the effects of skilled workmanship.

The real history of the War of the States, so far as cartoons are concerned, may be found in the bound volumes of Vanity Fair for the early '60s. Writers on wordless journalism who assert that the Civil war produced little by way of real caricatures of men and matters of moment must have overlooked Vanity Fair. This publication came nearer being an American Punch than any other ever published. Most of the drawings were from the pen of H. L. Stephens and Frank Bellew—especially the former, who was also, in a sense, the publisher of the paper. Stephens seemed to find delight in caricaturing President Lincoln in ludicrous poses. In other of his cartoons New York editors saw themselves as Stephens saw them. Even Thomas Nast was greatly influenced by the cartoons of Vanity Fair. Some day when "American Cartoons and Their Makers" is written by some Gibbon or Hume of wordless journalism, H. L. Stephens will be accorded a higher place than any yet given to him by past writers.

Lincoln is reported to have said: "Thomas Nast has been our best recruiting sergeant. His emblematic cartoons have never failed to arouse enthusiasm and patriotism, and have always seemed to come just when these articles were getting scarce." While most of the work by Nast appeared after the War of the States was over, it was during the struggle between the North and the South that he began to switch from the pictorial illustration to the cartoon. Before this time, he had been illustrating news items and special stories for the two leading weeklies of the day—Leslie's and Harper's. It was on the staff of the former that Nast obtained his first employment. His first caricature cartoon, however, appeared in the latter publication early in 1863. It showed a waif of the street frightening a fine old English gentleman with the cry, "Here comes General Butler." Incidentally, it may be remarked that the London Times had called Butler a brute. A copy of "The Thunderer" appeared sticking out of the pocket of the Englishman. For the Christmas number of Harper's Weekly, 1864, Nast drew a large cartoon entitled, "Abraham Lincoln Inviting the Southern Leaders to Take Their Place at the National Table." It provoked much favorable comment. Its caption is self-explanatory.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century the lithograph-cartoon, attired in bright colors, crept into the comic weeklies and the woodprint cartoon found a congenial spot in the illustrated weeklies. During this period Nast did that work which entitled him to be called "The Father of the Modern American Cartoon." He put a paper cap on the head and a dinner pail into the hand of the laboring man. He gave the elephant to the Republican Party, the donkey to the Democratic, and the tiger to Tammany. His first donkey cartoon was drawn for Harper's Weekly, January 15, 1870, and had for its caption, "A Live Jackass Kicking a Dead Lion." The dead lion was Stanton, who had been President Lincoln's Secretary of War, and the jackass was the copperhead press which was braying about Stanton's errors. Four years later, 1874, the first elephant cartoon appeared in the same paper. It will be remembered that Grant was then fishing for a third-term nomination. The waters had been disturbed and it took a Nast to tell the story without words.

In the overthrow of the infamous Tweed Ring of New York, Nast did his most constructive work. By way of illustration, I may mention an incident related by Mr. Harper in the story of the publishing house that bears his family name. An officer of a Broadway bank called on Nast at the latter's home. Conversation turned on a trip abroad so that Nast might continue his art study. A sum of $100,000 seemed strangely available for this purpose. Nast wanted to know whether it could be raised to $200,000. It could. Thinking it might help a favorable decision, the banker added, "This Ring business will get you into trouble. They own all the judges and jurors and can have you locked up for libel." Nast wanted to see how far the banker would go and mentioned something about $500,000. "You can have it," said the banker, "and in gold if you will drop this Ring business and get out of the country." Nast's reply deserves to go down in the pages of history: "Well, I don't think I'll do it. I've made up my mind to put some of those fellows behind the bars, and I'm going to put them there."

No man has ever told of the powerful influence of wordless journalism better than Tweed himself. To quote his words: "I don't care what they write about me, but can't you stop those terrible cartoons?" An attempt was made, but the results have been given in the preceding paragraph.

Nast's masterpiece, so regarded by many, appeared two days before the election (1871) which scheduled the final overthrow of the Tweed Ring. It was called "The Tammany Tiger Loose. What Are You Going to Do About It?" The reproduction of this cartoon tells the story: no description is needed. What the people did about it was to tan thoroughly the hide of the Tammany tiger.

From Vanity Fair

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS

British Lion: "I say, Nap, his left flipper looks shaky—wouldn't it be a good time to sail in and win?"

L. N.: "Not yet, mon ami—pas encore. We shall have one look before we shall take one leap."

Nast's "place in the sun" has been made secure by his biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine. The latter's book, "Th. Nast, His Period and His Pictures," is too well known to need comment. Nast's best monument will be found, however, neither in Paine's book nor in the bound volumes of Harper's Weekly, but in the imprint which he left on the cartoons that followed, though drawn by other hands.

Incidentally it may be said that Leslie's Weekly brought over, in the early seventies, Matthew Morgan from England. It hoped that Morgan would make Nast divide the honors in the cartoon field. Morgan had done excellent work on Fun and on Tomahawk with his fearless cartoons of the Queen and of the Prince of Wales, but for some reason he was not able in America to duplicate his success.

Of the colored lithograph-cartoons which crept into the pages of the comic weeklies, mention need be made only of those which appeared in Puck and Judge. The former paper was the first in the field. It was founded in 1877 by Joseph Keppler and Adolph Schwarzmann. Prior to 1877 Keppler had run a paper in St. Louis and Schwarzmann had worked on Leslie's Weekly. For several years Keppler made all the cartoons which appeared in Puck, which at the start had very few other illustrations. While Keppler knew how to put a "punch" into his work, he always drew with a Gallic touch that showed European influence. (Before coming to America he had drawn for Der Floh.) Anyone may see what I mean by looking over the pages of "Selection of Cartoons from Puck by Joseph Keppler"—a book which appeared in 1893 with text and introduction by H. C. Bunner.

Puck was the mouthpiece of the Democratic Party and for four years had the field without any competition worth the name. For a while both English and German editions were printed but the latter was abandoned when it became unprofitable. The Republican Party naturally had to have a mouthpiece and so Judge was founded in 1881. While the name of James Arkell is forever linked with the early history of Judge, James A. Wales was its leading cartoonist when the paper started. Volume I, Number 1, page 1, contains a Wales cartoon, "The Two Political Dromios." It showed Kelly standing before the door of the Democratic headquarters, on which was posted the sign, "No Bosses Wanted." Conklin stood before the door of the Republican headquarters having the same sign. "No Bosses Wanted." Wales then asked the question which Nast had previously put to American voters in "The Tammany Tiger Loose"—"What are we going to do about it?" Later Judge added to its regular staff Eugene Zimmerman—better known as Zim—from Puck and Grant E. Hamilton, who had drawn for the New York Graphic.

Writers on wordless journalism have almost invariably compared Punch with Puck and Judge—usually to the advantage of the English publication. In doing so they have overlooked a most important criterion. Punch, like the London Times, has been a mirror of English public sentiment. It has never taken a definite permanent stand for any one of the great political parties of England. Puck and Judge, flamboyant as they may have been in expression, reckless as they may have been in exaggeration, have, in the past, sought only to mold public opinion and to win votes. I know whereof I speak when I say that even presidents have confessed their doubts whether they would have reached the White House had it not been for the support of one or the other of these papers. Of course, this was the time before the cartoon was so extensively employed in the daily press.

The present editor either of Puck or of Judge will not, I am sure, take exception to the remark that these two papers are no longer political sheets bound by mortgage and bond to the Democratic and Republican parties respectively. To a certain extent both have flowed into the current of Life's channel. This assertion does not mean that Puck and Judge have necessarily broken from all party ties. A comparison of the two papers today with what they were for instance in the heated campaign of 1884 or 1888 will demonstrate the fact that they are no longer mere party organs.

Space does not permit picking out cartoons either from Judge or from Puck for individual mention. One story about both papers, however, is too good to omit. I picked it up when I was editing Judge. It deals with the time when Bernard Gillam was drawing cartoons for Puck. He had pictured Blaine as "The Tattooed Man." One of the tattoo marks was the word "Bribery." Blaine was so angered over the cartoon that he was determined to sue Puck for damages. He changed his course only when he learned that several cartoons in Judge which he had greatly admired had been suggested by Gillam. According to the gossip I heard when sitting in "His Honor's" chair, Gillam was at heart an

The last Remains of
The PENNSYLVANIA JOURNAL,
Which departed this Life, the 31st. of October, 1765.
(Y a STAMP in her Vitals,
Aged 23 Years.

Coffin Cartoon in The Pennsylvania Journal, Oct. 31, 1765

ardent Republican and actually voted for Blaine. "Of the truth of this I cannot say, I tell the tale as it was told to me."

The first newspaper to which the cartoon returned, according to the best information obtained, was the New York World. The re-entry is so important that I may be pardoned for quoting the following letter from Don C. Seitz, the business manager of the World: "The first cartoon was printed in the World on August 10, 1884, entitled 'The Difference Between Two Knights.' It was a contrast of Blaine and Cleveland and was not signed. I have no idea who drew it. The next one appeared on August 17th and was drawn by V. Gribayeboff, who contributed considerably through the campaign. Walter Macdougal, who was the first real cartoonist we ever had, made his first appearance September 14, 1884."

To trace the growth of the cartoon from this point would be to fill the entire number of the magazine. The work of such men as Opper, Bush, Davenport, Kemble, Barrett, McCutcheon, Donahey, Berryman, Harding, Carter, May—both T. and O.—Robinson, Mayer, Rogers, Weed, DeMar, Bradley, Morgan, Macauley, Kirby, Darling, Chapin, Cesare, Ireland, Young, Starrett, Chamberlain, Knight, Paul, Bushnell, Thomas, Richards, Pease, Steele, Fitzpatrick, Evans, Orr, Spangler—but why print a list of "Who's Who in Cartooning"?

By way of conclusion I want to quote the opinion of one or two cartoonists to show the relation that should exist between the news and the cartoon. Let "Dean" Bush be heard first: "A cartoon is an editorial. To be a success it should point a moral. Exaggeration and a keen sense of humor are only adjuncts of the cartoonist, for he must deal with real people. He must be a student. I am obliged not only to use my pencil, but also to study hard, and read everything I can lay my hands on. The features of Roosevelt and Bryan may be familiar to me, but I must know what these men are doing. I must also know what the masses behind these popular characters think and believe."

In this opinion concurs W. A. Rogers: "After all, we cartoonists are merely reporters with a drawing pen or brush instead of a pencil. We can't use typewriters, which is a handicap. But we must follow the news as closely as any editor. Our news sense—that much abused term—must be as keen. And we have our exclusive features—our 'beats'—or we are beaten. Often a cartoonist must edit a page of political news into a narrow column cut, or reduce a column of news into a single line. I can't afford to miss the news of a single day."

The Modern Balaam and His Ass

Cartoons by a New Swedish Artist

Styles We Won't Copy

Needs Daily Revision

Celebrities of All Nations Find Uncle Sam Truly Neutral

The Glories of War—
The Grave and the Iron Cross

The Sphinx—Still Silent

The cartoons on this page are by Eric Strandman ("Eos"), the Swedish artist, who is now contributing to the Boston Evening Record. Mr. Strandman has had his work produced in Berlin, London, Paris, and other European capitals.

THE OGRE

"We'll soon find out what he's got in his belly."

All France, evidently, is cartoon mad. We reproduce herewith a few of the recently issued poster cartoons, which have been selling in the Paris book stalls. They are from the private collection of Mr. Newell B. Woodworth, of Syracuse, N. Y.

THE FLIGHT
Francis Joseph: "Say, aren't you losing your way?"
Wilhelm: "No—but I think I'd better let go some of the ballast."

Drawn by EUGENE MESPLES

Nothing Stops the Barbarians

Trying to Fight Rum and Germany

MARS and John Barleycorn evidently are not good running mates. Russia, the first of the warring nations to realize this fact, seems to have awakened into new life since the ukase that prohibited the sale of vodka. France has taken measures to keep absinthe from the people, and now Great Britain has proposed through its chancellor, Mr. Lloyd George, to fight only one enemy, leaving the demon rum out of the question. King George has nobly set a good example for his subjects by banishing anything stronger than barley water from his royal table, and many of the leisured classes have done likewise. While the British cabinet wrestles with the problem of a nation-wide "dry" law, the British proletariat, however, clamors for his "'alf and 'alf." That the proposal to place England in the prohibition column is being received with anything but good grace among the working people is evident from the many utterances of the British press. The workingman in England feels that he, and he alone, has been singled out as a "horrible example." His occasional "'alf pint," he maintains, does not impair his efficiency, and he resents the imputation that he is a slave to the "pub."

The Unionist press takes account of the economics of the question, and sets the loss to manufacturers and dealers in beer and spirituous liquors against the greater loss that might be caused at this time by the hampering of the British clogs.

Generalizations should be avoided, suggests the London Daily Mail, if the subject is to be discussed at all sensibly; statements such as Mr. Lloyd George's give a wrong impression of the English.

"The menace of drink to war work," says the Mail, "is a matter which must be carefully and dispassionately studied, but in that study the nation should beware of over-statements and those who make them. To attribute the loss of working time which has occurred in certain districts to drink alone is certainly to go beyond the evidence, as Mr. Lloyd George has been reminded by various working-men representatives. While the practice of voluntary abstinence, following the noble example set by the King, is entirely praiseworthy and desirable, the proposal of total prohibition is fraught with danger and injustice. It is an utter libel upon the vast majority of working men in this country to allege that they are such crapulous and miserable creatures that they can be forced to work only by withholding drink from them by law. This absurd suggestion has already caused profound injury to the good name of Great Britain abroad, and has been seized on with avidity in Germany. That there has been drinking among a small percentage of our working men may be true, and, if so, the public will deeply regret it. In fairness it will remember that there has been constant overtime, involving great nerve strain, among the men employed in the armament factories and shipbuilding yards, and that there are limits to human endurance. It will also remember that in many trades—as, for example, the boot trade—no complaint whatever has been made. And where there has been trouble it has arisen from the faults of a tiny handful."

A similar defense of the British working man is undertaken by the London Evening News, thus:

"The case for prohibition is built up on what we are sure are exaggerated stories of the misconduct of the British working man—stories that are often little less than a libel. Even where there has been slackness it is reasonably open to question whether drink has been entirely the cause. Is there not overstrain from speeding-up and long hours? No doubt in the North, and in Scotland especially, where the hardy wights take their whisky neat, the case is different; but even here one remembers the warning against drawing an indictment against a whole people. It is charitable to suppose that the clamorous prohibitionists can have no knowledge of the hardship, as well as injustice, of what they seek.

"What France and Russia have done has been to put the ban on fire-water. The typically English drink—beer—is in another category. Whether there should be some restriction on the sale of spirits—and especially on the blends which are often the only kind retailed in the poorer districts—is another matter. There ought to be restrictions. No one outside the extremists, perhaps, would object to absolute prohibition of spirits during the war. Mr. Lloyd George himself must bear part of the blame for the greater call for spirits. The making of the half-pint of beer a halfpenny dearer sent the workingman to the 'two-penn'orth' of 'torchlight procession,' with deplorable results in every way. Beer is the Englishman's ordinary drink, and the additional tax on beer made it easier for him to do wrong—that is, to drink fiery spirituous liquor."

A remarkable temperance pledge in the form of full page advertisements in the London newspapers shows the appeal that is being made on the side of the prohibitionists. Readers are requested to fill out an accompanying blank form and send the pledge to Premier Asquith.

"Shall the might of the liquor millions

HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

The Traitor

CARTER, in New York Evening Sun

The Lion: "Jolly, if they would drop something on the beast."

trample the right underfoot?" reads the caption; "shall a handful of men who have already amassed huge fortunes dominate legislation in a crisis like this?"

The following "plain questions" are then put to Mr. Asquith and the cabinet:

"If the lives of our Empire's best manhood are not too precious to be spared in the campaign against Germany, is intoxicating drink too precious to be spared?

"Do you consider that the cleverly-veiled opposition to the total suspension of intoxicants for the period of the war is inspired by feelings of patriotism or by the unqualified selfishness of men who, for their pockets' sake or for their appetite's sake, want to see the drink go on, in spite of the emphatic warnings of Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Kitchener that it is helping to drag out the war—at a cost to the country of two millions sterling a day, as well as a heavy toll of lives that can never be replaced?

"We went to war with Germany because she said might was right, and trampled Belgium underfoot. Do you propose to allow the might of the liquor millions to trample right underfoot? Do you propose to allow a handful of men, who have already amassed large fortunes out of the liquor traffic, to dominate legislation at a crisis like this—to jeopardise the destiny of England in order that their accumulation of gold shall go on undisturbed whilst millions of our best men are throwing their all into the balance? Why bandy words with these men when the King, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Minister of War have pointed out your duty clearly and plainly?

"Are you banking upon the good influence of the King's magnificent lead in voluntarily stopping intoxicants during the war to check the serious delay drink is causing in the manufacture of war material? Granting that his Majesty's noble example will be promptly followed by every loyal subject who has command of himself, do you seriously suggest that the small minority of working men who are slaves to drink will attempt to fight down their weakness and abstain from intoxicants because the King has done so?

"If the full strength of the nation is imperative to crush German militarism, why do you tolerate the traffic in intoxicants, which is responsible for 80 per cent of the avoidable waste of time amongst workmen, and which has been shown to reduce efficiency in the marksmanship of soldiers, and in naval gunnery by 30 to 50 per cent?"

KIRBY, in New York World

Welcoming a New Member

STARRETT, in New York Tribune

"Yo-ho-ho, but no bottle of rum."

The Campaign for Warsaw

RUSSIA'S advance through the Carpathians is compared by some editors to Hannibal's celebrated feat of crossing the Alps. What is described by military writers as the greatest battle of the world's history is evidently being fought in the eastern theater. While Petrograd dispatches have announced continued triumphs of Russian arms, it has of late become increasingly evident that the Austrian defenders have made a desperate resistance, having managed, at least temporarily, to halt the Russian drive into the Hungarian lowlands. It is estimated that 3,500,000 men have taken part in the recent engagements, while the losses are expressed only in the general term "appalling." Most of the fighting has taken place along Uzsok Pass, the possession of which may be the key to Hungary. The importance of this movement lies, according to the strategists, in the fact that Austria's resistance has held Italy off, and also that success for the invaders may be the deciding factor in the war. As the New York Evening Sun points out:

"In view of the reported preliminary steps toward separate peace for Austria-Hungary, the present Russian progress in the Carpathians wears an increased aspect of importance. Let the Russian arms once master the difficult mountain country and organize through its passes a number of routes sufficient to supply an invading force of a million Russians and the overrunning of Hungary become an imminent probability for a date no later than June. Facing such a prospect, the Austrian Crown would be justified by the dictates of self-preservation in seeking a separate peace with its opponents."

The dangers that may beset the invaders if they advance too far are hinted at in the following from the Cleveland Plain Dealer:

"With the Carpathians lying between the invaders and their base, the problem of communication will be extremely difficult. Hitherto the Russian line from Prussia to Bukowina has been intact and solid. It has been broken by no serious, natural obstacles. It has, in fact, resembled the German line in Flanders, France and Alsace. Despite the inferiority of Russian roads and the comparative fewness of Russian railroads, the Russian forces have displayed great mobility, and have been admirably maneuvered by their commanders.

"With a part of the Russian line pushed beyond the Carpathians, a far more complicated problem will be presented. The forces that sweep down into Hungary must not be out of touch with the armies in Galicia and Poland. The line must remain unbroken despite the rugged mountains which will tend to divide it into two parts."

In the recent Russian successes the Montreal Star sees great encouragement. The "gallant Russians," says the Star, must have paid heavily for these successes, "but one thing is very certain, and that is that Russian claims upon the gratitude of her Allies and her military prestige before all the world will be unmeasured when this war is finally over."

"The fall of Przemysl," observes the London Daily Mail, "has incalculably strengthened the Russian position by setting free a force of at least 150,000 men at a most critical time and giving the Russians control of the railway system of Galicia. If the main Germanic armies in the Carpathians should now be decisively defeated or driven back from the passes, then it is at least possible that Austria-Hungary might attempt to negotiate a separate peace."

Francis Joseph's forces, according to the London Express, are already beaten, and in holding back the Russian invaders, they are only making their last stand. Says the Express:

"Henceforward the Austrians are condemned to offer such resistance as they can to the quick advance of the victorious Russian army on Budapest and Cracow through the unfortified plains of Hungary, and such opposition cannot be called defensive strategy. It is but the resistance of a beaten army, kept alive by remnants of military traditions and spirit.

"Blocking the Carpathian passes with a comparatively small force, the Russian army undoubtedly will be master in Hungary, and with this last act of the tragedy the Austrian campaign can be considered as strategically an accomplished fact, and becomes a general strategic pursuit, or, as the Austrians prefer to call such an operation, 'a punitive expedition.'

"Far from the same could be said in regard to the right flank of the Russian line, where the Germans have prepared everything for the new 'spring campaign.' It seems that our enemy endeavoured to penetrate as far as possible in North Poland in order to try a new encircling manoeuvre in the spring. To prevent this the Russians are concentrated on positions on the Rivers Bzura, Ravka, and Nida.

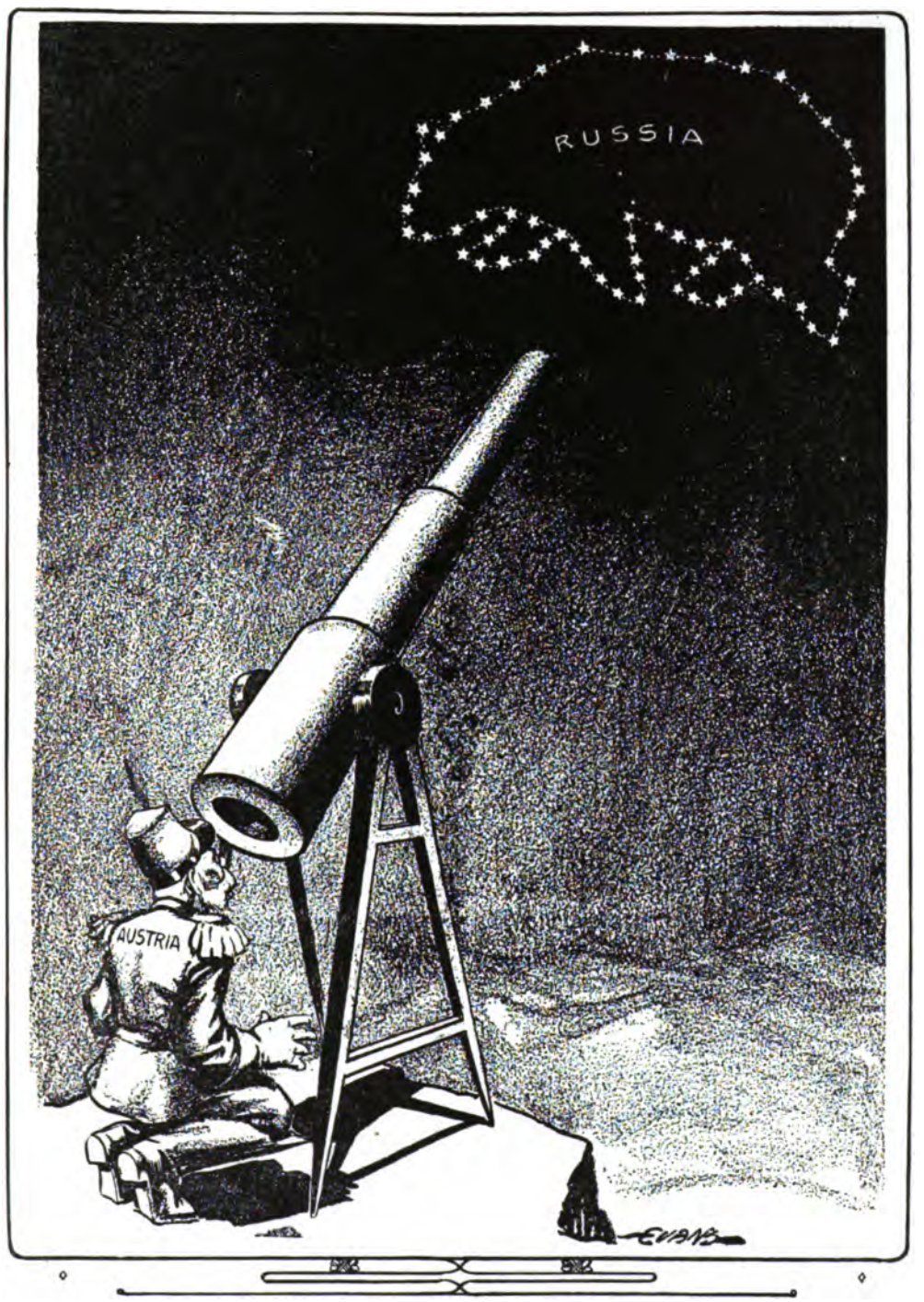
"On the extreme wing of the strategical front the several bases are fixed on the Rivers Narew, Bohr, and in front of the Niemen. The number of German troops until now on the eastern front was considered as twenty-five field army corps and forty reserve army corps, or 2,500,000 men, and it is possible that there will be concentrated by our enemy about 100 army corps, but no strategist in the world would compare these troops, formed of aged Landsturmists, with those who have perished during the winter campaign."

KIRBY, in New York World

Driving Through

STARRETT, *in New York Tribune*

The Lengthening Shadow



EVANS, in Baltimore American

How His Future Looks in the Stars

PEASE, in Newark Evening News

Over Carpathian Snows

HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

It's a Long Way to—

HOMEMADE PHILOSOPHY

Odds and Ends of Serious and Flippant Topics by

THERE is no system of banking in vogue today that can hold a candle to that little scheme of our dearly beloved and economical wife. The day's supply of currency she carries in her stocking, the emergency greenbacks she tucks away beneath the edge of the bedroom carpet, and the big wad of yellowbacks (the family nest egg) she hides down deep in the rag bag which hangs in a dark basement and unless the rag peddler walks off with it at so much per pound during a moment of abstraction on the part of the wife, you are never without a goodly supply of cash in the house.

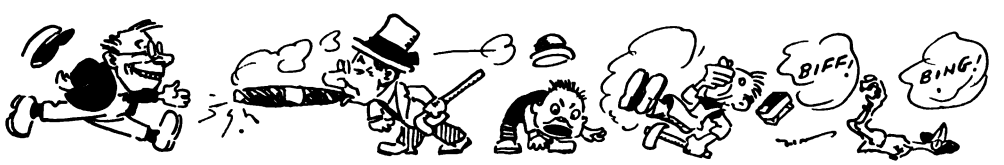
The banking of small change in stockings is strictly original with woman. Men's socks extend only a trifle above the ankle and usually have holes in the heels which make them rather unsafe depositories, while a lady's stocking has its entrance at the knee cap, hence it would be a difficult matter to draw upon her bank unless the draft were duly certified by the lady herself. By this method of banking there is no interest accruing, 'tis true, but a woman's idea is that the best interest is the interest you take in the principal, and in many instances of trusting it to private bankers her idea is correct. So, whenever you feel that you are hopelessly busted and know not which way to turn or how to wiggle your way out of your predicament, just leave it to the wife and see if she doesn't dig up the "necessary to alleviate." Talk about the old Herring Safe! "Land Alive!" It "aint in it" as a safe and sane receptacle compared to our wife's stocking.

SPEAKING of dogs, I have owned many and of nearly every variety that would be excluded from bench shows. I once paid as high as three-fifty for a rabbit hound with a leather collar and an unexpired license of six months' duration. A piece of manila rope was also thrown into the bargain. This dog did not outlive his license, I regret to say, for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company deprived me of the cur by coasting over him on a down grade and what had once been a faithful servant ended in a one-reel feature in two parts, a barkless wreck. All my dogs have died in the harness, as it were, for they, like myself, were habitual hunters and were always ready for marching orders.

When I select a dog, I first satisfy myself that he is one who will stick to a rabbit trail—the rest is immaterial so long as he possesses a head and tail. Next in consideration is his price and the perquisites that accompany the sale, so that in case of the sudden and unexpected death of said dog, as in the present case, my loss is only partial, for I still have collar and license and a yard of hemp rope to resume business with.

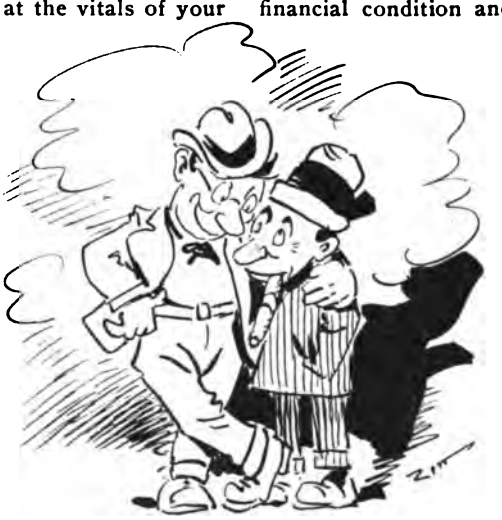
Dog fanciers are apt to overlook these important items when making canine purchases. Many dogs wearing the blue ribbon are impostors as hunters. Few of them ever saw or heard the crack of a shotgun. Take it from me, the most profitable hound is the willing worker that costs about three dollars and fifty cents, who needs no valet to groom the burdocks from his silky coat after the chase!

PERHAPS the most reliable chest expander and exaltation elixir is the honor of having a cigar named after you while you are still intact and in a state of health to appreciate it, for what's the good of a monument after your soul has passed into the "cold and dismal hence?" Let me have that which cometh to me while I yet live, that I may behold mine own glory betwixt the jaws of every male within the radius of many miles. Children, dogs, and motor-boats might bear one's name without one's experiencing any unusual sensations, or one's features may adorn a "Tuxedo" tobacco ad and cause one to swell up a bit with pride—but, when your name is emblazoned upon the lid of a box of choice "Hay-vana" fillers, you are ranking with such folk as the immortal Henry Clay. Yea, in truth, you may rank with the rankest. Be that as it may, there is no feeling like it. You feel a personal interest in every man you meet sucking at the vitals of your fragrant namesake, and your first impulse is to rush up and clasp his hand in true and unalloyed friendship and praise his superior judgment in the selection of his smokes. The cheap patent medicine pamphlet was once the sole medium for introducing a man's features to the common public, providing he had been fortunate enough to have the seven-year itch and had used the remedy advertised therein. But when it comes to spreading fame broadcast I choose the cigar every time.



IT is not always an easy task to turn down a request for a modest loan without some danger of offending the applicant thereof. I have been the unfortunate victim of these perpetual applications until my goodness of heart is sorely tested. I have tried all manner of reasonable excuses; but for a man with a regular and abundant salary to declare himself "broke" is liable to arouse skepticism in the mind of the other party. Especially annoying is this state of affairs when you have no real desire to deceive or offend said party, for it may occur that this aforesaid party's vote may prove desirable in deciding your own election some day (if running for office is one of your weaknesses).

I have discovered the following successful means of disposing of such cases by politely setting forth the bare facts of my financial condition and calling to mind, in a few pleasant remarks, my many previous bequests, with a result that assures me that it pays to advertise:



Ship ahoy! mate: Owing to my owing many, and owing to many owing me, I am obliged to deny myself the extreme pleasure of granting your very modest request. I have piloted many laden schooners across the bar for you in the past. My ship log is now plumb full, so you'd better weigh anchor and put for another port

I anticipate a windfall from some unknown source one year from this date. Should ill fortune will that you harbor the thirst of today 365 days hence, then I shall be most happy to divorce myself from the trifling amount you have just mentioned.

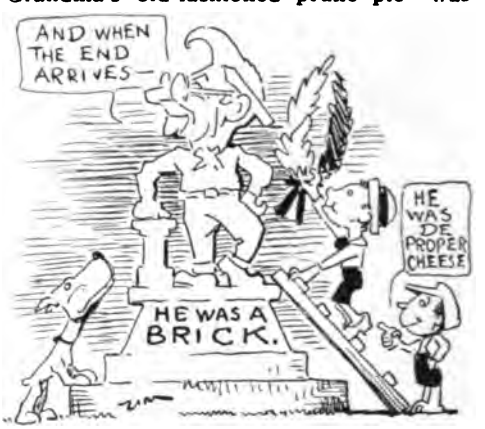
Regretfully yours, also very truly,

Zim.

THE ultimate benefit of bestowing little favors upon the younger generation should be considered by those who aspire to professional prominence. It is the little things which you do in the interest of others that count in your own favor as time rolls onward. A grouch toward a youth has a tendency to lessen his esteem for you and, as he grows old and you grow older, the odds are unquestionably against your ever redeeming yourself in his favor. It costs nothing to be civil towards your younger fellow man. Civility is not a rare gift. It can easily be cultivated. Those who do not—or care not to—possess it should cease to aspire, for one's progress in this world is largely dependent upon the aid of friends won by an amiable and unselfish disposition.

"CHECKERS" is no doubt a fascinating sport. If you want to see how fast and furious the world is progressing, just sit down and watch a couple of rubes at a game of the red and black buttons. I happened into my barber's shop the other day where a checker-board is a stationary fixture of the establishment. Well, the barber was at one end of the board with one of those bespinached rurals of the early fifties as his opponent. I was next in turn for a shave as soon as the game could be declared off. I managed to get a little sleep while the intense excitement was at its height, and when the game ended my whiskers had grown at least three-eighths of an inch. But the sleep which I acquired enabled me to arise some hours earlier the next morning, so the game is not only a pleasant pastime but a healthful and soothing mode of excitement for those who witness it.

A MAN who at some time during his life has experienced the pangs of hunger, naturally likes to experiment with dishes such as he has tasted in his travels. I have frequently sent a half dollar's worth of cigars to a chef with the request for a written formula of a dish that happened to fit my palate, which I would afterwards endeavor to imitate in my own stew-pan. However, I once stopped at an antique hotel in a Pennsylvania lumber town where lamps were the only illuminating conveniences. As a closing chapter to an ample "boiled dinner," a delicious dish called "Grandma's old-fashioned prune pie" was



served. Such pie I never tasted before or beheld since. It was a pie wherein the flavor of kerosene played a dominant role. When I got back to my own domicile, the house upon which my wife holds the deed, I tried my best to reproduce that pie, but to no avail. In spite of all I could do, it lacked that rare Pennsylvania kerosene oil flavor. Evidently such pie could not be reproduced in a kitchen equipped with modern electric lights. Sadder still, I was unable to procure the recipe, owing to the fact that the cook at this particular hotel was a lady of good habits (who didn't smoke) and of foreign birth, who was both orally and chirographically unable to reveal its secrets.

DID you ever pay strict attention to the conversation at one of those delightful afternoon "tea parties" which are so numerous among the social set in rural communities? Where each woman is supposed to entertain at least once during the social season and always someone holding back until the last because it is such a bore to entertain? The talk runs something like this:

"Oh, dear! I'm glad this is almost the last one. I'm getting so utterly tired of them—they're too stupid for anything."

Next lady: "Yes, I'm thankful I had mine last week. They're such a nuisance, don't you know."

Then another confidentially whispers, "I think so too, especially where they have children. That brat of the hostess' gets on my nerves so I could fly."

And still another one remarks, "Yes, and wouldn't that phonograph jar you!"

Chorus: "Oh, dear! There goes the bell—we change tables now. How horrid, just as we were beginning to have such a good time. Heavens! Am I to have that fright of a Miss Snodgrass for my partner?"

And when the hostess turns the key upon the final departing guests, all of whom have assured her of a most delightful afternoon, she extends her arms to heaven and offers thanks in forlorn and broken-in-health accents, "Gee whiz! I'm glad that's over with. Now I'm square with society for another year."

MEN are often as silly as women in the doing of things. This seems a bold assertion, but I am speaking from personal observations, hence we cannot deny the fact. A woman will lock her door and hide the key beneath the doormat which bears the sign of welcome. Now, my friends, a doormat is like a note of advice to the burglar. It seems to beckon and say to him, "If the door is locked, you'll find the key beneath my skirt."

Now to get back to my original statement.

Once upon a time the eldest of my immediate family, on the male side, had been requested by his beloved wife to place the family silver in security preparatory to making a summer trip. Not wishing to trust it unto the old family safe (for, like the doormat, the safe was also a welcome sign to the gentlemen with padded tootsies), this over-cautious man of the household consigned the Rogers three-ply to an inconspicuous wood-pile in the cellar, using extreme caution to cover it well and letting no one else into the secret. When the trip was over and housekeeping resumed, it was necessary to call into play the kitchen steelware and tin spoons until the cobwebs lifted themselves from his jaded memory.

Did you ask who hid the silver? I must decline to divulge his name, as it might tend to incriminate the writer. But for the life of me—I mean of him—we couldn't remember where that silverware had been so securely hidden.

NO profession, in my opinion, has taken such rapid leaps into prominence as press illustrating. Thirty-five years ago it was just in its "teens." Many of the famous names which we see in print today were yet unheard of. I have seen men enter the office of the "Judge" and offer their first drawings for publication, men who are now soaring out of sight professionally with honors equally distributed among all who stuck to the game. It has been an interesting feature to watch this gradual progress both in the individuals and their profession.

Will some kind reader give us a recipe for breaking our dear wife of the habit of tidying up our work desk, so that we may find things tomorrow where we left them today?

Zim.

The Lighter Side of War

G. E. STUDDY, in London Sketch

Humpty-Dumpty

By London Sketch Artists

LAWSON WOOD, in London Sketch

Officer (new to flooded trenches, going the rounds): "What the blazes is that sentry doing under water? He can't see a thing."
Sergeant: "'E's all right, sir; 'e growed eyes like a fish weeks ago."

WILL OWEN, in London Sketch

THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY

Tommy (writing home from a prison camp): "Dear Maria, everythink 'ere is luvvly; comfurtable quarters; fine clothes; a 'ome from 'ome. Bill, who was of a differing opinion, was shot yesterday."

TAKING THEIR WORD FOR IT

Recent Notable Sayings from Olympus

I FIRMLY believe that God will not withhold from us His omnipotent aid in the future as in the past, and that He will grant our army and navy, together with those of our valiant Allies, power to crush finally the enemies of Russia, of the whole Slav world, of justice, and of true civilization, to the benefit of the whole world.—Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia.

What Europe needs is a hero of peace greater than the heroes of war. Such a man could stop this awful waste of blood and treasure.—Oscar S. Straus, former Ambassador to Turkey.

It is a rough war this, but the problem it sets is a comparatively simple one — munitions; more munitions; always more munitions! That is the essential question, the governing conditions of all progress, of every leap forward. — Field Marshal French.

HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

Sister Susie's Patching Pants for Neutrals

America need fear no war—no war on your own soil. You have the Pacific between you and your adversaries. When war will come you can never tell. But you must never fear war.—King Ludwig of Bavaria.

It is the absolute unity of the Empire in a resolute, vigorous prosecution of the war which confirms His Majesty's unswerving belief in victory for the Allies. — King George of England (per Stamfordham).

The world war threatened Ireland as well as every other civilized country, and Ireland would be quite unworthy of its history and its past if it attempted to fold its arms and to say: "This does not concern us."—John Redmond, Irish leader.

We wish the nations of Europe to be free to live their independent lives, working out their own forms of government for themselves and their own national developments, whether they be great states or small states, in full liberty. That is our ideal.—Earl Grey.

I can assert that deliberate attempts, mostly of German origin, have been made to misrepresent Japan's attitude, especially in America, but now all points have been cleared up and the interested powers are acquainted with the Japanese proposals, which largely constitute an endeavor to settle questions of long standing, some since the Russo-Japanese war. — Count Okuma of Japan.

Certain persons, ignorant of their ignorance, and for selfish partisan reasons, have busied themselves with misrepresenting the condition of the navy, thereby causing some good people to fear that the navy is not now, as in the past, the strong, effective arm of the republic. All who would learn the truth may be assured that the navy in 1915 is larger, better equipped, and in better condition than in any previous year, and that the fleet is becoming more efficient with every passing month.—Secretary Daniels of the Navy.

If I permitted myself to be a partisan in this present struggle I would be unworthy to represent you. If I permitted myself to forget the people who are not partisans I would be unworthy to represent you. I am not saying that I am worthy to represent you, but I do claim this degree of worthiness, that before everything else I love America.—President Wilson.

Now our enemies are suddenly doing their utmost to try to prove that we provoked war at a moment chosen by us. That is folly, for, by God, this war against such superior numerical forces is no child's play.—Count von Moltke.

A Family Jar and Other Matters

THE Barnes-Roosevelt affair at Syracuse, the death of the pernicious canneries bill at Albany, and Secretary Bryan's attitude toward national prohibition have given the cartoonists plenty of inspiration for the past few weeks. Evidently there is no keeping the colonel off the front page. William Barnes, the New York republican "boss" placed him there when he brought suit for libel against the ex-president on the basis of certain remarks made by Mr. Roosevelt during the recent campaign. References to "the invisible government," "the alliance between crooked business and crooked politics," and the connection of Mr. Barnes' name with that of Mr. Murphy, the Tammany chief, were construed by the republican leader as damaging to his character. In his testimony the defendant has revealed many interesting chapters of his past life, tending to show that even he has not always been free from the influence of bosses.

We quote the following comment from the Chicago Tribune, Medill McCormick's newspaper, which has been from the birth of the progressive party Roosevelt's one stanchest supporter:

"A good many libel suits are likely to spring up in a lively campaign. Sometimes they are merely a statesman's way of entering a denial to certain allegations which he wishes to refute. He may not take them seriously, but he hopes that they will prove to the general public that he is not a doormat for the muddy boots of everybody's opinion.

"Sometimes they are intended merely to reveal the statesman as a person of sensibilities and human emotions and to disclose the fact that he is not rhinoceros hide to the top of his head. There are times when if a statesman neglects to tag his opponent's remarks with a libel suit he fears he will expose himself as an indifferent person. A proper pride demands such response.

"The Roosevelt-Barnes suit indicates that it is possible to carry the controversy to practical extremes. What the colonel said of the Hon. Willum does not strike the sophisticated observer as anything politically atrocious. The colonel has done much better than that many times.

"He called the government in New York rotten, spoke of maladministration, insincerity, pernicious influences, invisible government, etc., etc, and hooked up the names of Mr. Barnes and Mr. Murphy for responsibility. These are the old stock phrases of American politics. If one could not talk of sinister things and pernicious influences, the right of criticism would be gone. Political criticism has made cripples of these phrases. They limp now and newer, stronger words must be found if political comment is to retain its virility.

"The troublesome words that the colonel used were 'corruption' and 'corrupt.' A sinister thing may be something you don't like and pernicious influence may be influence used against you, but 'corruption' has retained a certain amount of its old fashioned significance. There are more fireworks in half a dozen other words which are not actionable, but the colonel took a short cut in his general denunciation of New York conditions and consequently we have the Syracuse trial."

The Philadelphia Evening Ledger discusses the case strictly along party lines, evidently delighting in this airing of the Republican dirty linen. To quote:

"If Colonel Roosevelt libeled William Barnes when he called him a bipartisan boss, joined in an alliance between crooked business and crooked politics fighting to maintain corrupt and machine government, then the Colonel is not the only man in New York who has libeled Barnes, and he is not the only man in the Union who has been guilty of libeling political bosses in other States.

"Mr. Roosevelt's defense, so far as it has been made known, is justification and privilege. He insists that Barnes has been responsible for crooked government in the State, and that the crookedness has run through both parties by mutual agreement for addition, division and silence. There is a widespread impression that this condition has prevailed for years. Independent Republicans and independent Democrats have boiled with indignation whenever they have thought of it.

"Mr. Barnes sues to vindicate his personal honor and insists that there has been nothing corrupt in his political career. He lays stress on the words 'corrupt' and 'crooked,' and he wishes to prove that he is honest and straight. If he can prove it to the satisfaction of a jury of plain citizens of Onondaga County, the nation at large will be delighted to learn that the grandson of Thurlow Weed is an angel of light and not an expert in the game of politics as it is played in Albany and in New York in these exceedingly degenerate days. But the country does not really expect Mr. Barnes to be able to satisfy the jury that he is better than his party, or that he has used his great influence to cleanse it of the corruption which has stained its record. The verdict will probably depend on what the jurors think 'corrupt' and 'crooked' mean when applied to politicians and politics."

KIRBY, in New York World

The Party Wash

CARTER, in New York Evening Sun

Circus at Syracuse

HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

Spring Suit

KIRBY, in New York World

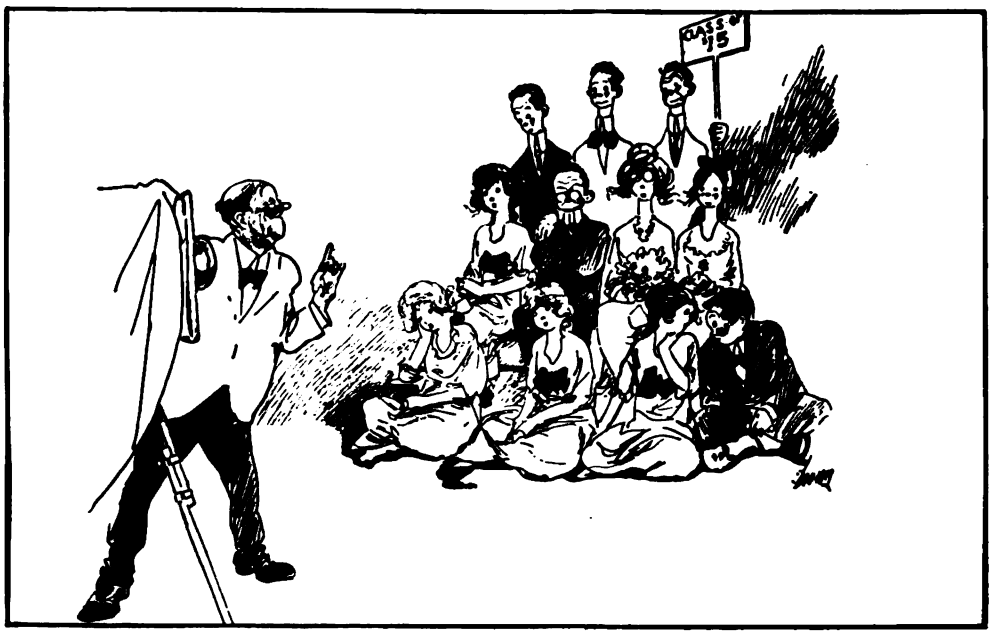
Tying a Knot in Its Tail

KIRBY, in New York World

Running Amuck

KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE

As Interpreted by the Cartoonists



DONAHEY, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

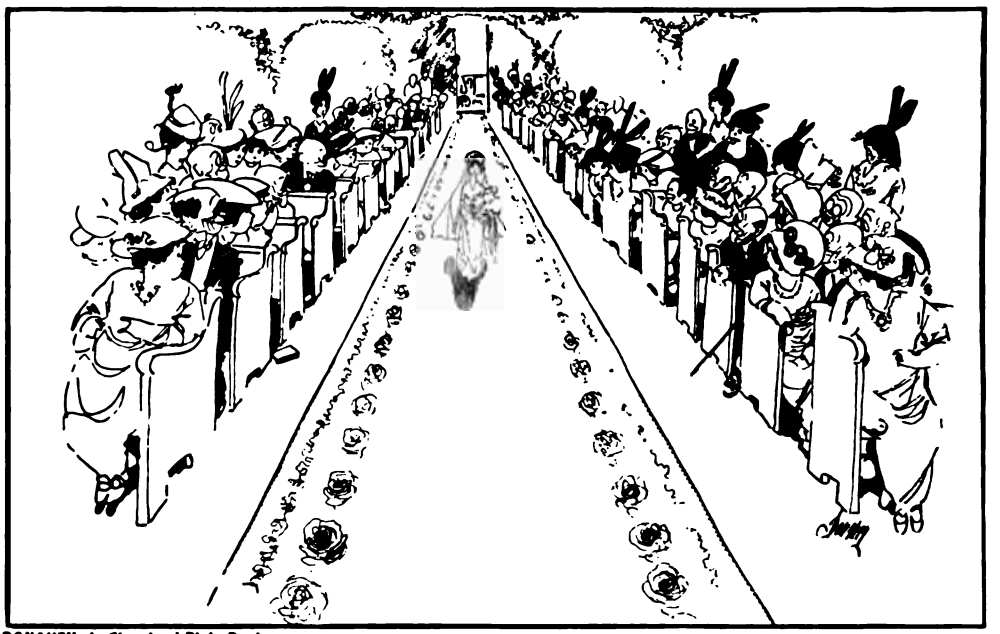
"Look pleasant, please."

DONAHEY, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"I wonder what is on the other side."

BERRYMAN, in Washington Star

More Important Business



DONAHEY, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Here comes the bride."

MAY, in Cleveland Leader

PAINFUL MOMENTS IN A BOY'S LIFE
Pestered by Old John Sunburn

WHAT THE CARTOONISTS ARE DOING

ABOUT THE DONNYGOOSE

ON his return from the far west, J. H. Donahey, cartoonist of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, stopped in Chicago long enough to assure the editor of "Cartoons" that the "Donnygoose," the pride of his hillside farm, is flourishing. Just what the Donnygoose is is best explained by Francis Arthur Jones in a recent article about the cartoonist in the Strand Magazine. When Donahey went abroad last summer—his trip included Egypt and the orient—he found a handsome Toulouse goose awaiting him in his stateroom. A letter of introduction tied around the bird's neck, read:

With ardour greet your feathered friend—
In you her heart delights;
Be with her to the journey's end
And show her all the sights.

As faithful as was Mary's pet
She waddles in your path;
Nor fears the vast and heaving wet,
Nor dreads the tempest's wrath.

Oh, tell to her by Tiber's foam
The tale so often told,
Of how the geese awakened Rome
In those brave days of old.

And on the bosom of the Nile,
Where Time draws out his links,
Let Goosie hiss the crocodile
And quack-quack at the Sphinx.

Protect with ever-ready hand
This web-foot friend of thine·
Oh, lead her to the Promised Land
And feed her· corn and wine.

Where Dead Sea waters thickly flow,
Where Nebo's paths ascend,
On Jordan's banks 'tis well to know
A sympathetic friend.

Then bring her safely home with thee
From land of fig and cruse,
That thousands may come miles to see
The travelled Donnygoose.

"The victim of friendly solicitude," says Mr. Jones, "accepted the situation without a murmur. He named the goose Cleopatra, and sketched her in countless poses and numerous climes. He says she did the grand tour with no omission. The goose says nothing. She's back in her hillside pen as pert and sassy as a goose can be, and the plotting friends who go out now and then to look at her and count her hotel labels, and stare at the Cleopatra sketches, must feel at times as if the ruse of the Toulouse had proved a boomerang."

BRADLEY, in Chicago Daily News

Get the Right View

MAIL
PASS THAT LADY AND GENT
OUR BOY!
P.K. WANTED TO OWN A CIRCUS AND WHEN IT CAME TO HIS HOME TOWN ORDER THE TICKET MAN TO LET HIS PARENTS IN FREE

WEBSTER, in New York Globe

Our Boyhood Ambitions

The hero of this sketch is Mr. Fred C. Kelly, whose article on "Seeing America First" appears in another part of this magazine.

CESARE'S CARTOON EXHIBIT

The original drawings of the cartoons by Oscar Cesare that have appeared in the New York Sun, and which have been on exhibition in the Hahlo Galleries on Fifth avenue, have met with both kinds of success. That is, they have received the praise of Mr. Cesare's fellow artists and connoisseurs have annexed them for their collections.

Says the Sun's art critic:

"The drawings gain by being shown together. In spite of the speed with which a modern caricaturist is required to work—and the Sun's readers demand a drawing from Mr. Cesare every day—there is no hint of carelessness nor even fatigue in his work. In the originals the careful drawing and breadth of treatment are more evident than in the reductions.

"The breadth of treatment is due to the fact, no doubt, that the artist began life as a painter and became a caricaturist only after a thorough apprenticeship with the brush. For that reason a tour of the rooms where his drawings are now to be seen suggests comparisons with the caricature work of Europe, where thoroughness of workmanship is insisted upon.

"The best known caricaturists of America in the past, such as Tom Nast and Homer Davenport, have relied almost exclusively upon the wit of their ideas to carry the drawings, and to admire the 'style' of the satirist, as the French admire the 'style' of their Forain, is something we are only now beginning to arrive at.

"One of the most effective of these drawings is the burlesque of the diplomats, awaiting their turn in an ante-room, with imploring eyes turned toward the door that leads to power. It is very well done, indeed. Then there's the long series, that Sun readers know already, of Mars ploughing 'The Furrow' in Civilization and turning up Hatred and Famine; the 'Guide of To-morrow' showing tourists the work of the wreckers of this year, and the 'Cartographers, 1915,' with Death and Cupid consulting the maps.

"There's the husbandman watering the field that has been planted thickly with bayonets, pictorial comments on Wall Street and satiric sidelights upon our relations with Mexico. Upon the whole a graphic summary of one of the world's most tragic years can be read in this gallery of caricatures."

Greece should come to the top.—London Opinion.

MINOR, in New York Herald

"Our Mother, Gov'nor"

This cartoon, in the interests of the Mothers' Pension Bill, was carried by a delegation of children from New York to Albany in a dramatic plea for the passage of that measure.

CAVE MAN ART

The art of the cave man was the subject of a lecture delivered recently by Prof. George Grant MacCurdy, of Yale University, at a meeting of the Archæological Institute at Washington, D. C. The talk was illustrated with remarkable views of the handiwork in art of the skin-clad Europeans who lived on the edge of the ice age about 50,000 years ago. Many of the pictures were reproductions of the troglodyte paintings on the walls of the Altamira caverns, and were shown in their original colorings, red, brown and black. Wooly elephants, reindeer, and three-toed horses figured in these rude designs, which were to the cave man what the comic strip is to newspaper readers of today. Scarcely any of the cave pictures are of human beings. Later attempts at drawing the human figure, the speaker said, were as crude as the masterpieces of children.

In closing, Professor MacCurdy said:

"Man was artist before he was the maker of even hieroglyphs; he tamed his imagination and his hand to produce at will the objects of his thought long ages before he tamed the first wild beast or made the plant world to do his bidding. The artist's tools were primitive. Flint scrapers and gravers were employed in preparing the surface and tracing outlines. The colors used by the quaternary artist were oxide of iron and manganese. These minerals were pulverized, mixed with grease or other medium and applied with a brush. Crayons whittled from chunks of ochre or oxide of manganese were likewise employed. That paleolithic man made at least a beginning in the modeling of vases is attested by the recent discovery of two bison figures modeled in clay."

One cartoonist pictures three kings taking a straight. But it can't be done according to Hoyle.—McKeesport (Pa.) News.

Cartoonists Exchange Compliments

Walker O'Loughlin, cartoonist of the Portland (Ore.) Evening Telegram, met Warren Gilbert, the Denver artist, in the coast city recently, and allowed the latter to make a caricature of him. "Gil" expressed deep regret over the fact that O'Loughlin didn't have long white whiskers as he had often supposed. He remarked, also, that the Irishman "had a funny nose." O'Loughlin retaliated by drawing a cartoon of Gilbert. Each finally admitted that he was satisfied.

Gilbert's Cartoon of O'Loughlin, and O'Loughlin's Return Compliment

PATRICK'S DUCK A DRAWING CARD

More than 20,000 answers were received in the recent "Duck ditty" contest conducted by W. K. Patrick, cartoonist of the New Orleans Times-Picayune, in that newspaper. The duck is Mr. Patrick's cartoon mascot. Prizes were awarded for the best jingles on the advantages of the "Times-Pic" want ads. As an indication of the duck's popularity, it is worth mentioning that replies came from Central America, Texas, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Illinois, New Mexico, California, Arizona, Oklahoma, Ohio, Kentucky, New York, and even from Canada.

One very interesting feature of the contest was the development of a novel attitude of mind on the part of Times-Picayune readers toward the little duck. Far and near, they seem to regard him as a half elfin, half human personality with whose humor and philosophy they are in complete accord. All through the thousands of cards and letters received there was indicated a feeling of personal intimacy and affection, as for a precocious child whose prattle is fraught with impish conceptions of grown-up ideals, likes and dislikes.

Elbert Hubbard, on his last visit to New Orleans, pronounced the duck the best thing of its kind in America.

"Spy-scare toys," a group of cartoon figures, are the latest innovation in London. Among the characters represented are King Albert of Belgium, Sir John French, General Joffre, Admiral Jellicoe, German spies, and policemen. Like the "Willie-wogs," the first cartoon toys, these other dolls seem to have attained considerable vogue in the nursery.

"We hope we didn't convey the impression," remarks the New York Mail, "that the Herald's European edition reprints nothing but editorials from the New York Herald in its efforts to mirror faithfully American sentiment on the war. . . . Occasionally it reprints the Herald's cartoons, too."

Ben Hur, Col. Joseph C. Miller's famous Arabian stallion, attracted much attention recently at the Exposition horse show at San Francisco. The horse, which has taken prizes in every part of the United States, was brought from Arabia by Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, and presented by him to Colonel Miller.

Manuel Rosenberg, formerly of the New York Call, is now cartoonist of the Toledo News-Bee. During his connection with the Call he contributed cartoons, mostly of a political nature, to the New York Greek, Russian and Yiddish newspapers.

WOPS WAS LEFT OUT

Frank Hammond, of the Wichita Eagle, received a letter from Australia recently. It was from "Wops," a little cartoon "critter" employed by Allan C. Walker, of Sydney. The letter, which was really meant for "Hoots," Mr. Hammond's owl-bird, expressed the former's disappointment at not having been invited to the jungle stew given by "Hoots" some time ago in the pages of Cartoons Magazine. "Wops," says the writer, wasn't satisfied until he, too, was perched on a stool at the big table.

FONTAINE FOX MARRIES

Announcement was made recently of the marriage in Chicago of Miss Edith Elizabeth Hinz to Fontaine F. Fox, Jr., formerly cartoonist of the Chicago Evening Post, now of New York. Miss Hinz was widely known in Chicago as a dancer, pianist, swimmer, and tennis player. For a time she had charge of the afternoon dances at the Blackstone hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Fox left immediately after the wedding for New York.

The Punch cartoon depicting a battered Turk limping toward a German sentry, and answering his challenge with "A friend—curse you," calls forth the following editorial comment from the New York Herald: "The sentiment is one that will become prevalent throughout Turkey when it becomes generally known that Djavid Bey's visit to Berlin, where he went in search of financial and military aid, has been unsuccessful."

Bushnell's cartoon, "Christmas in Scarborough," was seen by a traveler in England recently posted up in a shop window in Falmouth. The cartoon is in Bushnell's best vein, and represents a father and mother, whose baby has been killed by Zeppelins, decorating a tiny grave with Christmas wreaths and toys.

Nine cartoons by Russell Henderson, who is working in the interests of the Anti-Saloon League, have been hung in that organization's booth at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The cartoons are 30 by 40 inches in dimension, and are done in water colors and tints.

A cartoon that went right to the heart of the southerners was one by Kenneth Whitsett in the Charlotte (N. C.) Observer, in commemoration of the death of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson.

Karl Kae Knecht, cartoonist of the Evansville Courier, helped stage the local press club's annual show recently.

CONCERNING "CORY'S KIDS"

"Cory's Kids," who are first cousins to Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer, are now appearing in the Omaha World-Herald. Concerning these youngsters, J. Campbell Cory, their originator, says:

"I have always wanted some kids of my own to play with, and I anticipate a lot of fun in devising this bunch of youngsters which I am putting into this page. It is my ambition to make them as real as possible, because real kids actually do funnier things every day than the impossible, slap-stick youngsters of the funny and rapidly declining comic page type of the present day.

"I don't believe it is necessary to degrade juvenility in order to give humor to its natural vagaries, and I do think the ruffianly antics of the gruesome monstrosities of the comic kid type of the past decade are regarded as humor only because of the lack of something better. Their pictured antics are surely more outrageous than funny, and their effect more demoralizing than amusing."

J. Campbell Cory, Sketched by Himself

Mr. Cory has promised that these "kids" will be a shining example to youth everywhere.

"FATHER MITCHELBOCKER" A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT

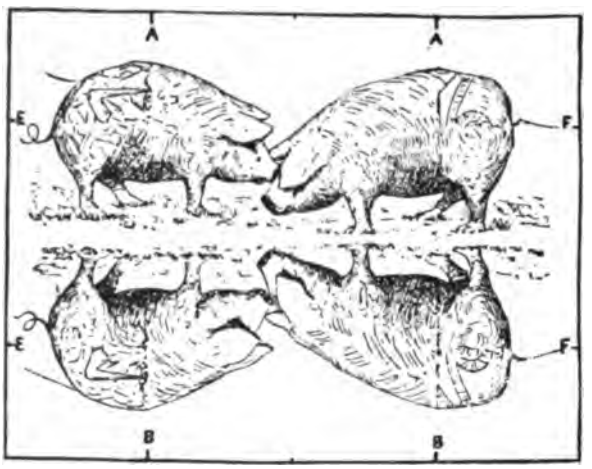
Like "brillig," "gimble," and other "Jabberwocky" words, "Mitchelbocker" is a composite, so you are not to be blamed if you don't recognize him. He is a combination of Father Knickerbocker and John Purroy Mitchel, mayor of Greater New York, and he is the work of five New York cartoonists.

"Father Mitchelbocker" drawn by Five Cartoonists

He was made on the steps of the Woolworth building as a sort of preliminary function to the annual dinner of the newspaper artists at the famous Castle Cave. A movie man made a record of the performance as each of the cartoonists in turn put his individual touch to the drawing.

Robert Carter of the New York Evening Sun laid the foundations. It was he who made the outlines of the nose and the forehead. Then "Bunny" Schultze of the Press added a "Foxy Grandpa" expression to the mouth, and suggested with a sweep of the crayon the contour of the chin. Claire Briggs of the Tribune inserted the eyebrow and a cigar, tilted at a sporty angle.

Edwin Marcus of the Times sketched in a braid of hair and a Sunday-go-to-meeting bow of ribbon. George Rehse of the World added the finishing touches, and Abe Wiel of the Tribune art department christened the result.



Don't Try to Sell This Puzzle—You Might Get Arrested

Above is reproduced an Italian puzzle postcard, for selling which many street venders in Naples have come to grief. The puzzle is to fold the four pigs in such a way as to form a caricature of the kaiser. Can you do it?

MR. PUNCH REMAINS GOOD-NATURED

Mr. Punch of London occasionally prints a cartoon which would add bitterness to the bitter, but its general tone is one which merits an admiring comment. The low class English periodicals are marvels of inept rancor, but Punch is unruffled. The British, not the foreign, foible remains, in spite of war, the target for its cartoonists.

Cartooning in Europe is frequently an instrument, directed or undirected, for the forming and maintenance of public policy. At present public policy demands that hatred of the enemy shall be alive and uncompromising. Nations in tremendous struggle must be kept in great exaltation. Ordinary moods will not do for extraordinary events. Hatred of the enemy and devotion to the native land will transform the placid citizen into the unhesitating soldier.

Punch performs this service with its occasional embittered cartoon, but predominant is the note of raillery, and most conspicuous is the satiric touch which reaches the weakness of the Englishman himself. If there be any profit in keeping a nation good natured even in war, Mr. Punch is helping to perform the service. He does not permit the Englishman to forget his glass houses.—Chicago Tribune.

MACAULEY WINS VERDICT FROM WORLD

Charles R. Macauley, cartoonist, and formerly president of the New York Press Club, obtained a verdict for $11,700 in the Supreme Court against the New York World, on April 15, for breach of contract. Mr. Macauley, who was for several years the cartoonist of the World. was discharged when his contract had about a year to run. He was receiving $250 a week at this time. Ralph Pulitzer, president of the defendant corporation, testified that one of the chief reasons for Mr. Macauley's discharge was his connection with the campaign fund collected for John Purroy Mitchel, when he was running for mayor. The World is opposed to all secret campaign funds, and it was claimed that in acting in an official capacity in the collection of a fund, Mr. Macauley violated one of the policies of his employer.

From London Sketch

Tommy Atkins, Piou-piou, and Their Russian and Jap Allies as Cartooned on Easter Eggs in Germany

CARTOON CREATES A STIR

Australia is admittedly jealous of the United States for availing herself of the trade opportunities presented by the war. The accompanying cartoon by Sykes in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, has been circulated widely throughout Australia as "the best characterization of this country's atti-

SYKES, in Philadelphia Public Ledger

"This beats fighting."

tude toward the belligerent nations, and, indeed, to the very cause of humanity." It is republished in a Sydney booklet entitled "Confidence," together with some verses by George A. Taylor, cartoonist and editor of the booklet, appealing to Uncle Sam for sympathy, and beginning thus:

"I saw in New York harbor—it was facing out to sea—
A statue great and glorious—you call it 'Liberty.'
I'm thinking now its title is a mock'ry and a sham.
Why don't you stand for what it means?
Now tell us, Uncle Sam."

Mr. Sykes' cartoon, it might be added, appeared in Cartoons Magazine for October, 1914.

Bud Fisher, it is reported, has planned to leave the Hearst newspapers to join the Wheeler syndicate.

BRAY IN THE MOVIES

Animated cartoons that are not "comics" but which satirize some event or situation, are the latest device of J. R. Bray, creator of the famous Colonel Heeza Liar. One of his latest movie cartoons is directed against Uncle Sam's unpreparedness for war. The action in the drawing is said greatly to increase its effectiveness.

Mr. Bray keeps four trained artists busy inking in his outline drawings, of which 5,000 are required for a 1,000-foot film. His Colonel Heeza Liar has been entertaining cinema audiences with such exploits as lion hunting in Africa, and outwitting cannibals. Mr. Bray was born in Detroit, but has lived in New York since 1901, where for several years he was a contributor of Life, Puck, and Judge.

A cartoon by A. B. Chapin, of the St. Louis Republic, depicting Mr. Grouch stubbing his toe on a "brick of gloom," has been used by the City Club of St. Louis in a campaign for business optimism.

A CARTOONIST FISHERMAN

H. C. Norberg, of the Kansas City Journal, claims to be the champion cartoonist fisherman of the United States. During the warm summer months he can be found at

Norberg on a Fishing Trip

the Journal office working at his drawing board until 11 p. m. Early the next morning he will be seen loaded down with fishing tackle in the accumulation of which he has spent many years. He will be headed for a stream or a puddle. Because of the democratic administration, he says, the fish are not biting in his district, and he is planning a chalk talk route along the streams and lakes of Missouri and Kansas. Mr. Norberg's own idea of a fishing jaunt may be had by a glance at the accompanying sketch.

NATE COLLIER AS A POET

IT may not be generally known that Nate L. Collier, the self-styled "crazy cartoonist" of the Chicago Journal, like Mr. Wegg, sometimes drops into poetry. Much of his humorous verse, illustrated by himself, appeared in the Duluth News-Tribune during 1912. Here are a few samples of his "poetry."

The summer maiden gaily trips—
She raises quite a din,
And cries, as she gets on her feet,
"Darn that banana skin!"

Under the title of "Who's Who" a number of rhymes appeared like these:

In Hibbing just two weeks ago
I met a man who owned a show;
His face was filled with moles.
Within his hand he held a dog,
And by a rope he led a hog;
His socks were full of holes.

I cried: "Who are you, Box of Snuff?
You're lookin' pretty all-fired tough;
I fear your heart is fickle."
He looked at me and heaved a sigh,
And cried: "Ods Blood! Why, I'm the guy
Who put the pick in pickle."

I met a man last Friday night;
His hat was trimmed with lace;
His great big feet were in his shoes;
His nose was on his face.

I cried: "Who are you, little simp?
I've seen your like quite of'en."
He yelled: "Hooray! Why, I'm the jay
Who put the coff in coffin."

In still another vein is the following:

Susie spied a sassy spider
Sitting down quite close beside her;
Susie sighed, and sadly eyed her;
Then the sassy spider spied her.

A verse entitled "The Old Copy Book" was first published in the Student's Art Magazine. It goes:

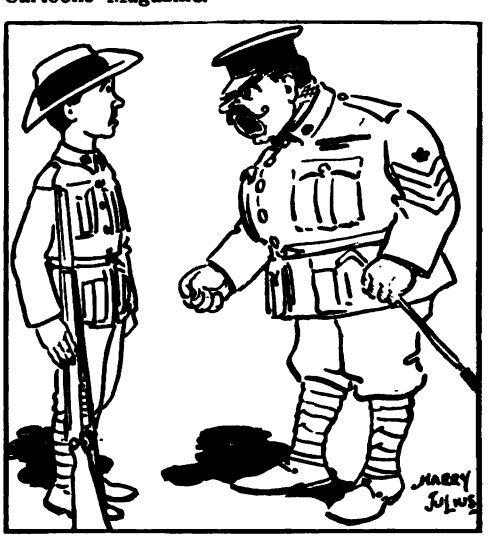
In a dusty cobwebbed attic hid within forgotten nooks
There I found one rainy Sunday just a pile of thumb-worn books.
And I sat me on the floor 'neath the rafters gray and old,
And I gazed upon those keepsakes dearer far to me than gold—
While above the raindrops pattered and the deep-toned thunder rolled.

Oh! I thought, if Time's grim fingers would turn back the clock of life,
Turn it back to the beginning of our seeming endless strife;
How much better I would live it if I could but live it o'er,
For my past deeds were misshapen and some steps I did deplore—
Thus in vain I dreamed and pondered, seated on the attic floor.

But among those books forgotten an old copy book I found,
With its writing old and faded and the corners thumbed and round;
And mine eyes sought out a maxim as above it I did bend,
I had copied it in childhood: "It is ne'er too late to mend."—
And right then I vowed to profit by the words I once had penned.

And in closing I will whisper, to you, brothers in the strife:
When your road seems long and rocky and the bitter cares are rife,
Hie away up in the attic and your old school-books review
'Mid the cobwebs on the rafters and your heart with hope imbue,
Read the maxims of your childhood—it will start you in anew.

Mr. Collier was married in 1909 to his "first sweetheart," and now has two fine boys. He is not, he explains, actually crazy, but only crazy in print. In a sketch which appears on another page he intimates that he prefers the "Made in America" cartoons to the samples of foreign work in Cartoons Magazine.



HARRY JULIUS, in Sydney Bulletin

"What shall I do when I've used up all my ammunition, Major?"

"Point your gun at the enemy, you idiot, and say, 'Bang!'"

CARTOONS THAT "HURT KANSAS"

The Wichita Eagle prints an interview with a western traveling man who states that the newspaper cartoons depicting Kansas as a state of great wealth, where

HAMMOND, in Wichita Eagle

Some Appetite

farmers ride around in automobiles, are giving a false impression of that commonwealth, and filling Kansas with a floating population, "the poor of the cities," the salesman is quoted as saying, "thinking that all they have to do is to come out here and they will find a job awaiting them. I don't know whether this is done for the purpose of boosting this state, or reducing the bread lines in the cities."

STARRETT FINDS A SHELTERED NOOK

W. K. Starrett, who seems to have settled down permanently as C. R. Weed's successor on the New York Tribune, has been house-hunting in the suburbs, and at last reports had found the ideal nook. His own conception of such a nook is like this: "A little apartment where they use green grass, located in a neighborhood where they've invented trees. One not too near a church bell-tower, and where the bedroom will accommodate a bed long enough for me. Also it must not be too far from the bounding main, for I look forward with much pleasure to a summer near an ocean not used altogether as a fish-and-crab factory. All I want now is an ocean-going canoe; then I shall go down and dig ideas each morning and get damp."

TEA AT THE HUMORISTS'

Caricatures in clay by Mrs. Helena Smith-Dayton, and sculptures in paper by Alfred Frueh, were drawing cards at the recent "varnishing day" of the newly-organized American Salon of Humorists at the Folsom galleries, New York. Among Mrs. Dayton's contributions were "The Funeral Hack Drivers—Waiting," a restaurant scene entitled "Bohemians—Perhaps," and a group called "Tramps Scorning a Doughnut." The human figures and animals cut from paper, and arranged so as to tell stories, won for Mr. Frueh many compliments.

Clifford Knight, cartoonist of the Hartford Post, has been writing some wordless dramas recently that are said to be brimming over with human interest. Mr. Knight also has a monologue which is in much demand at smokers, and is said to be leaning toward a vaudeville career.

Ryan Walker, the socialist cartoonist, has rechristened his lecture, and now calls it, "What Henry Dubb did with his wife, Henrietta Dubb." He has been lecturing under the auspices of the Socialist Suffrage Campaign committee, and reports a very successful tour.

Cartoonists of Columbus, Ohio, are lamenting the removal from its pedestal of the statue of "Doc" Smith, a famous landmark of that city, which figured frequently in their cartoons.

Nate Collier, of the Chicago Journal, Likes American Cartoons

THOSE FLAG CARTOONS

Some of the cartoonists ought to take a course of instruction in how to draw the American Flag. Cartoons with the flag in them are popular these days, but 99 out of 100 are dead wrong. They contain any number of strips from 15 up to 25, while Uncle Sam's whiskers blow in one direction and the flag in another. Another weak point with cartoonists is anything in the marine line. The way they rig ships, and make them sail would drive an old tar insane. Of course we know that many of the cartoonists never came in contact with salt water, except when they took it in merry childhood's days for worms, but that is no excuse for turning out marine monsters, especially in a big seaport like New York.—Editor and Publisher, New York.

Harper's Weekly, during the last two months, has reprinted a number of cartoons by W. H. Hanny, of the St. Joseph News-Press. Much to Mr. Hanny's dismay, however, the cartoons were credited to the Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette. A Hanny cartoon also appeared in a recent number of London Sketch.

Ray O. Evans, cartoonist of the Baltimore American, is publishing a de luxe edition of prominent Baltimoreans in caricature. Mr. Evans was once associated with Billy Ireland of the Columbus Dispatch in a similar enterprise, and it was with him that Evans received his cartoon training.

D. R. Fitzpatrick, cartoonist of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, is planning to spend his vacation in Chicago. Mr. Fitzpatrick was formerly a student at the Chicago Art Institute, and graduated into his present position from the Daily News of that city.

F. G. Cooper, cartoonist of Collier's Weekly, was among the speakers at the annual "journalism week" at Columbia, Mo., held by the students of the school of journalism of the Missouri State University. Mr. Cooper spoke on cartoons.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Spangler announce the arrival at their home of a fine ten-pound daughter, Lucile Irene. Mr. Spangler is the cartoonist of the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

Tom Bee's half-page sketches of life in Baltimore in the Baltimore Sunday Sun have met with great favor on the part of the public.

A PICTURE NO ARTIST CAN PAINT

From San Jose, Cal., comes the following remarkable letter to "Cartoons":

"The writer is a dreamer alright alright, and my dreams suggest numerous cartoons. For example, I dreamed the other night that I was standing on a steep hillside gazing into a stream of blood which made the angels weep and on a hill above the rill in even plain view, I saw the form of Kaiser Bill and he was looking too. His face was blanched, his eyes bloodshot. His bosom heaved a sigh, as he stood on the mountain top, a tear stood in each eye. Mine Got, what have I done he cried, as he gazed on the stream. Is all this blood charged to my pride, or is this just a dream. Later he fell face downward into the stream of blood."

The writer offers to furnish other dream ideas to such cartoonists as can use them.

Like many of his fellow craftsmen, Frank M. Spangler, cartoonist of the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser, has a double talent. He was quite flattered recently by receiving an invitation to attend the conclave of the Knights Templars at Philadelphia in May, as soloist with the largest Masonic band in the United States. He is a member of the shrine band of Montgomery, which will take a trip to Seattle in July. Mr. Spangler says that he cannot take the western jaunt, as the poultry business, in which he is much interested, will demand his attention.

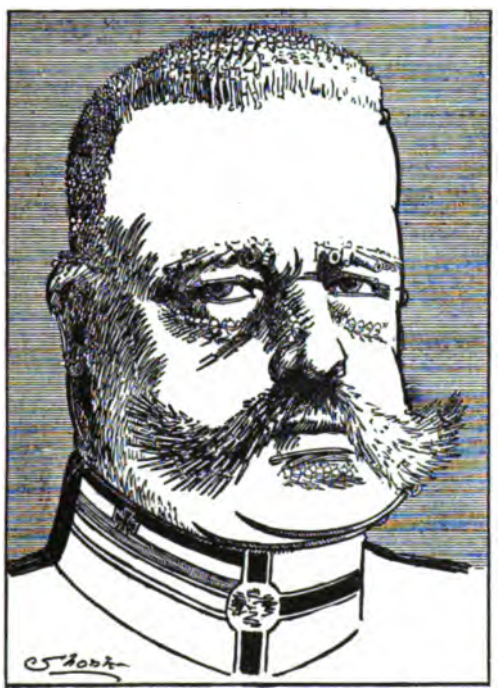
Several original cartoons loaned by the Puck Publishing company to a recent exhibition at the Municipal Art Gallery of New York were removed or turned to the wall, owing to objections from certain school teachers. Among the artists whose work thus disappeared were Nelson Greene and Hy Mayer. The pictures, according to one of the censors, "were intended for more mature minds."

J. N. Darling (Ding), of the Des Moines Register and Leader, is a vocalist as well as a cartoonist. He is a member of one of the prominent church quartettes of Des Moines, and aside from being a power for good through his cartoons, takes an active interest in church and civic work.

Claude Gibbs, sports cartoonist of the Baltimore Evening Sun, and also the writer of the "Abe" column of baseball pessimism, has returned from Fayetteville, N. C., where he spent several weeks at the training quarters of the Terrapins, Baltimore's Federal League team.

"SHONK'S" BEST CARTOON

A cartoon by J. H. Shonkweiler, of the Portsmouth (O.) Times, reproduced herewith, has won the artist many compliments, and is said to have reached Von Hindenburg himself. Commenting editorially on the cartoon, the Times says:



The Von Hindenburg Cartoon by Shonkweiler Which Has Won Wide Praise

"It was a fanciful idea, that making soldiers stand for his hair and cannon and rifles for his eyebrows, but someway as one thinks of what a wonderful man of iron and warfare Von Hindenburg is, the idea assumes concrete form, and its fittingness is apparent. That many others appreciated the strength of the idea is shown by numerous words of praise given the author."

A newspaper cartoonist, according to the Wichita Eagle, has succeeded finally in angering Colonel Roosevelt. The artist showed the colonel mounting a war horse. "But the offense wasn't there," remarks the Eagle; "the picture showed the colonel getting up with the wrong foot in the stirrup."

Eugene Gise, formerly of the Toledo News-Bee, is now cartoonist for the Reading (Pa.) News-Times.

A CARTOON DISCREPANCY

The Corning (N. Y.) Leader points out the following discrepancy in a cartoon in a mid-western newspaper, representing someone, "presumably a child, submerged in the black waters of a river, named 'Misfortune,' that ran between two cliffs, one of which was 'Poverty.'"

"Only two tiny hands," observes the Leader, "appeared above the murky stream. It would have been mighty effective if the submerged one had not been represented as crying out 'Help!' It stands to reason that anyone, child or adult, who can yell 'Help!' while plunged beneath the surface of a river, can make a pretty good living in vaudeville."

JUST WANTED TO KNOW

James North, cartoonist of the Tacoma Daily Ledger, tells a personal experience that again exemplifies the popular notion that cartooning and real work are anything but equivalent.

Prior to certain restrictions on boxing and wrestling contests, the logging camps of the state of Washington were often the scene of many lively bouts. A big, burly logger, who had been victorious in one of these contests, came to the city to celebrate, and in his wanderings he visited the Ledger offices in search of the sporting editor and some publicity.

The logger's curiosity led him to the art department. For several minutes he stood looking silently over North's shoulder at the cartoon in course of construction. Then suddenly he blurted out: "Say, Bo; what do you do for a living?"

CARTOON ON BILLY

Billy Sunday has his knockers. He received a cartoon and letter from an anonymous source recently which afforded him great amusement. The cartoon showed a cannibal dressed up in silk hat, full dress coat, umbrella under one arm and Bible under the other. A sash of white cloth covered the loins. Under the cartoon was the inscription: "The Billy Sunday of the Fiji islands." The accompanying letter read: "The more dignified of the two and the one we prefer to have in New York."

The Rev. E. J. Pace, a cartoonist in the service of religion, has been doing some effective work for the Christian Endeavor Topic and other religious journals. A cartoon by Mr. Pace, showing the key of obedience that unlocks the Bible, was used recently as a cover-page for the Watchword, of Dayton, Ohio.

A cartoon from the Jiji, of Tokyo, which had a rather familiar appearance, resolved itself on closer scrutiny into one by Rollin Kirby of the New York World. Kaiser Wilhelm is represented as imploring Uncle Sam to take for him a supply of food which the British lion is guarding.

Carl Garderwine, of the Terre Haute Tribune, has been bringing the traction company of the Indiana city to time by a cartoon crusade in the interests of the jitney bus.

CARTOON BRINGS LIBEL SUIT

A cartoon in the Los Angeles Tribune entitled "The Brute," and directed against brutal journalism, has been made the basis of a $125,000 libel suit, filed against the Tribune publishers by the Los Angeles Times-Mirror. The cartoon showed a hog wallowing in filth. Two dollar signs were branded on its nose. The complainants declare that the cartoon was intended to injure their business, and was "understood by the readers to imply that the complainant was a brute, and, like the hog, wallows in filth and indecency; that he is an assassinator of character, and that salacious matter and unverified rumor are his stock in trade."

Charles H. Sykes, of the Philadelphia Evening Ledger, smashed a 91-year precedent when a cartoon drawn by him for the suffrage number of the Springfield Republican was published on the first page of that newspaper. It was the first time in the history of that staid old journal's existence that the first page had been thus decorated.

As the result of a cartoon by Frank Hammond in the Wichita Eagle, the leading merchants of Wichita have placed awnings in front of their places of business. The cartoon was entitled "Which Store Gets the Trade?" and showed the contrast between a shop with awnings and a shop without them.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the LORD ... for He will abundantly pardon
Is 55:7
"There shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth"
Luke 15:7

The Rev. E. J. PACE, in The Watchword

A Sample of Mr. Pace's Cartoons on Religious Subjects, which are Driving Home the Great Truths of the Bible

Vol. 7 JUNE, 1915 No. 6

Cartoons Magazine Supplement

"Back Up the President," Nation's Sentiment in Crisis

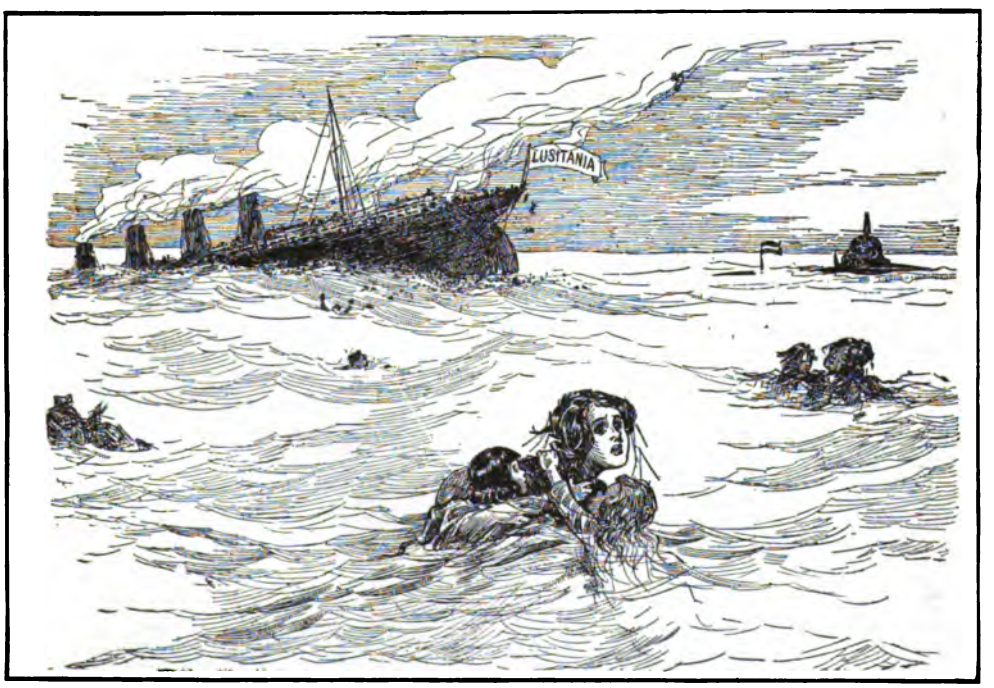
WHAT will America do?

This is the question on the lips of everybody as the nation still stands aghast at the Lusitania horror. President Wilson alone will decide. Meanwhile, from every quarter comes the response, "Back up the President!" Mr. Wilson already had notified the German government that it would be held strictly accountable for every American life lost by reason of this unprecedented submarine blockade, which is now branded as an open act of piracy. Germany replies by saying that the American passengers were "warned." Surely, as one newspaper points out, the babies that went down in the Lusitania, clinging to their mothers' necks, knew nothing of the German warning. And, as the Chicago Tribune reminds us, a warning can no more excuse the act than if a murderer should warn his victim.

To summarize the tragedy, 1,214 lives were lost. One hundred and fifteen of the dead are Americans, of whom there were 188 on board. In the list of dead are found such names as Charles Frohman, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Charles Klein, Justus Miles Forman, Elbert Hubbard, C. A. Plamondon, and Mme. De Page.

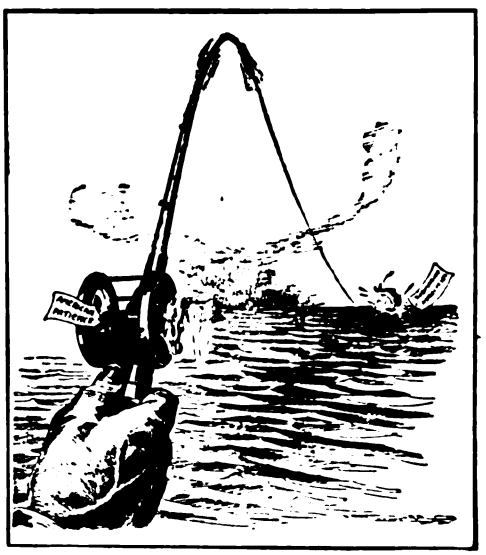
The official Cologne Gazette of Germany hails with delight this wholesale murder. Says the Gazette:

"The news will be received by the German people with unanimous satisfaction, since it proves to England and the whole world that Germany is quite in earnest in



RICHARDS, in Philadelphia North American

Mother's Day!



ORR, in Nashville Tennessean

Nearing the Limit

regard to her submarine warfare. This weapon of ours may hit the enemy as terribly and as painfully as the 42-centimetre guns. Indeed, it is a more terrible menace.

"England now knows that our submarines will not allow the best and most valuable prizes to escape their attacks, but will continue to destroy them wherever they meet them. The English, of course, will make a terrible cry about this so-called barbarous method of warfare by Germans, but will say nothing about the great quantity of war material for England and her allies which was on board the Lusitania.

"Moreover, at least two guns of 12 centimetres were mounted on the liner, which was so equipped as to be able to inflict mortal injury on any submarine she might be able to get near. This made it impossible for submarines to take any steps to save the passengers before torpedoing the ship."

President Wilson has indicated that he would like to hear from the people in this crisis, which is perhaps the most serious that the nation ever has faced. The response has been immediate. "It is a crime of fiendishness," says the Philadelphia Inquirer. "Further words merely abase, dishonor, and humiliate us," is the Chicago Tribune's comment. "It is better to wait," cautions the New York Herald, "than to try to map out a course for the President. Give him time, and pray that God may give him wisdom and courage." "A crowning horror of horrors," is the phrase used by the Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

One thing is certain, however, and that is that we have not lost our heads. The following from the New York Sun is good advice to follow:

"There are times in a nation's life when restraint of utterance may be truer patriotism than patriotic talk. This is not the day on which to search the dictionary for white hot adjectives to inflame a public sentiment that will make harder the Administration's task. All Americans of undivided allegiance are behind the Government at Washington; but that should not mean that loyal Americans are behind their Government to push it to precipitate action, to force its hand in any way, to lash it with vehement demands and passionate counsel."

The Philadelphia Evening Ledger also counsels restraint, stating that our patience must vindicate itself by sureness in our diplomatic efforts to prevent a recurrence of such savagery. To quote further:

"There is a limit beyond which it is not safe to go. There is a danger point. Throw into the conflict our billions upon billions of wealth, match each 42-centimetre gun with an equal weight of yellow metal, put our resources unreservedly at the disposal of the Allies, and the fate of Germany, against which a world is already in arms, will be definitely sealed. We do not wish it. On the contrary, an historic friendship we should still preserve. We want peace, honorable peace, with all nations and against none would we willingly wage war. Yet our citizens must not be murdered, our ships sunk, our cargoes destroyed. There is a limit."

"Whatever the outcome," says the Brooklyn Eagle, "one result is sure. The blow at humanity, at civilization, hard as it hits the world, hits Germany harder still. Its effects will be cumulative. They will grow wherever there is response to impulses other than those which are wolfish, bloody

WESTERMAN, in Ohio State Journal

The Advisers

CARTER, in New York Evening Sun

Brave Work!

and ravenous. They will convert Prussian, if not all German militarism, into a byword and a reproach. For the Von Tirpitz regime has drawn up its own indictment, and the fingerprints are in crimson. They are there to stay. They are there to blast a name as long as anything keeps a place on the tablets of the memory. They are there to alienate whatever was left of sympathy. They are ineffaceable."

More uncompromising is the attitude of the New York Evening Post, which compares the German savagery with that of wild beasts. Says the Post:

"Germany ought not to be left in a moment's doubt how the civilized world regards her latest display of 'frightfulness.' It is a deed for which a Hun would blush, a Turk be ashamed, and a Barbary pirate apologize. To speak of technicalities and the rules of war in the face of such wholesale murder on the high seas is a waste of time. The law of nations and the law of God have been alike trampled upon. There is, indeed, puerile talk of 'warning' having been given before the Lusitania sailed. But so does the Black Hand send its warnings. So does 'Jack the Ripper' write his defiant letters to the police. Nothing of this prevents us from regarding such miscreants as wild beasts, against whom society has to defend itself at all hazards."

Canadian opinion is reflected in the following from the Toronto Globe:

"Does President Wilson propose to let German submarines destroy the lives of American citizens because they choose to cross the Atlantic in a passenger ship flying the British flag? Does he still think the mad dog of Europe can be trusted at large? Is it not almost time to join in hunting down the brute?"

The following is from the Ottawa Citizen: "President Wilson's note was a mere scrap of paper to Berlin. The American nation has been insulted and outraged. The honor of the United States is at stake. Her Anglo-Saxon heritage is challenged. The eyes of the world are fixed upon America. If we know anything of the character of her people they will not fail in this crisis in their history."

The German-American press naturally tries to shift the responsibility to England, and reiterates the "warning."

"England invited Americans to take passage on the Lusitania with the assurance that the ship was in no danger," says the Chicagoer Presse.

"With Americans on her back the Lusitania carried in her bottom war materials for the destruction of Germans.

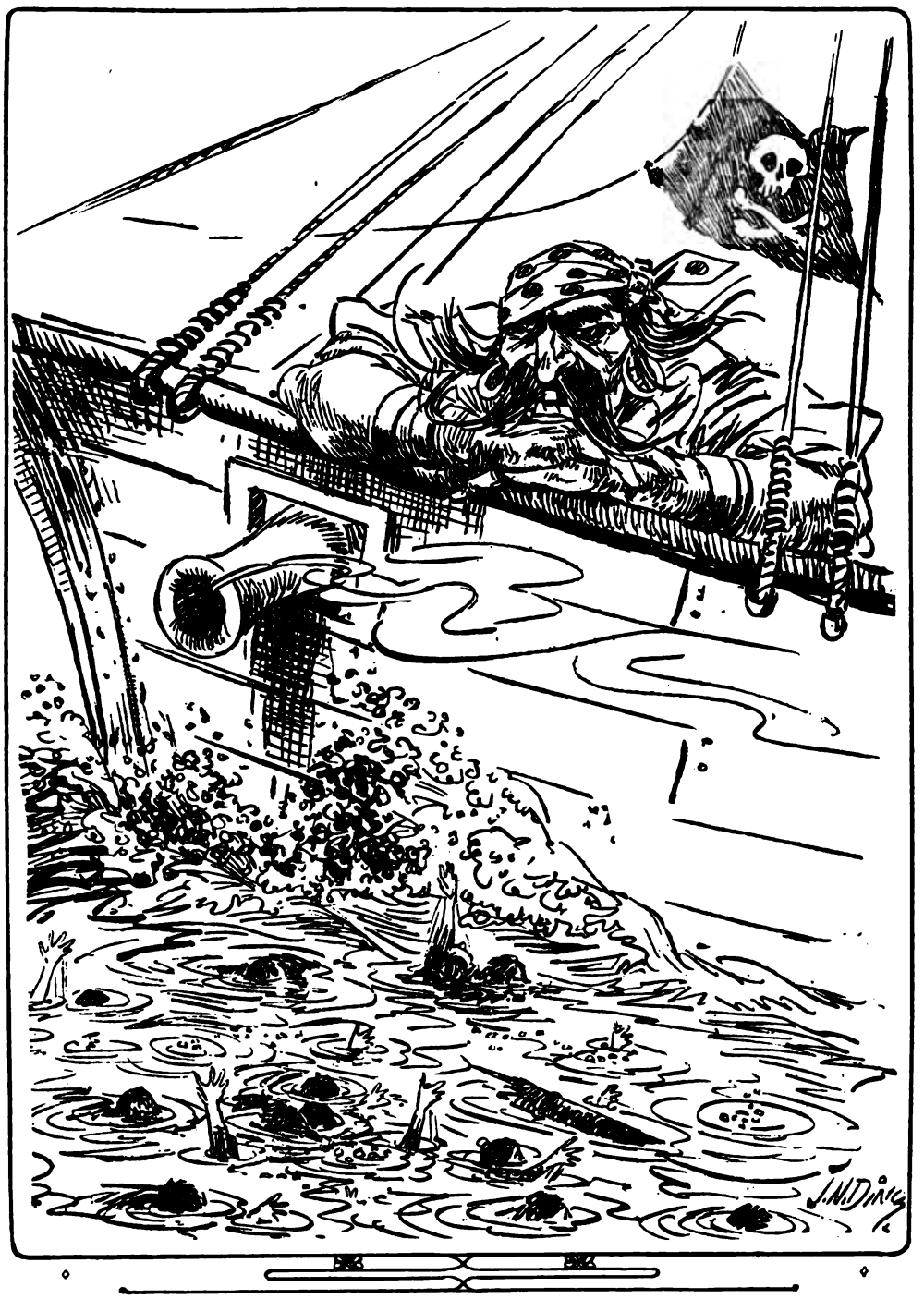
"England and England alone is to be held responsible for the loss of life because England lured Americans to death, hoping that the presence of Americans would protect the ship against German attack."

"England laughed at Germany's so-called 'paper' submarine blockade," observes the Abendpost of Chicago. "American passengers on the Lusitania ignored published warnings by the German government. They put more faith in English ridicule of the blockade than in German warnings.

"They believed the English claim that the Lusitania 'was too fast to be hit by torpedoes.' They were told she could not be sunk. They assumed the English admiralty would meet the Lusitania with part of its powerful fleet, which could readily be spared for the purpose, and convoy it safely to port."

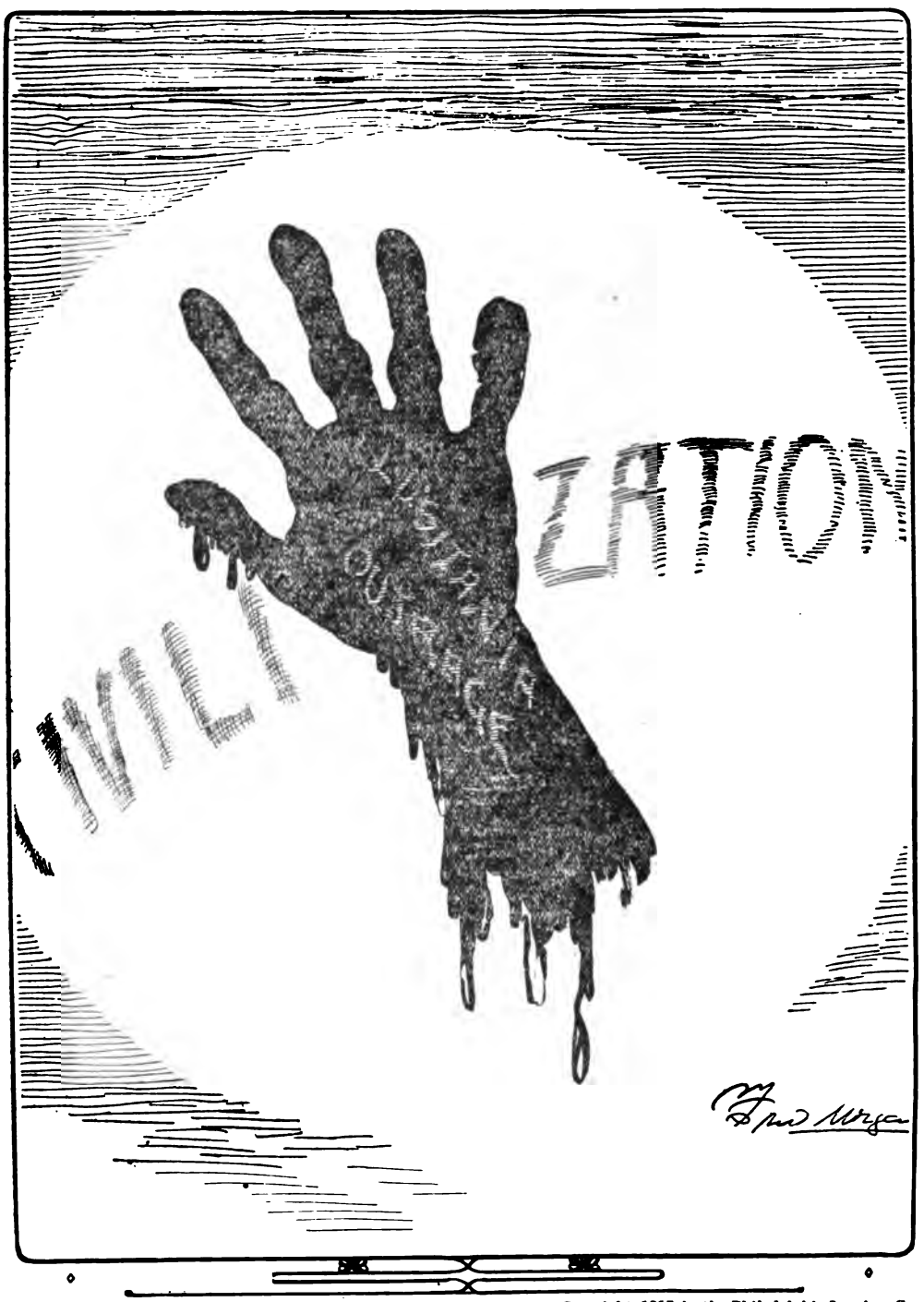
BRADLEY, in Chicago Daily News

The Heart of an Iceberg



DARLING, in Des Moines Register and Leader

The High Seas in the Year of Our Lord 1915



MORGAN, in Philadelphia Inquirer

Copyright, 1915, by the Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

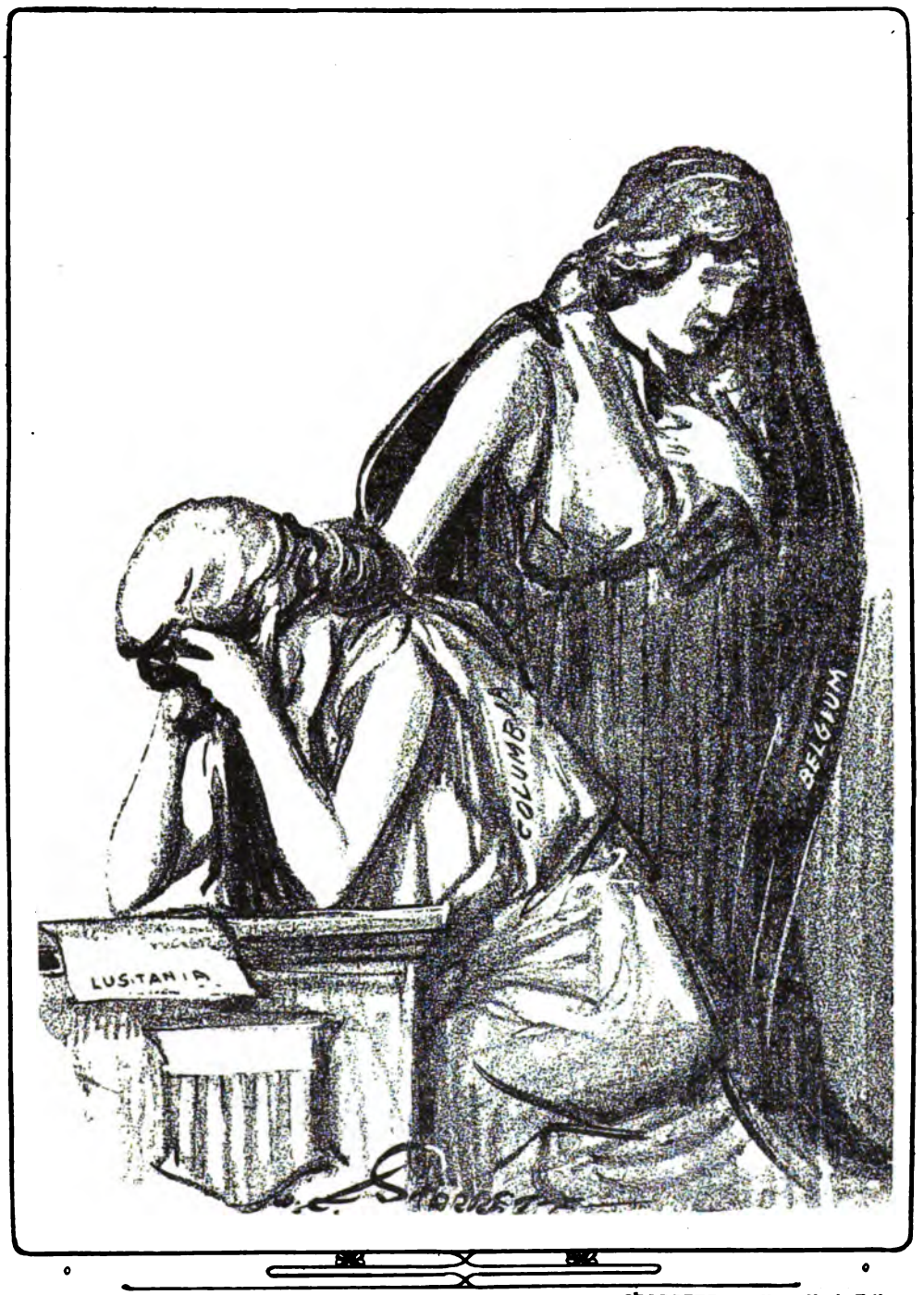
The Blot

BERRYMAN, in Washington Star

Lusitania

PEASE, In Newark Evening News

The Poison Cloud

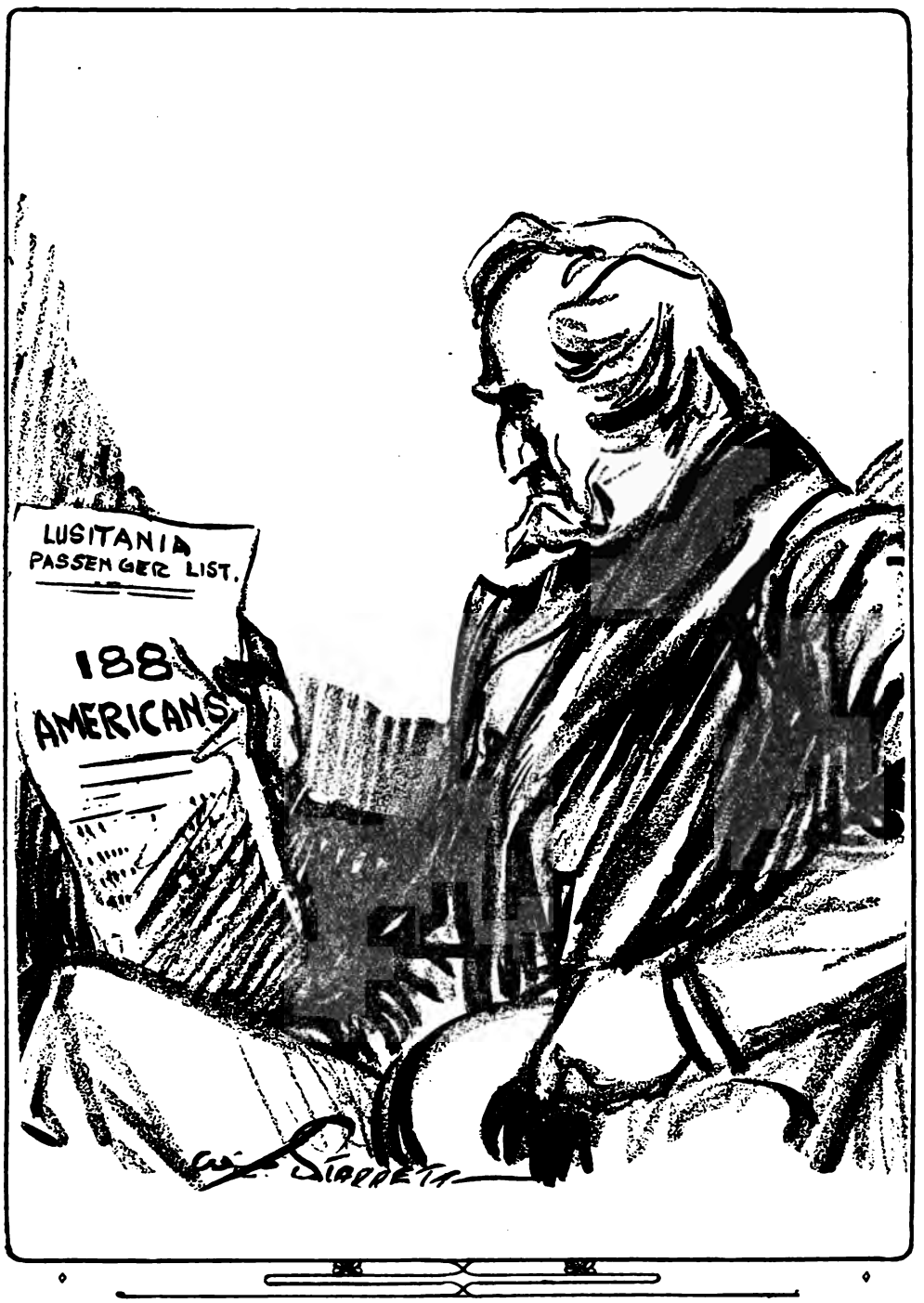


STARRETT, in New York Tribune

"At least they only DROWN your women."

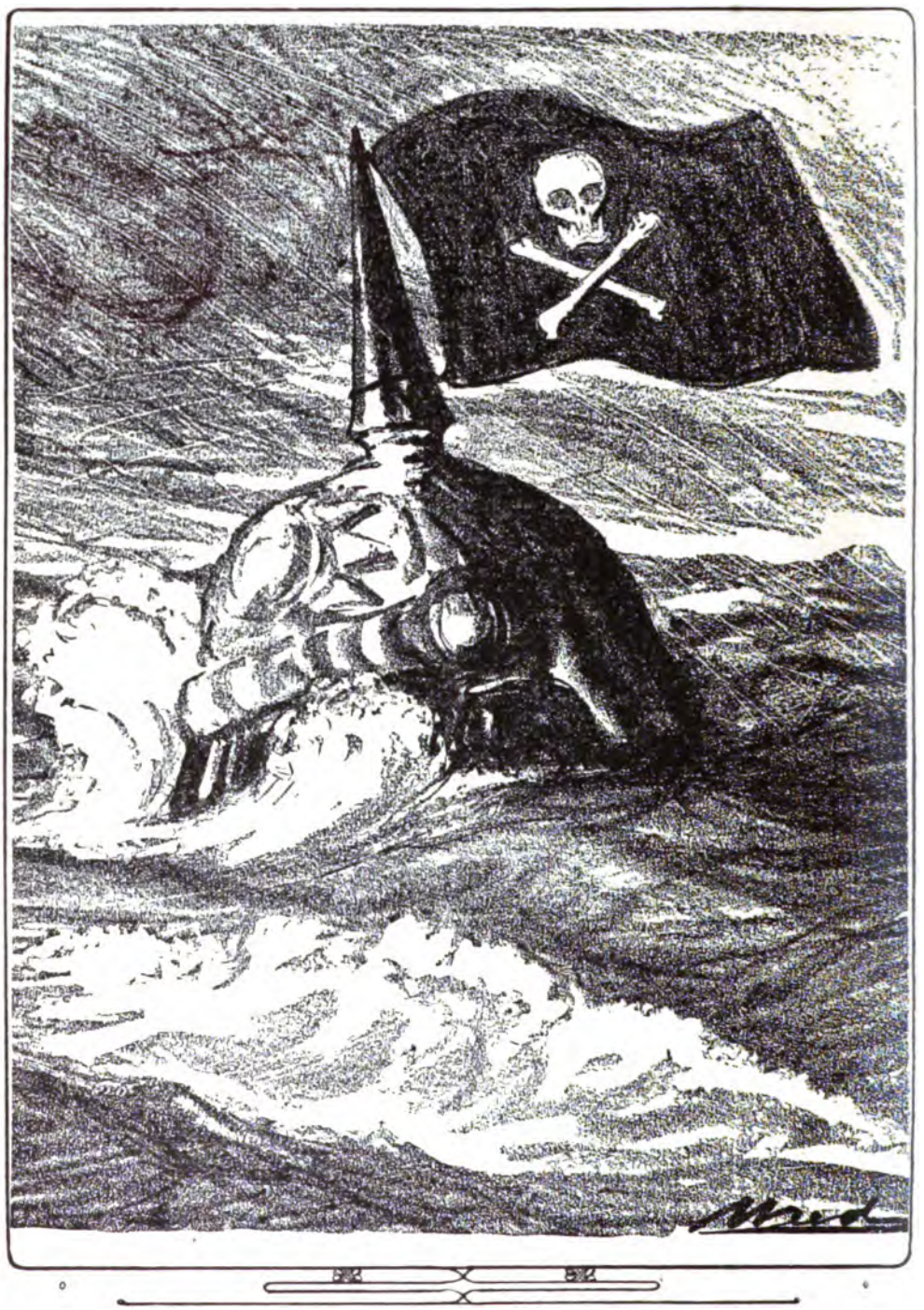
HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

"Vell, ve varned 'em."



STARRETT, in New York Tribune

If—

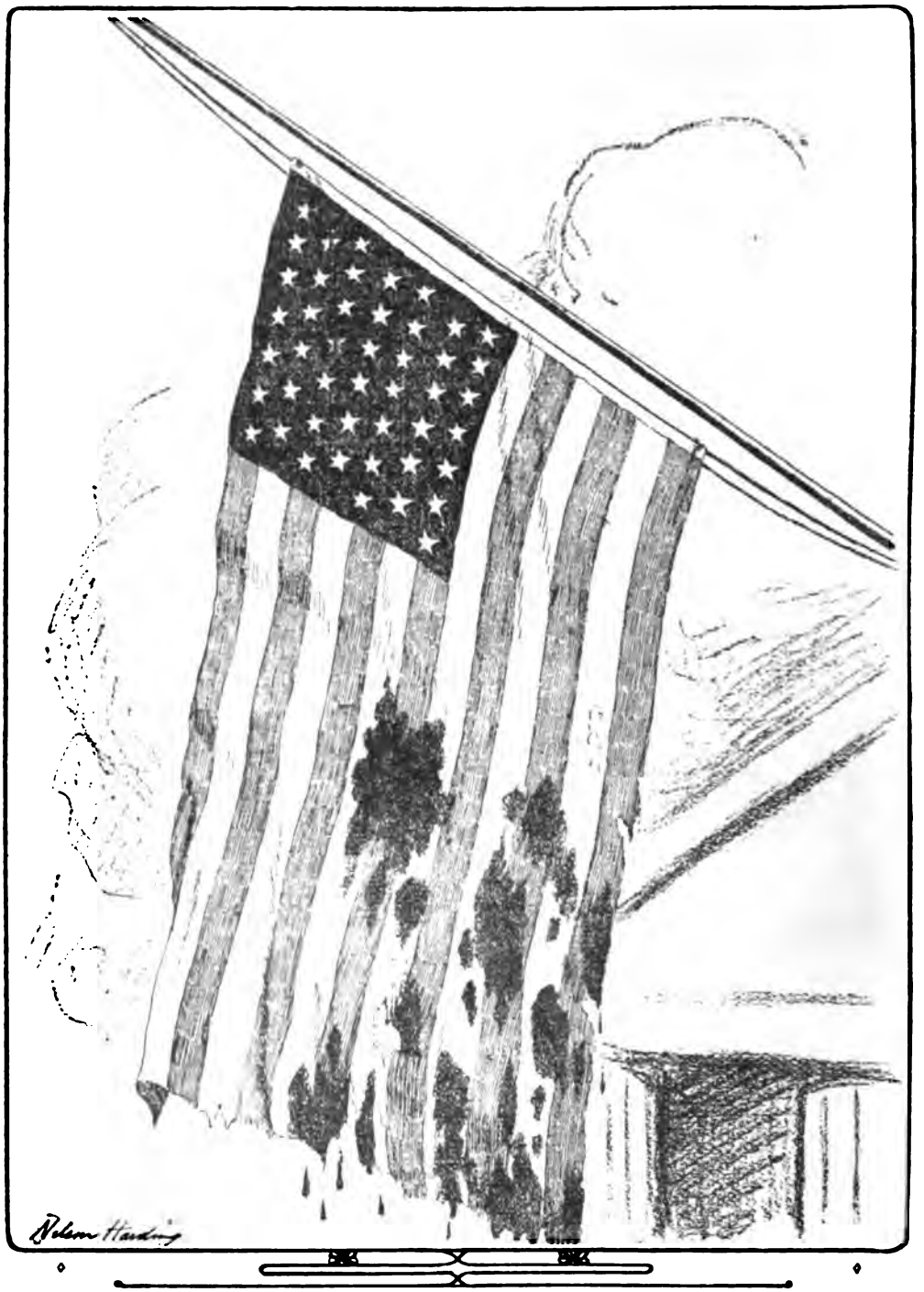


WEED, in Philadelphia Public Ledger

Piracy!

KIRBY, in New York World

Stand Back!



HARDING, in Brooklyn Eagle

Our Blood

BUSHNELL, in Cincinnati Times-Star

Making War Frightful

TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION
NOTICE!
TRAVELLERS intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that, in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain, or any of her allies, are liable to destruction in those waters, and that travellers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.
Imperial German Embassy
CUNARD
EUROPE via LIVERPOOL
LUSITANIA
SATURDAY, MAY 1, 10 A. M.
FRENCH LINE
BORDEAUX
BOUND THE WORLD TOURS
W. A. Rogers

ROGERS, in New York Herald

The Announcer

Do You Know a Boy Who is Waiting for this Book?

HE may have the few tools and materials to be found in every household, or he may possess his own complete chest of tools and well-equipped workshop, but something is lacking—He needs ideas—suggestions of things to make or do. He is tired of all the things that he and his companions have been able to think of. Now there are hundreds of other boys scattered all over this big country who have many new and interesting ideas he has never thought of, but how can this one boy ever get in touch with all these others? In just one way—through the pages of

The Boy Mechanic

The Great Book of 700 Things For Boys To Do

These original, practical suggestions have been furnished by hundreds of boys who have actually built and experimented with the devices they are now telling other boys how to build. In no other way could a book containing such a wide and interesting variety of contents have been prepared, for no one author or staff of writers, for that matter, could have possibly gleaned such a wealth of ideas from their own observation and experience.

A Few Practical Features:

¶ A large number of the things described may be made from old cast-off articles which the average boy has at his disposal.

¶ Many articles involving the purchase of only a few cents worth of material will be found fully as serviceable as similar ones costing several dollars.

¶ Scores of handy things the family can use in the home are described.

¶ Finally, this book will develop and interest the boy along mechanical lines and educate him at his play.

THE BOY MECHANIC

Represents the Best Accomplishments of the Mechanical Genius of Young America

for the material used in the book is a careful selection of only those articles which are new, practical and of more than ordinary interest; the selection having been made by mechanical experts who still have active recollections of their boyhood interests. It gives complete directions for making all the things boys love to build and experiment with in the fields of electricity, mechanics, sports, arts and crafts work, magic, etc., such as Electrical Appliances—Steam and Gas Engines—Turbines—Motors—Wireless and Morse Telegraph—Self-Propelled Vehicles—Toboggans—Ice Boats—Canoes—Paddle Boats—Punts—Camping Outfits—Tents—Fishing Tackle—Magic Lanterns—Searchlights—Cameras—Telescopes—Gliders, Kites and Ballons—Electric Furnaces—Lathes—Pottery Kilns.

"Wish I knew what to make"

A boy would be an old man before he could make half the things described in this wonderful book. It is entirely different from any other published and has

700 Articles—480 Pages—800 Illustrations

(7 x 10)

Price $1.50 Postpaid

It is clearly printed on high-grade book paper and durably bound in cloth. The cover is of an attractive design in four colors showing a boy building a small boat. There are ten solid pages of index alone. Neither care nor expense have been spared to make this the greatest boys' book published, and to enable as many boys as possible to have one, the price has been made absolutely as low as possible. It would be difficult to think of a way of investing $1.50 that would benefit a boy as much as through the purchase of one of these books.

Sent postpaid to any address upon receipt of price by the publishers

POPULAR MECHANICS BOOK DEPARTMENT
78 E. Madison Street
CHICAGO

W. F. HALL PRINTING COMPANY, CHICAGO

The Landon News

PUBLISHED FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LEARN TO DRAW

JUNE — CLEVELAND, OHIO — 1915

THE BIGGEST RISK

The greatest mistake that can be made in learning to draw is choosing the wrong school.

We get students who have floundered around until they discovered the quick, direct and progressive lessons in the Landon Method. This letter is typical of many that come in our daily mail:

"I learned more from the few lessons (five, I believe) that you sent than from all the lessons in the —— course."

—M. MCLAUGHLIN, St. Louis.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S IN YOU

The taste for drawing indicates ability to draw; but until you draw according to rules, you'll never know how well you can draw.

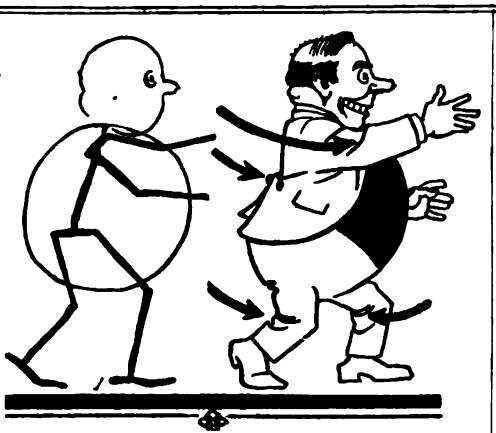
You may go along alone for years, full of undeveloped ability, but constantly held back by the lack of expert instruction. If you had the right teacher, you'd astonish yourself with your progress in a few days or weeks.

The Landon method develops ability quickly, surely and profitably at a cost much less than by any other means.

All our conscientious students find this out and write about their progress after receiving the first few lessons. This is a sample:

"I certainly appreciate your work with me. It has brought out things I didn't know I had."

—PAUL SLOCUM, Chicago.



THIS sketch shows a simple way to draw a figure. After a student is taught proportion by a simple skeleton system, he receives complete instructions on building up finished figures in all sorts of positions. One of the important tricks in drawing a funny figure is to get the wrinkles in the clothes in the right places. They help to show the form of the figure. One lesson of the Landon course shows completely how to draw the wrinkles in clothes on figures in action.

Now, supposing you had a course of lessons before you with scores of such ideas. You would at once start to draw pictures based upon simple rules which would be easy to grasp. You would then gradually work up into advanced drawing. The number of trained artists The Landon School has developed proves the value of its course of training. You must realize that a school is extraordinarily efficient when it turns out artists whose work is used by such papers as *The New York Journal, The Chicago Tribune, The Boston Post, The Cincinnati Post, The Cleveland Press, The Detroit Tribune, The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, The Los Angeles Herald, The Chicago News, The Cleveland Plain Dealer, The Birmingham Ledger, The Toronto World, The Vancouver World, The Toledo Blade, The Dayton News, The Columbus Citizen, The St. Paul News*, and scores of other daily newspapers, as well as *Life, Judge, Puck*, and other magazines.

Write for full information about the Landon Method

WHY LEAVE HOME TO STUDY?

Why Pay Board and High Tuition when the Landon Method Saves Time and Cash?

The Landon Method is just like putting a capable, experienced teacher in your own home, always ready, always thorough, at a fraction of the cost of going to a resident school.

The Landon Method is direct; gives you all you need for proficiency in newspaper cartooning and illustrating; teaches all the tricks and short cuts to cartoon success, and does it individually. No trailing along with a class — you make progress as fast as you like.

"I am so well pleased with your lessons. The way you draw things over for your students is just fine, and so easy to understand just where the mistakes were made."

—ARNETT WAND, Elizabeth, Ill.

THE LOVE OF DRAWING GROWS WITH YOUR ABILITY TO DRAW

The Landon Method puts power into your hand, develops accuracy in your eye and creates facility in the expression of your mind's ideas.

Remember that at the beginning none of the great cartoonists and illustrators could draw very well. It's all a question of the right training, proper methods and constant efforts.

"The more I see of your methods the more confident I become, and I'm sure I'm going to make good through you."

—RAYMOND JONES, Washington, D.C.

For further information address **THE LANDON SCHOOL**, 1695 Schofield Bldg., CLEVELAND, OHIO

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

DUE MAY 12 '41

Widener Library
3 2044 092 703 917